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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

DIVORCE

REBECCA WEST

THE prevailing error of thought in our attitude toward divorce is almost certainly the Puritan delusion that marriage and divorce are in some way concerned with chastity. On the contrary they have nothing to do with it, but only with the decorum of society and the care of children. The injury inflicted on a man's family in the process of divorce must be written down on the debit side of his moral account with no entry on the credit side to balance. This diagnosis opens an important series on the subject of divorce.

SINCE the United States is contemplating a conversion of its State Laws for divorce into one Federal Law on the subject it is worth while inquiring into the purposes served by that institution. First of all, it must be borne in mind that the terms on which divorces are granted in any country have no bearing whatsoever on the chastity of its inhabitants. That can be proved by contrasting the moral conditions of Ireland and Spain. In both these countries there is no divorce at all. But in Ireland there is a lack of interest in sexual relations which makes young people submit without impatience to marriages of convenience and keeps the illegitimate birthrate down to nearly nothing at all; and in Spain there is such an excessive interest in sexual relations that it is embarrassing for a woman of anything under middle age to walk through a

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city or travel in a train because of the immediate reaction of all the men to her charms.

The political consequences of these two attitudes are, by the way, effective illustrations of the difficulty that lies before humanity in choosing its ideals. It is true that in this sphere unchastity has in Spain as in Italy brought its punishment on itself. While the Spaniards and the Italians were annoying women in the streets and the railway trains, Mussolini and Primo de Rivera got their chance to abolish civil liberty and establish dictatorships. But the virtue of Ireland is also heavily punished. For since it is impossible to enjoy the pleasure of the sexual act without the aid of another person, and since that is the most intense pleasure we know, passion is a faint argument for altruism which no people can afford to neglect in view of certain cruel human tendencies; and that is almost certainly the cause of the barbarities of Irish civil warfare.

These examples alone should be sufficient to warn the Puritan that divorce is not an effective instrument of his aims; and it is difficult to understand why he so persistently thinks it is. There is no reason to suppose that a person who lives in a permanent monogamous marriage is enjoying less sexual intercourse with fewer mates than one who has been divorced once or twice or more often. It is true that since the first found it convenient and possible to enter into such a contract he must be living in a society dominated by the conception of whole-wheat monogamy; but we have only to look at what Prohibition has done to the American nation to realize what the demand of this society, that he shall have relations with only one woman, does to him. And though the second plainly believes in a change of partners, and lives in a society sympathetic with that belief, he will soon, in view of the necessity of paying alimony and the likelihood that every lady whom he courts will make the demand that what he has undergone for other ladies he should undergo for her, find himself involuntarily leaning towards monogamy.

It would indeed be curious if divorce had any bearing on the chastity of men and women, since it is nothing more than cancellation of the marriage contract; and the institution of marriage has nothing to do with chastity. The Church services of matrimony lay great stress on the duty of eternal fidelity in the bride

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and bridegroom who are being united, but that is because like all liturgies they are restating in beautiful language what is already in the hearts of the participants. Few people present themselves to be married unless they are in a state of mind when they find it easy to promise to be faithful to each other until death, and find it difficult to believe that they could ever turn to other mates. They therefore find such pleasure in taking vows of fidelity as the followers of any religion find in public confession of their faith. They get a further flush of excitement if it is put to them that in undertaking this duty, which at the time they feel they can perform with perfect ease, they are doing something noble and onerous. But in fact the institution of marriage can have no effect on the chastity of those whom it joins, because it has no real compulsive powers. It might aspire to them if it made adultery legally punishable, but almost every experienced society abandons the attempt to do so because — and again a comparison with Prohibition is instructive — the effort to punish a crime which can be committed easily and with little risk of detection is bound to lead to the romanticization of that particular crime and the encouragement of all crimes by the ridicule it casts upon the law.

Society has tried to get round this difficulty by making the adulterer pay for his offense in cash; but as that results in making adultery one of the available luxuries of the rich it also is unsatisfactory, particularly in any state of civilization where the class war is acute. It is true that the institution of marriage can at least form a social conviction in favor of monogamy. But there are so many loopholes in modern civilization through which a person can crawl out of the keep of legal marriage and indulge in illicit intercourse that that conviction is no longer effective.

But though marriage does not ensure the existence of chastity it fulfills certain other very valuable functions. It renders a public psychological sanitary service by giving those who know of a union between a man and a woman a symbol to distract them from the thought of the physical aspect of that union. Anybody who has been the central figure in a scandal is bound to be shocked and nauseated by the signs of excitement of a degraded sort that they detect on the part of any individual of a low type whom they may encounter. That Miss So-and-so and Mr. This-and-that

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are lovers brings the mind right up to the stark fact of the sexual relationship between the two. That Miss So-and-so and Mr. This-and-that have been married starts the mind on a sedate trip starting with a wedding ceremony and ending in a social life in a common home. This function of marriage is like the shades of a white man's house in the tropics let down at night between his life and the chattering natives in the darkness outside.

The other uses of marriage are for the protection of children. There is the obvious fact that all things considered marriage is the most simple method of ensuring that a man shall support his children. This is an enforceable matter, as chastity is not. But it renders the child another service which is hardly less important. It makes complete a relationship which nature has left incomplete. Few of us have cut ourselves so free from the anthropocentric attitude towards creation that we can admit without reluctance that there are disharmonies in the destiny of man, that sometimes nature implants needs which she makes no adequate effort to satisfy; but there can be no doubt that there is a discrepancy between fatherhood and its function. A child needs a loving and beloved father to whom it can transfer some of the affection which at first it concentrates upon its mother, and thus start on its journey away from her to adult life.

There is no question but that nature has not gone the best possible way about it to provide children with such fathers. The preposterously slight and momentary nature of the physical tie between father and child is not an adequate basis for the kind of affection which is required. It needs to be reënforced by powerful psychic means. This has been done to a considerable extent by the later developments of human sexual passion, by which a man's tenderness for his wife extends towards the child she has borne and loves; but that is subject to ebb and flow, since a man who loves his child because he loves its mother is apt to lose his love for it if anything wrecks his relations with her. It is also done by the growth of comradeship between a father and his children when he plays and talks with them; but the demands which education makes on the children, and industry and commerce make on the father, conspire against this nowadays. But a very powerful reënforcement is provided by the institution of marriage in that it links up a father's feeling for his child with his

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sense of property. As a man's children are borne of his accredited woman and tagged with his name and lodged in his home they become extensions of his personality through which he can reiterate to the community his possession of whatever he has won from it. This principle, very beautifully, operates exactly where it is most needed in society.

The poor man has opportunities for becoming familiar with his children which are denied to the rich man who is distracted by a thousand interests. But the rich man is anxious to reaffirm his position in society by putting up his sons for the same school that he went to, the same college, club, regiment, or profession, and training his daughters to become the most attractive possible specimens of their class. In the course of doing this and recognizing or pretending to recognize that his children are acquitting themselves worthily, he acquires the same infatuated interest in them that their mother does more simply during their prenatal physical relationship with her. Thus do the children get their required sense of a loving father; and, apparently, another sense which is as vitally necessary but which it is almost impossible to state in a positive form. It can only be indicated when one comes to consider how far divorce annuls the social benefits derived from marriage.

Any such consideration is sufficiently disconcerting for the determined radical who intends to regard divorce as calmly as if it were on the same level of social importance as the dissolution of business partnerships. It is plain that in certain respects divorce does the community a great deal of harm. That psychological benefit which is conferred by marriage is spectacularly revoked by divorce. It is obviously undesirable that any human beings should be powerfully affected by thoughts of sex unless they concern persons known to them with whom it is possible for them to enter into sexual relations, whether of an actual physical or a substitutionally idealist nature. Marriage, by screening the physical life of a man and woman in love with one another behind a series of symbols, takes heed of this; but divorce, by its sweeping away of these symbols, cares not what damage it does to the public imagination. Proof of the extent of that damage is given by the false proportions which divorce assumes in the common mind, particularly among persons living

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a restricted life. Any ordinary clergyman in England or America, given his chance to denounce his times, will expatiate on the prevalence of divorce. In actual fact divorce is quite uncommon. In England ninety-nine out of every hundred marriages remain undissolved. Even in America, with the immense temptations to play general post with the affections which arise out of the nomadic existence that the unsettled industrial conditions impose on such a large part of its population, nine out of ten stay put. Moreover it must be remembered that many of these cases — where there are no children or where the children are grown up, are purely private matters of no social significance whatsoever.

That anything so infrequent should bulk so large in the public mind must be due not to objective but to subjective reasons; not to the concrete effects of divorce on the community but to the nature and intensity of the fantasies that are engendered by those who read reports of divorces. But this is no encouragement to the Puritan, for oddly enough this indubitably evil effect of divorce varies in direct ratio to the extent to which its opponents are given their head. It is exaggerated if divorce is made difficult, and diminished if it is made easy. For example: an American couple who slip over to Paris and go through the divorce mill do very little to corrupt the public imagination; but a great deal was done to that end by the Stillmans, who had submitted themselves to a court which refused to free them unless they proved certain indecorous points about each other. (It is a further discouragement for the Puritan that they increased this mischief rather than undid it by their reconciliation.) It is useless to attempt to circumvent this by prohibiting the publication of the reports of divorce cases. That would be unfair to persons cited on flimsy grounds, would enable lawyers to lay before the courts stories which if they were published would evoke a cloud of disproving witnesses, and would cause all sorts of other trouble. In fact the overwhelming arguments in favor of open courts apply to this class of case as much as to every other. The fact that all divorce is demoralizing to the public mind, and difficult divorce particularly so, has to be faced.

But that is a minor point compared with the harm that divorce does by its cancellation of the benefits marriage secures for the child. It does not cancel all such benefits. It does not destroy the

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financial protection given them by marriage. It is curious to reflect how much better off, so far as nutrition and education are concerned, one may be sure, are two children whose father has other two children by a wife he has married after he has been divorced by their mother and submitted to the financial decrees of a court, than they would have been had they been born a hundred years before to a permanently yoked couple who gave rein to their philoprogenitiveness and had a family of nine or ten.

Divorce is perilously likely to frustrate the psychical uses of parenthood. It weakens or destroys that reënforcement of the tie between father and child which is contrived by association with the sense of property. A man does not feel the same pride of possession in his child if it goes with its mother even for only a part of the time and enters the sphere of another man's possessions; while the other man, belonging to a sex not naturally infatuated with child and possibly prejudiced against this particular one by sexual jealousy of its origin, is not likely to compensate it for this loss. There could be multiplied without end examples of the way that divorce leaves a child a parent short. It will be claimed that such calamities happen only when people do not behave as well as they might, and that no doubt is true. But even if all such difficulties were eliminated by superhuman excellence of behavior on the part of everybody concerned, the plight of the child of divorced parents would still often be tragic, because of its need of a certain mysterious benefit it would have received from the marriage of its parents had that continued: a benefit which is hard to define but necessary to believe in when one has seen the consequences of the lack of it. For there is apparently something repulsive and disturbing to the mind of many children in the idea of a step-parent: something so repulsive and disturbing that it can paralyze all normal growth.

This is a real fact. Whatever one may think of the theory of psychoanalysis one must regard as valuable the immense amount of material psychoanalysts have collected concerning the circumstances which produce neuroticism and that material shows that the step-child suffers from a very special liability to become neurotic. This is confirmed by the experience of workers among delinquent children all over the world, who find that the ungovernable and criminal child has frequently been thrown off its balance

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by the mere fact that it has a step-parent. There is nothing beautiful about this disposition of childhood. It is not a recoil from adult impurity; it is just as likely to operate against a step-parent whose predecessor was removed not by divorce but by death. It is frequently stupid and unjust; the other day a social worker told me a tragic story of a schoolgirl who was breaking the hearts of her decent and kindly father and step-mother because of her obstinate attempts to run away from home to join her drunken and degraded mother who had shamefully neglected her when they were together. It is utterly careless of the happiness of others; the conventional picture of a golden-haired tot joining the hands of its alienated parents is a grotesque prettyfication of what in real life is often a demand that would be considered preposterously cruel if it were made by an adult. It is a curious phase of insanity to which the immature mind is subject. Unfortunately, adults must humor it if they want the mature mind to be sane and healthy. Therefore persons with children who divorce merely to legitimize their sexual inclinations towards other persons ought to realize that they are in no way more admirable than they would be if in order to approach their beloveds they exposed their children to the risk of catching some dangerous infectious disease. They are playing ducks and drakes with their children's future. They ought not to do it. One would be tempted to say that they ought not to be allowed to do it, were it not for the plain fact that it is unthinkable to deny a parent the right to protect his or her children from the corruption of being familiarized by his unworthy partner with drunkenness or vice or cruelty.

That must not be forgotten. There is a curious human tendency, when faced with the spectacle of a person who has had to choose between two courses of action and has been led to disaster by the one he has chosen, to assume that the choice of the other alternative would have led him to perfect happiness. This has been the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards divorce. Seeing that persons faced with the alternatives of remaining married or getting divorced frequently land themselves in painful situations if they choose to get divorced, it has said, "Very well, we will force our people to accept the other alternative (by devices such as refusing both the guilty and the innocent parties

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in a suit permission to remarry) and stay married, and then all will be well." But there is a certain number of marriages so terrible that the effects of their continuance are worse for the children born of them than those of divorce could possibly be. I can think of a case, well known in England, where a woman refrained from divorcing her villainous husband because of her children, with the result that before her eldest daughter was out of her teens her father had taught her to drink and induced her to become the mistress of a man who was useful to him in his business schemes. The conditions do not have to be as gross as that to produce lasting and dreadful results.

I can think of a family of four sisters who have all grown up unhappy neurotics because of the terror of sex they conceived during their childhood as a result of a confused sense that their parents' marriage was miserable. There are such tight places as these, and to deny parents the right to get themselves and their children out of them is inhuman. It may be said that the Roman Catholic attitude perfectly meets such cases; since it gives such parents the right to free their children but not to saddle them with step-parents. But this prohibition of the remarriage of divorced persons is barbarously cruel to those who have no children, or whose children are grown up or too young to resent the transition from parent to step-parent. It does harm to as many human beings as it benefits.

Divorce, then, presents certain real problems even to the most broad-minded. It is an institution generally recognized by modern communities as necessary, but it is foolish to deny that it has certain effects which are pernicious and not easily to be rectified. In view of the enormous preference which humanity shows for not being divorced it is probable that it will never do society any formidable amount of damage. But it is unfortunate that just the very sort of people who ought to stay married, decent people who could make good homes for their children, are more and more resorting to — the divorce courts. It is evident that there is some prevailing error of thought which prevents people from realizing what they are doing when they get divorced; and that error is almost certainly the Puritan delusion that marriage and divorce are in some way concerned with chastity. This is the most popular of the virtues, and the average citizen feels

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that he must be ranged on its side. A man who is married to one woman and falls in love with another feels (quite rightly) that he is sinning against the ideal of chastity. If he is a victim of the Puritan delusion he works out that he can get back on to good terms with this virtue by getting divorced, if possible on fictitious grounds which have nothing to do with sex, and dragging his new lady into the sanctuary of a second marriage.

It would do much to abolish the evils of divorce if he and his community were to realize that as marriage has nothing to do with chastity, but only with the decorum of society and the care of children, he has done something as irrelevant to the occasion as going and buying a dog-license; and that any injury he has inflicted on his family in the process must be written down on the debit side of his moral account with no entry whatsoever on the credit side to offset it. He was an adulterer before, and he still is. This will leave him faced with the problem whether he would not have been more moral if he had stayed at home and had illicit relations with the woman whom he loves instead of breaking up his home to legitimize his relations with her. It is a problem intensely disagreeable for the modern Anglo-Saxon mind to contemplate. To concede the point is to do away with the hope that one can have the fun of adultery and keep respectable by adhering to an easy formula, and it invokes working out a code of manners within marriages which are being kept going for the sake of the family which it will not be easy to devise or follow. But it is a problem that must be faced if the useful purposes of marriage are to be served.

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IS CIVILIZATION CONTAGIOUS?

YES:

SAYS Professor Elliot Smith, for human civilization could only have arisen either by independent invention or else by diffusion. Diffusion can be shown at work in the case of every cultural trait now widely prevalent the world over, such as a wooden match, gold, irrigation, the use of stone for building. It is impossible on the other hand to establish any other centre of original invention than ancient Egypt.

NO:

SAYS Dr. Malinowski, for culture grows by a specific process which is neither spontaneous generation nor diffusion. Nothing will be taken over or diffused from our culture into another which is not needed, and when the need arises the appropriate appliance is always invented in response to this need. Ancient Mexican and Peruvian cultures arose independently of any Old World influence, and modern American civilization is only to a very superficial observer a mere copy of European prototypes.

I—THE DIFFUSION OF CULTURE

G. ELLIOT SMITH

AMONG students of mankind at the present time there are two conflicting views as to the process that has played the most essential part in the history of civilization. One, the theory maintained by the vast majority of anthropologists to-day, is that in any community civilization can and did grow up and develop quite independently of similar events happening elsewhere in the world. This involves a further consideration. For if any community can of its own initiative create a civilization, a more difficult problem has to be solved: why it acquires a multitude of features in its arts and crafts, customs, and beliefs that present a striking similarity to those of other communities, when all considerations of contact or prompting directly or indirectly are excluded. The other group of anthropologists believes that civilization has been developing during the whole of its history in very much the same way that we know it to be doing at the present time, and in fact during the whole period

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of which we have any written record. We know in the case of every modern invention, that it was made in one definite place and became diffused over a wider and wider area until everyone in any part of the world who is making use of this particular invention is indebted directly or indirectly to one man in one particular place who was originally responsible for initiating the process.

Take, for example, the history of the wooden match. For countless thousands of years men have been devising and using different means of producing fire. During the later part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries, a series of modifications and simplifications of one particular method developed, until eventually one man made the discovery that he could put upon the end of a strip of wood a chemical mixture that under the influence of friction would give rise to fire. Now although at the present day this seems to be a perfectly simple and obvious procedure, we know that it took countless centuries to arrive at the result, and that eventually one individual brought it to realization. We know, of course, as an historical fact that this invention has spread throughout the world from one particular spot. But if some European traveler who was unaware of this fact was roaming in a part of the world where no white man had ever been before, and found there a wooden match, he would inevitably conclude that the match afforded certain evidence of contact, direct or indirect, with someone who had benefited by the English invention. If, however, he were not a mere man-in-the-street, but an ethnologist faithful to the orthodox theory of his creed, he would have to assume that so obvious a mechanism must have been invented independently by the uncultured people of the country where he had picked up the match.

If, on the other hand, he belonged to what our opponents call the "Diffusionist School" of anthropology, he would assume (as every intelligent man in the street would unhesitatingly do, whether he was familiar with the history of the wooden match or not), that the match itself provided unequivocal evidence of diffusion of culture. He would not entertain any doubt that it had reached the place where it was found either directly from the home of its invention, or from some community that had learned the art of making matches directly or indirectly from it. Nor

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would this conclusion be affected even if the finder of the match could tell at a glance whether the particular match was made in Sweden or Japan, for the match-makers of these two countries had had the art handed down to them from the original inventor who belonged to neither of these countries. What we of the Diffusionist School assume is that the processes of the origin, development, and spread of any invention in the times before written records were made, followed the same sort of course we know to have happened in the case of the match. These are recorded in the written histories of the various inventions and the struggles of the pioneers to get their achievements recognized and adopted. But anyone can see and study the same processes happening round him at the present time in the community in which he lives.

It is utterly unjustifiable to assume, as modern ethnological theories implicitly do, that human behavior was totally different before writing was devised. There is not a scrap of evidence to suggest that our unliterary predecessors had a remarkable aptitude for invention far transcending that of modern man. Nor again is there anything to justify the even more reckless assumption that this imaginary aptitude found expression in a stereotyped form in every place where ancient civilization developed.

For example, there is no natural reason for attaching the tremendous economic and religious significance to gold, which is an arbitrary enhancement of its real qualities. The fact that almost every early civilization did assign to this soft and relatively useless metal a fantastic and irrelevant value is surely the strongest possible evidence of the influence of Egypt, in which a peculiar set of fortuitous circumstances was responsible for creating the fictitious attributes assigned to the metal.

One might take up one after another of the thousands of ingredients that go to the making of civilization, ancient or modern, and show in each case the complexity of the set of circumstances in which chance played an obstrusive part, involved in every invention. Each of them originated in one place and from there became diffused abroad, the complex tissue of civilization itself no less than the individual threads of which it is woven.

Turning to the consideration of the general question, no

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historian at the present day refuses to admit that Europe is indebted for the original inspiration of her civilization to Greece and to Rome, and that Rome in her turn derived much of her culture from Greece. Modern archaeological research has shown that Greece derived much of her own civilization from Crete and Asia Minor, and that both of these countries were in turn indebted to the older civilization of Egypt for their cultural equipment. This much is admitted by the leading archaeologists who have been working in Crete. At the present time there is a difference of opinion as to whether Egypt or Mesopotamia was the pioneer in civilization; but among modern scholars the trend is strongly toward the view that whether Egypt was indebted to Mesopotamia, or Mesopotamia to Egypt, there was intimate contact between the two, and that one borrowed the essential elements of its civilization from the other.

This claim for diffusion is confidently made even by some of the most outspoken opponents of the theory of diffusion. A typical illustration of the inconsistency that runs through these discussions. The view is widely held amongst archaeologists that Babylonian civilization, or rather its predecessor, that of Sumer, is more ancient than that of Egypt. This is an amazing inference. For it is admitted, even by those now excavating in Mesopotamia, that the earliest Sumerian remains cannot be proved to be older than 3000 B.C. Yet, even if we accept the minimum dating of Egyptian history, the First Dynasty was flourishing on the banks of the Nile three centuries before then, and even so it followed a predynastic phase of development of several — perhaps as many as ten — centuries, which affords a full and adequate explanation of the form that Egyptian civilization had assumed in 3300 B.C.

I need not discuss this matter further here. Professor George A. Reisner of Harvard University has demonstrated in the most conclusive manner that Egyptian civilization was actually fashioned in the Nile Valley. As there can be no doubt of the genetic connection between the earliest civilizations of Egypt, Sumer, and Elam, one must assume that these Asiatic centres must have derived their cultural capital from Egypt, where civilization had been developing for five, or more probably ten, centuries before culture appeared suddenly and fully developed in Elam and Sumer. The evidence in substantiation of these claims

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I have set forth in the article "Anthropology" in the supplementary volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica (1922).

The excavations of Professor Pumpelly at Anau in Turkestan have revealed the influence of Sumer and Elam, in the country East of the Caspian, which represents a step in the diffusion right up into the heart of Siberia and into the Shensi Province in China. The recent discoveries by M. J. G. Andersson of early settlements in Northern China (the Provinces of Honan and Fengtien) established even more exactly the affinities of the original culture of China to that of Anau, Elam, Sumer, and elsewhere in Western Asia. These people in the Far East were making arrow-heads of chalcedony and other flint-like stones: also other stone implements, rings of stone and shell, beads, pottery (both monochrome and painted), and even small figurines, all revealing clear and unmistakable indications of diffusion of culture from Mesopotamia.

The influence of Mesopotamia upon India in the third millennium is equally definite. There was a spread by land from Turkestan as well as from Persia, from the ancient civilization of Elam into the valley of the Indus. The recent discoveries announced by Sir John Marshall have established this fact beyond any doubt. At the same time or possibly at an even earlier period western culture was being brought into Southern India by early mariners sailing in ships conforming in every respect to the peculiar type of vessel invented originally for navigation on the Nile in the Pyramid Age.

No one questions the dominant influence of India in inspiring the earliest civilization of Indo-China and of the islands of the Malay Archipelago. The early culture of the islands of the Pacific could have come only from the Southeastern corner of Asia and the West. The debt of Africa to Egypt is beyond question. Hence one can demonstrate with an enormously rich mass of evidence the spread of civilization throughout the Old World from one centre, which must clearly have been in the valley of the Nile. The distinctive form and outlook of the world's civilization were determined by the methods of early agriculture, based upon the experience of a gentle and beneficent river like the Nile. The fact that so much of early belief was inspired by the essentially Egyptian practice of mummification would alone

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provide adequate proof that Egypt was the home of the earliest civilization. But the whole body of evidence corroborates this view. Throughout the world the earliest types of sea-going ship provide unmistakable demonstration of the inspiration of Egyptian methods of ship-building, which is itself both a corroboration of the general inference and also a demonstration of the means by which this wide diffusion was brought about.

A very curious argument has repeatedly been put to me verbally. But fortunately Mr. Enthoven has recently used it in print (in the issue of *Folk-Lore* for September 1925, p. 224). If, he argues, it be admitted that the Egyptians without any outside help invented irrigation, why couldn't the peoples of India have done the same thing? This plausible line of argument is purely scholastic. What we have to do is to find an explanation of the established facts rather than speculate on what could or ought to happen. The very peculiar methods of agriculture used in the earliest times were determined by conditions peculiar to the Nile Valley, as Professor Cherry has made abundantly clear, and these methods were not adapted to Indian conditions until many centuries later.

There remains the problem of early American civilization. Did the Pre-Columbian civilization grow up in Mexico, Central America, and Peru, quite independently of what had happened during the preceding centuries in the Old World, or did diffusion of the arbitrary compound of customs and beliefs extend beyond the Old World to the New and provide the stimulus for the momentous events that began to take place there at about the beginning of the Christian Era? In Central America, Mexico, and Peru, civilization made its appearance quite suddenly, and in a fully developed form. But there is another fact to be explained: it conformed in almost every respect to the distinctive type of civilization (admittedly a very peculiar one) that was flourishing in the southeastern corner of Asia at the time when it made its appearance in Central America. The type of pyramid found in America was also the dominant feature of the architecture of Cambodia and Java during the same centuries. The same system of beliefs and customs, the same distinctive features of its architecture, in fact a whole series of arts and crafts, customs and beliefs, were suddenly introduced into the New World, which

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seem to bear unmistakable evidence of their Asiatic origin. Moreover, the only additions that were made to these customs in their transit across the Pacific were features distinctive of Melanesian and Polynesian practices. Instead of detracting from the cogency of the identity, these trivial additions afford striking corroboration, not only of the original source of the inspiration, but also of the road taken by the ancient mariners who were responsible for the introduction into the New World of the germs of its distinctive civilization. It is an altogether incredible supposition that the Polynesian sailors who searched many thousands of miles in the Pacific with such thoroughness as not to miss even the minutest islets were not repeatedly landing on the shores of America for ten centuries and more. How could the people who found Hawaii, Easter Island, and New Zealand have failed to discover the vast continent stretching from pole to pole?

In his memoir on the "Copper and Bronze Ages in South America" Baron Nordenskiold has recently called attention to the similarities of metal-work in Peru and in the Old World. Copper axes similar to those found in Cambodia, Laos, Burma, the Malay Peninsula, the Malay Archipelago, Tonkin, Yunnan, and elsewhere in China have been found in Peru. The T-shaped axes from Peru are said to be precisely similar to those made in Ancient Egypt. Many other copper objects, such as tweezers, barbless fish-hooks, needles, hoe-blades, and certain types of hoes, still further emphasize the significance of these similarities. But it is not merely the form, but also the technical procedures for making these metal utensils that establish the cultural connection. The method of casting known as *cire perdue* was common both to the Old and the New Worlds, as also the technique of gilding and silvering. The truth of any scientific theory that cannot be tested by direct experiment can be established only by examining newly discovered evidence and deciding whether or not it conforms to the principles laid down.

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II — THE LIFE OF CULTURE

BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI

ANTHROPOLOGY, the Science of Man and of his culture, has for the most part tried to evade live issues and the problems of life: it has tried to shelter behind the Chinese wall of mere antiquarian curiosity. In all humanistic studies there is a strong temptation to play about with dead remains instead of grappling with actualities; to affect a so-called "purely academic" interest in theory, to abstain from testing doctrines in the crucible of practical reality.

The anthropologist of the past has felt safe in spinning his hypotheses about what did happen when Man tried to evolve from the Pithecanthropos Erectus, or else, tired of inventing "origins" and "developments", he began to manufacture out of his inner consciousness various "histories" and "diffusions". This latter line of approach is now fashionable and a number of anthropologists of the day are busy reconstructing the influence of Egyptian culture on Central America; they quarrel as to whether all civilization started in Mesopotamia, Atlantis, or Pamir. This historical or diffusionist trend is now being advertized as the "revolutionary" or "modern" school of anthropology, though in reality it is as old as the Ten Lost Tribes fallacy. The hypothesis of the origins of all culture in Egypt, for instance, was invented long ago by a German scholar, Eduard Braun, though it received little "diffusion" at that time.

Those who support the extreme diffusionist view are wont to frame the problem in a singularly insidious manner, inquiring as to whether diffusion or independent invention had been the dominant factor in progress. As usually happens in the perpetration of scientific fallacies, the error has been introduced into the framing of the question. Hence we are tempted at first sight to jump to the erroneous answer. The correct reply to the above question, however, must insist that the very opposition, sharp and precise though it appears between diffusion and invention, is really misleading.

Let us inquire then what precisely an "invention" is. In the case of every modern invention, we know that it is invariably

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made and re-made time after time in different places, by different men along slightly different roads, independently of one another. It is enough to mention the famous disputes about the discovery of the infinitesimal calculus, the steam engine, the telephone, the turbine, the wireless; the endless priority wrangles in science; the difficulties of establishing rights to a patent, and so on. The fact is that each invention is arrived at piece-meal, by infinitely many, infinitely small steps, a process in which it is impossible to assign a precise share to any one worker or still less to connect a definite object and a definite idea with a single contribution. In the wireless, for instance, the man to whom the invention is popularly ascribed has little more than commercialized the already existing practical appliances. The real work could be traced back through Righi, Braun, Hertz, Clark Maxwell, Faraday, Ampère, and so on back to Galvani and Galileo. But these are only the summits, — illuminated by the flash light of sensational coincidence and the limelight of success as well as by the elevation of their genius. The real pathway of ideas and achievements goes through hundreds and thousands of humbler workers and laboratory mechanics, the mathematicians and engineers who jointly made the final success possible. Thus the invention of the wireless can be treated as a single and singular event and ascribed to one man or another only after its nature has been completely misconceived. This is quite legitimate from the point of view of the patent office but quite erroneous for the science of culture.

Every cultural achievement is due to a process or growth in which diffusion and invention have equal shares. As independent entities, neither invention nor diffusion ever takes place in the sense that you could either spontaneously generate an idea or pour it out from one head into another. Diffusion and invention are always mixed, always inseparable.

If it is impossible to speak of either of these phenomena in isolation or as absolute categories within the same culture, the definition becomes especially fallacious when we deal with the contact of different cultures. Just because no idea and no object can exist in isolation from its cultural context, it is impossible to sever mechanically an item from one culture and place it in another. The process is always one of adaptation in which the

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receiving culture has to re-evolve the idea, custom, or institution which it adopts; and it can be said without exaggeration that diffusion is a partial evolution, though the contrary is not true.

A puerile example is sometimes used by those who believe that culture can be contracted only by contagion and that man is merely an imitative monkey. We are asked whether a wooden match found in use among a Negro, Pigmy, or Papuan tribe has been invented by them or diffused to them. The answer is, *neither*. A wooden match, as I have found it in use in Papua and in Melanesia, among the Australian aborigines and the North American Indians, is not a part of the culture of these natives. It has been mechanically imported and supplied to them by the trader. I have watched Melanesian natives time after time producing fire by friction when, during the War, there was a difficulty in obtaining matches. The match had never been part of their culture. They could neither produce nor procure it. It has to be put into their hands by another society which is in contact with them and which never succeeded in "diffusing" its chemistry, physics, and engineering into the Melanesian culture. We might quite as well ask whether a baby had invented the golden watch which had been put into its hands and take the denial as a dialectical triumph. I have myself seen the savage invent independently the counter-part of a wooden match by putting some kerosene on the end of a rubbing stick to make it flare up more easily so that even this apparently obvious example of the impossibility of independent invention is not adequate.

Archaeology and history furnish us with a number of definite instances in which a type of mechanical contrivance, an art, or a social institution, can be shown to have evolved independently in different cultures. Take music, for instance, which produces parallel effects as it satisfies parallel cravings but has such a distinctly different imprint among the Mongolian, Semitic, Melanesian, Papuan, and Caucasian races that it cannot be "diffused" even under pressure; as is shown by the inability of another race to grasp our melodies, and *vice versa*. The existence in social organization, in religion, in language, and in economics of cultural contrivances which satisfy the same need, which are thus functionally akin, and which yet bear an entirely different

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physiognomy and are carried out by entirely different mechanisms, spells all over the surface of human culture the assertion of independent origins. The compass, the art of writing, chemistry, the calendar, — all were independently invented, as is known to archaeologists. Paper was made of papyrus in Egypt, of rags in China, of another material in Mexico. It is identical only in its function. The technique of production, the material or way of using it proved that it had to be independently invented.

Extreme diffusionism appears on closer analysis as futile and fallacious as the belief that every culture follows an independent course of evolution. The remedy for anthropology lies not in the conjuring up one conjecture in the place of another, but in giving the Science of Man a foundation of real fact open to observation, in making it bear upon the practical and vital issues of to-day. What are the problems in which it can be made practically useful and what are the methods by which it can be made if not experimental at least empirical?

It is obviously impossible to place an empire under glass, to treat a savage chief or a modern politician as the biologist treats his guinea-pig. The anthropologist is not even allowed to observe long stretches of human history, while savages have no written records and have left few monuments. For all this, however, the anthropologist is compensated by the wide range of his material, by the variety of cultures from the crudest Stone Age to the highest flights of modern civilization.

But the comparative method is beset with many pitfalls. One of these has been the simple evolutionary assumption by which all variations were assigned to differences in level and all similarities to the same universal sequence of evolutionary stages. Development thus was regarded as a metaphysical fatality driving man to some sort of Hegelian self-realization. Not less fatalistic, however, is the view which makes culture shoot up in one place as a glorious and miraculous accident and thence be mechanically transported all over the globe.

To the modern anthropologist, trained in the field, culture, whether savage or civilized, is not a heap of trinkets which can be peddled about across oceans and round continents. Living among one savage tribe after another, the anthropological field-worker becomes convinced that culture is something which is

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constantly at work, which is there for the satisfaction of elementary human needs; which in turn creates new wants and provides means for their fulfilment.

Man, making a generous allowance for Tennessee, has evolved from the animal; there is no necessity to believe with the psychoanalyst that all civilization is but a roundabout satisfaction of the sexual instinct in order to realize that a wide domain — the organization of the family, the customs of courtship and mating, domestic arrangements, the clan, exogamy, and a part of human morals, — can only be properly accounted for as an expression of the human biological need for propagation and cultural need for educating each generation. Culture creates new forms of lovemaking, of marriage, of family life, but they are all directly correlated with the biological arrangements by which courtship, mating, and family life are regulated in the state of nature.

Again, though the historical materialists are no doubt mistaken in telling us that Mankind advances on its belly, the need for nutrition as well as the appetites, instincts, and tendencies which it governs, plays an enormous part in primitive and in higher cultures. The psychology of taking meals in common, of festive eating, of nutrition rites, totemic feasts and acts of communion; the sacramental value of accumulated food and its rôle in primitive religion; the ramification of the economical aspect in the magical and religious, — all this cannot be understood if we forget that Man is an omnivorous animal, and that eating under conditions of culture is not merely an absorption of food, but a communal bond, a sacrament, and a source of social, artistic, and religious values.

Now nutrition and sex drive man to the search for food and companionship, to hunting, fishing, and scouring his district, and thus they compel him to master his surroundings, to exploit his territory, and to conquer its natural resources; they also compel him to live a communal life. In all this Man's success is dependent upon his material outfit in implements, weapons, and constructions, upon the perfection of his knowledge, and on the degree of his social organization.

But here in the very act of bestowing her blessings, culture heaps up burdens and creates difficulties. The fruit of knowledge is a dangerous thing, and in giving Man forethought, culture gives

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him also the terrors and pangs of despondency, it makes him probe into his own destiny and ponder over the ultimate things of human existence. Belief in immortality, early ideas of spirit gods and beneficent favors give Man comfort and dispel his early misgivings. Again since Man is to adventure in pursuits for which he is not equipped instinctively — to move through water, jungle, and desert, to invade and conquer cold, arid and tropical places, — culture has to provide Man with a mental force which carries him across the gaps in instinctive endowment. The confidence in his own powers of controlling his environment by spell and rite are given to Man in magic.

And here we have gained a very important insight into the nature of primitive ritual and belief. The value of so-called savage "superstition" and the essence of primitive belief is to be found in the confidence which magical rite gives Man in forgetting difficulties and in bridging over gaps in which he is forsaken by his knowledge and technical abilities. Primitive religion, again, by assuring Man of his immortality, by revealing to him the existence of a benevolent providence, by guiding him sacramentally through the crises of life gives him the metaphysical comfort without which life becomes an intolerable burden to a being endowed with forethought, knowledge, and sentiment. Primitive religion thus appears as a more important and more valuable aspect of savage culture.

The functional analysis makes us regard culture primarily as an outfit which gives Man the mastery of his environment, allows him to maintain the species, the integrity of the individual, and the cohesion of his tribe. The practical value of such a theory is that it teaches us the relative importance of various customs, how they dovetail into each other, how they have to be handled by missionaries, colonel authorities, and those who economically have to exploit savage trade and savage labor.

The functional view obviously does not dispose of a sound and limited evolutionary conception of culture, though it discourages any hope of giving an exact reconstruction of human development. It strengthens our conviction that the denial of evolution by pseudo-religious and pseudo-scientific fundamentalists is but a wilful misapprehension. Moreover, the functional method in no way denies or minimizes diffusion, its influence on the course of Evo-

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lution, the importance of tracing its probable routes. But it teaches us that diffusion never takes place in the form of mere mechanical transmission. Whenever one culture "borrows" from another, it always transforms and re-adapts the objects or customs borrowed. The idea, institution, or contrivance, has to be placed within a new cultural milieu, fitted into it, and assimilated to the receiving civilization. In this process of re-adaption the form and function, often the very nature of the object or idea is deeply modified — it has to be, in short, re-invented. Diffusion is but a modified invention, exactly as every invention is a partial borrowing. What is really important to the anthropologist is the nature of the cultural process which is mixed borrowing and invention, and the study of its mechanism and its general laws. To explain away one culture as a mere result of "diffusion" is as misleading as to account for it by an imaginary trend of universal evolution.

No culture is a simple copy of any other. No historian of present-day European culture would dare assign it to any one original source. He knows perfectly well that we have borrowed from everywhere, from Ancient Greece as well as China and Japan, from India and from aboriginal America, and that out of the mixture we have evolved an entirely independent and homogeneous culture. Modern archaeology absolutely and explicitly repudiates the suggestion that Asiatic, Cretan, or Aegean civilization is any more indebted to Egypt than Egypt is to any of the surrounding civilizations. Authorities such as Sir Flinders Petrie, the greatest British Egyptologist, as well as Professor J. L. Myers of Oxford and Sir Arthur Evans, have all laughed to scorn the suggestion that Egypt has been even to a limited degree the source of civilized life. Always subject to natural law, Man in his development was bound to strike on a number of contrivances and ideas which were essentially similar.

Take for instance gold. To anyone ignorant of physics, chemistry, and cultural technique, there might appear something mystical about the attraction which gold has for primitive man, for the modern prospector, and for the demi-mondaine. Yet a minute's reflection shows that a similar attraction is exercised by silver, a slightly smaller one by copper, and that iron is for certain native tribes, notably African, almost as seductive as the nobler metals. Again, gold and silver are the only metals found extensively in a

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native condition, and gold is the more malleable of the two. It is absurd to speak of it as a "soft and relatively useless metal", and to regard its value as arbitrary, if we remember that it is an indispensable substance in modern technique where the dentist, the fountain-pen manufacturer, the optician, and the industrial chemist are prepared to pay high prices for it apart from its value as means of exchange. Even clearer is the case of other materials, the stone for primitive axes, the hard wood for implements, large stones employed for building, and so on. Or are we to suppose that the use of fire for warmth and cooking, of water for drinking and irrigation, or air for breathing is each a cultural invention once made in Egypt and thence diffused? The question might appear absurd had it not been seriously put forward that the use of water for irrigation, of large stones for building, of gold for practical and decorative uses, is due to one single influence diffused all over the world.

In conclusion then: it has been maintained by the diffusionists that the one centre of original invention was Egypt, where the unique climate, geographical and historical conditions fostered the rapid, spontaneous growth of a rich and varied civilization. We are asked to believe that this civilization was diffused into the Mediterranean basin, into Western Asia, India, China, and further across the Pacific, even into America; and that the higher cultures are copies of the Egyptian prototype.

To this we reply that every aspect of culture, — the implements and arts, social organization, law, magic, and religion, — correspond to a specific need of human nature, to the local environment, and to the general character of a given civilization. Both from the latest technical achievements and from ancient history numerous examples can be given of independent parallel inventions.

Diffusion never takes place: it is always a readaptation, a truly creative process, in which external influence is remoulded by inventive genius. The culture of Egypt is no older than that of China, Mesopotamia, or India, and it took as much from its neighbors as it gave. Civilization is fortunately not a disease — not always at least — and the immunity of most people to culture is notorious: *culture is not contagious!* It has neither been invented nor diffused, but imposed by the natural conditions which drive Man upon the path of progress with inexorable determinism.

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STUDENT POLITICS IN CHINA

PAUL MONROE

THE students in China are better informed on modern political topics than is any other class of the nation. They are now creating public opinion, and the chief danger of their influence lies in the Chinaman's tendency to follow logically a novel theory without sufficient consideration of practical possibilities. The influence of Russia in China is due less to Chinese sympathy with Bolshevism than to the fact that the Soviets have denounced the unjust treaties and dealt with China as an equal.

MY cabin boy on the Pacific Mail steamer out of Hong Kong told in a few sentences the entire story of the present turmoil in China. In his characteristic broken English, which I shall not attempt to reproduce, he said, "Englishmen make big squeeze Hong Kong; make big squeeze Canton; make big squeeze Kowloon; make big squeeze Shanghai; make big squeeze Hankow; make big squeeze Tientsin. Englishmen always make big squeeze everywhere; make big squeeze India; make big squeeze Singapore. For a long time Chinese cooliemen don't know; Chinese student he know. Now Chinese student tell Chinese coolieman. Very many Chinese cooliemen. Now Chinese coolie say, 'Englishmen no more make big squeeze; no more make little squeeze; Englishmen must go.'"

While too simple to satisfy most Americans, this explanation does indicate one factor in the situation which interests, and at the same time, puzzles the average American, — the part which the student body plays in the political situation.

Substitute all foreign powers for Great Britain, and all foreign Nationals for Englishmen, and the cabin boy's explanation states a fact of fundamental importance in the attitude of the intelligent and vocal Chinese of the present day.

The fact of greatest importance to all foreigners seeking to understand the China of to-day is to realize that the situation is fundamentally a psychological one. The objective facts do not differ greatly from what have existed heretofore. High-handed treatment of Chinese laborers or servants by foreigners is not unusual. Even the killing of Chinese, sometimes inoffensive ones, has not been an infrequent occurrence. But never before has there been such a tremendous uproar concerning such harsh treatment. Armed forces of foreign powers are constantly in China, poten-

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tially always, and occasionally in reality applying force to the Chinese. But never before have such measures been taken up in any serious manner.

That such actions by foreigners have been called in question in the present instance is an indication of a fundamental difference between the present situation and previous ones. The attitude of mind of the Chinese at present is quite different from what it has been before. No simple concrete act, such as judicial investigation at Shanghai, or formal apology, will suffice. No series of objective adjustments, such as change of jurisdiction of mixed courts, readjustment of the concessions, modification of tariff rates, will satisfy. The force necessary to change the unfriendly state of mind common to the Chinese as a people, is a complementary psychological change on the part of foreigners dealing with them.

To accomplish this readjustment the Chinese must be dealt with as equals, treated with respect and consideration as one western nation deals with another. Then the concrete difficulties arising out of individual situations will be easily adjusted. The demand for the abolition of extraterritorial privileges yet enjoyed by many of the western powers had its origin just here. Many of the Chinese leaders realize that the political conditions at present do not justify the immediate abolition of these privileges. Many fear greater difficulties in the future arising from such abolition. But to the masses extraterritorial privileges emphasize the inferiority of their people in the eyes of foreigners. The masses are now generally informed that these privileges form a part of the unilateral treaties, made when China was at the mercy of foreign forces and, — as the Chinese now believe, — made under duress.

This state of mind of the Chinese is the result of student agitation, a process which has resulted in giving the masses of the people a simple political education and a rudimentary political consciousness. That the western powers are facing a most complicated international problem, that some of them are now on the verge of war, a war which might ultimately involve the whole East, if not even more, is due to student agitation. No wonder the American reader has difficulty in understanding the frequent references in the daily press to the students' influence in Chinese

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politics. Nor can this be understood without some reference, both to the past and to the present situation in China.

There is no parallel to this student situation anywhere in the world, and probably has never been in the past. The present generation of Chinese students has inherited much of the prestige of the Chinese scholar of other generations. In the past the scholar class has been the dominant one in China. With the exception of the family of the ruling dynasty there was practically no other nobility. From the scholars were chosen all the governmental officials. The scholar made and operated the Government; though the merchant class might possess most of the wealth, the scholar exercised most of the powers of organized society.

The scholar of the past took many years in the making; so he was usually a man of mature years and of seasoned experience who had spent many seasons in study and reflection. With few notable exceptions there were no advanced schools which these students frequented. Scholars were products of extended study and reflection, and of experience in subordinate positions of authority, rather than trained products of schools. That the present student is an immature youth, drawn from his home and association with elders and thrown into dormitories where he associates with youths only, has made but slight diminution in his influence and repute. But this situation has made a great difference in the instability and emotionalism of the student opinion, and in its susceptibility to the influence of mob psychology.

Some features of student life to-day will further explain their political interest and influence. Most of the middle schools and colleges of China are situated in the provincial capitals. In many of these capital cities twenty to thirty thousand students are congregated. They live in crowded dormitories, with few comforts, — little, if any, better than emergency barracks. Conditions are ideal for developing mass psychology. Teachers and administrators have little contact with their students even in the classroom. For the most part teachers have little influence over the students. These latter are young when they leave home, — thirteen to fifteen years of age. Perhaps the median age of this great student body is not over seventeen years. On the other hand there are numerous students that are mature and exercise

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great influence. It is sometimes said that the student movement is headed and maintained by a handful of students (usually extremists) in each student centre. It is undoubtedly true that conditions are ideal for the control of mass psychology and for developing such radical leadership. This sometimes occurs. But it would be a great misinterpretation of the situation not to recognize the genuine patriotic, political interest of the student body, no matter how immature; and the devotion and disinterested, even if sometimes unwise, leadership of these selected leaders.

The general political interests and the glowing patriotism of the students are not to be denied. The newspaper reading room in any school is always crowded, no matter when one visits it. Other portions of the library evidence no such interest. The bulletin boards which usually contain a school paper consisting largely of clippings of a political character and of editorials of a similar turn, also have continuous patronage. Student discussion is of the same character. There are few other student interests or activities to detract the student. Athletics are not generally popular. The various social and fraternal interests of American colleges and high school students are quite unknown. Schools are seldom coeducational. Political activity is the one vital, human interest.

Consequently, the students are better informed on political topics than is any other class of the Chinese people; they have more interest in politics; they have time to devote to it. That the welfare of the body politic is the special charge of the student is the tradition of their class. In the past Chinese ethics and religion were not to be distinguished from politics. But it is a new political consciousness that is developing in the mind of the present generation of students. That is consciousness created in the West, not in the East; one we call nationalism. Whatever may be the virtues and the ills of excessive nationalism, China is now developing. But both in the form of the ideas themselves as well as in the influences which bring about their development, the West is responsible. President Wilson's self-determination of peoples furnishes the text for many a sermon and for innumerable soap-box orations. The influence of the many western schools and teachers all tend in the same direction. But speaking louder than

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any of these words have been the actions of the western powers in dealing with China. The Chinese are apt pupils, because they are great students. They are dangerous students because of their lack of practical political experience; but more dangerous still because of their tendency to accept or to follow logically a novel theory or belief independent of practical considerations.

The drawbacks to the present student situation as a foreign educator sees it, are academic rather than political. The student is performing a great political service for his country, but aside from the political training he is getting very little education out of his schooling. The rather tenuous hold which the teacher or administrator has over the student has been mentioned. One reason for this and for the corresponding indifference of the student is found in the administrative features borrowed from the Japanese or European systems, but which omit the necessary checks found in the original. Government funds for the support of schools are assigned on the basis of student attendance. Every student lost to the institution for any cause is a financial loss to the school. Consequently, expulsion for misconduct or insubordination is rare; for failure to make passing grades sufficient to keep up adequate standards, few penalties are prescribed.

The most serious feature of the entire situation is that the student is neglecting his studies and is getting very little of that training in the modern sciences which is supposed to justify his studentship and which his country so greatly needs. Patriotism alone will not suffice. Nationalism is not an entity in itself. Also it is evident to observers that China can never be strong until her Government, — local and general, — is honestly administered. This can never be attained until the same enthusiasm for reform that is now directed by the student body against the foreigner is directed against her own dishonest, corrupt, or inefficient officials. But herein lies one of the chief arguments for granting the demands now made by the aroused Chinese, — not only that these demands are just: that China is entitled to her own national life with corresponding responsibility; but that this corruption and inefficiency is really a Chinese responsibility, and will never be remedied until these major foreign evils with their distracting influences have been removed. Then will arise the

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real test of student leadership, of student patriotism, and of the patriotism of the people as a whole.

Much is now being said of the returned student, especially of those trained in America. It is often remarked that they are taking little part in the present agitation. This can but be true so far as public agitation, — especially street agitation, — is concerned; for that is conducted almost wholly by students of the schools. But back of this present generation of the schools, exercising a restraining force, furnishing counsel and guidance, are many of the best of the returned students. Many also are in responsible positions of Government, business, and education. When the time of deliberation and negotiation comes, it will be seen that the returned student will take a no insignificant part.

But at present it is not the returned student who holds the stage. Rather is it the meagrely trained, partially informed youth of the middle and higher schools. But numbers and enthusiasm and determination count. Their appeal is to fundamental instincts of the masses, — to self-protection, self-interest, group pride, — which with China means ancestral pride; to personal rights and dignity, — which with the Chinese means "face"; and above all to mass emotion. On every street corner in all the larger cities youths are addressing small groups or crowds at all hours of the day and evening. In many cases young women students casting aside the reserve of generations are taking the same active part in political leadership and discussion. These street corner groups were the most conspicuous sights in Chinese centres of population during the last summer. Occasionally huge mass meetings were held, — one at Peking of 100,000 it was estimated. Yet in general the groups are small, usually a mere handful. But they were always attentive and usually responsive to the appeal.

The students in each institution are thoroughly organized, and each school sends delegates to local or city student councils. These councils usually exercise great, if not determining influence, over the entire student body of a community. In every such group there are certain to be radicals; but for the greater part sober-minded judgment prevails. It is here that discussion takes place. Usually in each school also prolonged discussion takes place before any overt act. The penchant of the Chinese student

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for discussion is so well known that it is useless to argue the point that student actions are deliberate and not the result of unconsidered suggestion. The one case that came immediately under the observation of the writer, — that of the students of Peking, — certainly revealed an admirable self-control by emotionally excited youth after prolonged and serious deliberation. Because of the importance of action of the students of the capital, — the largest body of students in the Republic, — the situation was most delicate. It is true that the radical element which wished to precipitate immediate action and open hostilities was only denied control by a reorganization of the student councils which left the extreme radicals as a small and inconsequential rump. The action of this student body certainly had a sobering influence upon the students of the nation, and carried conviction not only to related Chinese groups of merchants and officials, but to foreigners as well.

The student body brings pressure to bear on the laboring or coolie class by this constant popular education. It brings tremendous influence to bear upon the commercial and business class, as well. Modern industry is not as yet well enough organized to make the industrial worker a great force. Perhaps Canton may be an exception to this statement. But the merchants, the recently founded chambers of commerce, and the traditional guilds, exercise great influence. Even they have had to bow before the demands of the students. The pressure of public opinion, skilfully formulated and skilfully guided by the student, has proved a tremendous power.

To what extent is the present student agitation due to the influence of Soviet emissaries is a question frequently asked. One hears many answers. Perhaps the question can be answered authoritatively. There may be some who know. The present writer is not among them. Undoubtedly, there has been much activity by Soviet representatives; they have furnished funds to stimulate and subsidize agitation. In some cases, they have secured the disruption and closing of schools, especially the school of foreign missions. No doubt the Soviet influence has subsidized many Chinese student leaders. But to attribute all the student agitation and the public discontent to Bolshevist influence is sheer folly. Such a view completely overlooks the wrongs committed by foreigners against the Chinese, and the resentment accumulated through years. If all the tremendous social force

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that has now been released in China is due to Bolshevist influence, it behooves the western nations to look into the situation to discover whether they can emulate the procedure.

The fundamental basis of the Russian influence is to be found in their treatment of China and the Chinese. Russia, on its own initiative, denounced the unequal treaties, gave up the right of extraterritoriality, and returned the concessions. They treated the Chinese as equals; all the more effective because they base their equality on the discrimination against both Russia and China by the western powers.

Undoubtedly there has been much activity on the part of the Soviet representatives against the western nations. China is in no position to prevent it. The Government, both general and local, is too powerless. The representations of the western Governments are without any great influence either with the Chinese or the western Government. Obviously, the only way to checkmate the influence, whatever may be its power and extent, is by giving to the Chinese the same kind of consideration which has produced the favorable attitude towards the Russian. The Chinese leaders are shrewd enough effectively to use the Soviet aid. Perhaps when they have used it to accomplish their ends, Soviet interests and influence will be classed with other foreign interests and influences.

It is obvious on the surface that in a country where the family unit of organization has such power and tenacity, and where property is prized so highly and functions so powerfully in the family and social organization, that communistic ideas can have little hold. Communistic government procedure may have, for there is much precedent for this in China. But the hold which Soviet Russia has on China is not due to leanings to communistic ideas, but rather to common hostility to western powers, a growing hostility to foreign culture in general, to the accumulated wrongs of generations, and to the fair treatment of China by the Soviet powers.

Until the unilateral treaties are abrogated, until some at least of the concessions forced from China are relinquished, and until there is a general tendency on the part of the foreigner to treat the Chinese as equals, there will be no allaying of the irritation which causes the present state of politics in China.

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WHAT IS IMMORALITY?

Forum Definitions — Third Series

A FRIENDLY critic in the Rostrum last month told the editors that they must begin their campaign for accurate thinking by some accurate thinking about accurate thinking. But do our readers really want a lecture on the Meaning of Meaning? Too often have we attempted to tell all we know in half a page, but another little hint wouldn't do us any harm. "Understand the proposition before you attempt to prove it," geometry teachers have a habit of saying. "What, in your opinion, is the precise meaning of Immorality?" we asked, — yet a surprisingly large number plunged breathlessly into a definition of Immortality. Many an immortal may have been immoral, but whether an immoralist can count on immortality is quite another matter.

We could start a "Confessions" magazine on the material sent in to define this particular term. In many cases it seems to summarize personal experience. One lady, who even had the courage to sign her name and address, wrote us as follows: "In Chicago, I knew a man. We loved each other with the greatest intensity. We worked and lived together without sanction of law. This was immorality, according to the code of the State. He died. In Farmington, Missouri, I live with another man. I am married to him by the strictest legal procedure. I am beautifully kept. I do no work, and my slightest wishes are anticipated and gratified. I loathe the man with whom I am bound. This is immorality, according to the code of my heart." And her idea found a thousand echoes. A thousand echoes, too, had the definition that "Immorality is sin in five syllables". In fact, to an overwhelming majority the word chiefly suggested something "sinful".

The Decalogue figured largely, as did Mr. Webster; and in the definitions printed below we have taken the liberty of eliminating references to the dictionary derivation from *mores*. Many readers, too, felt that immorality was often a case of the other shoe, that it could be used to describe somebody else's conduct — "not mine." Or as one gentleman phrased it, "Jones swears, and is heard by Parsons and Layman. Parsons may deplore the immorality of

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Jones, but Layman will possibly rejoice to hear righteous indignation expressed effectively."

Here, at any rate, are twelve definitions which seem to the judges most worth our readers' consideration. They represent several groups, but seem the most striking and original of those submitted. As in preceding months, readers are invited to cast their ballot for the best. A coupon for that purpose is provided at the end of the Toasts section of the magazine.

The Winning Definitions

(1) Immorality is any act that would injure physical development or prevent spiritual growth, whether it be one's own physical development or mental growth, or that of another. Conversely, nothing is immoral that has no part of these two elements in it. Physical immorality in its superlative form is suicide or an act that inevitably induces disease. Spiritual immorality is intellectual dishonesty, a refusal to accept a truth clearly observed, a mental juggling with clearly recognized principles in such a way as to confuse one's own recognition of their real nature. The immorality lies in the fact that each brings about the death of that which it affects. (*Nelle C. Terrill, Topeka, Kansas*).

(2) Immorality is any transgression against that upward trend of life and nature which is manifested in the regulations evolved throughout the ages for the best conduct of human society. (*Edith Cordelia Abbott, Los Angeles, California*).

(3) The popular and the etymological definitions of immorality are identical: deviation from group custom. But unless we stagnate, standards must change, and change is induced by deviators. Therefore there can be no progress without immorality. As groups rarely distinguish at the moment between retrogressive and progressive deviations, efforts to suppress immorality are always reactionary, and the charge of immorality has little weight with the intelligent man. His criterion of conduct is not "Am I immoral?" but "Am I causing unnecessary and unproductive pain?" If nature were organized against the biological sport as society is organized against the rebel, the amoeba might still dominate the earth. (*Ruth Mary Weeks, Kansas City, Missouri*).

(4) Immorality is the explicit or implicit deviation at any given time from a code of ethics affirmed in good faith previously and subsequently. (*Allison Nienaber, Newark, New Jersey*).

(5) Immorality is any offense against the conscience of mankind in regard to accepted standards of propriety. In Polynesia it would be infractions of the law of "Taboo". It expresses no idea of sin against God

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and is not found in the English Bible, although in current use when that was translated. Its meaning varies with the prevailing code. Latterly it has been acquiring a specific use to indicate sexual offenses against public morals. (*R. T. Fullwood, Los Angeles, California*).

(6) Whatever the consensus of opinion, usually solidified and enforced by the current religion, approves, is moral, and whatever it disapproves is immoral. Since sexual questions (owing to well-known psychological causes) are the chief taboo among modern so-called civilized peoples, offenses against this taboo are considered worse than any others; and for this reason the word "immorality" has a sexual tinge to most minds unaccustomed to logical distinctions. (*Miriam Allen DeFord, San Francisco, California*).

(7) Immorality is an emotional reaction created biologically by the development of the nervous system. Fundamentally, any action or attitude which causes pain to another sentient being is immoral. Immorality presupposes a victim capable of suffering, and the obligations of morality increase in direct ratio with the development of our perception of sensation in others. Believing oysters to be insensible, it is not immoral to eat the bivalves raw; recognizing our neighbor's capacity for pain, cannibalism becomes immoral. The higher our altruism, the more inclusive becomes our individual conception of immorality. (*Theodate Geoffrey, Falmouth, Massachusetts*).

(8) Immorality: a state of being at enmity with God, society, and the established order of things. An isolated condition, emanating from a conscious contravention of the code of human behavior. (*D. S. Davis, Washington, D. C.*)

(9) Immorality is the desire or attempt to get something out of life to which one is not entitled and for which one is unwilling to pay. (*Madeline Howland, New York*).

(10) Immorality: Detour from the Main Highway of Civilization. Roads picturesque but dangerous. Proceed at your own risk. (*H. W. Hale, Brooklyn, New York*).

(11) The stigma attached to any step beyond the very narrow boundary line drawn about the natural actions, joys, and pleasures of red-blooded human beings. Boundary drawn and term applied: By the dour-faced, narrow-minded, self apotheosized, puritanical, church-going, busy-bodied fanatical Anthropoidea (male) and the unfortunate, misshapen, pancake-bosomed, vinegar-faced Mrs. McGrundies and old maids. (*A. B. Nolan, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania*).

(12) Immorality: The profaning of those qualities of body, mind, and spirit which make for progress in the human race and which are subject to the choice for good or evil in the individual. (*F. D. Rose, Muncie, Indiana*).

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FORUM DEFINITION CONTEST

NOT only is it apparent that current usage is revising our present-day dictionary, and that consequently our "old reliables" must be rejuvenated through a new definition, but also that new phrases, catch-words, and glorified slang are being assimilated and given a permanent place in our language. Like a persistent gnat we hear buzzing about us the strange expression "highbrow". "Oh, that's all right for you," someone will say, "you're highbrow." And the inflection of the voice may carry contempt or approbation. Or, closer home, "Your magazine is highbrow," — and the editors are completely bewildered since the word has never been defined.

Will you not help to set us straight and stamp the elusive expression with a fair rate of exchange? For convenience's sake, let's eliminate consideration of "lowbrow". Defining a term through its antonym is too easy a way out. And remember that your personal likes and dislikes, if they appear in the picture at all, must be very skilfully disguised: to define is to make clear, and it is not your emotions we are primarily asking about. THE FORUM Definition Contest began in June with "Americanism". "Success", "Immorality", "Humor", and "Socialism" have followed. We now extend to you an invitation to send us your definition of

HIGHBROW

Anyone who is interested may enter the Contest. Definitions should be limited to *one hundred words*, and typewritten. No manuscripts will be returned, even though postage be included. Write your name and address plainly on your manuscript, as payment will be made at the rate of five dollars for each definition selected for publication.

Definitions of "Highbrow" must be in THE FORUM office by midnight of September 1, 1926. If received later they cannot be considered for competition or publication in the November number.

All definitions should be addressed to the Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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REVISING THE BIBLE

CARDINAL GASQUET

Editorial Foreword

NEITHER Catholic nor non-Catholic can afford to shrug his shoulders in indifference to the revision of the Latin Bible now going forward in Rome. Let the American tourist in Rome this summer see for himself what the Editor saw last winter in the Palace of San Calisto across the Tiber. Here is a room where a dozen Benedictine monks, merry in their congenial task of scholarship, bend benevolently over heaps of ancient manuscripts, comparing and revising, in an attempt to restore the original Vulgate of St Jerome. The mountain castles of Spain have loaned to them their ancient parchments; the monasteries of the Alps, the archives of the British Isles, have likewise been drawn upon.

The direction of this task of re-editing the Bible has been placed in the hands of one who is esteemed by many Catholics to be the profoundest scholar in the Hierarchy, — the Librarian of the Holy Roman Church, the venerable Cardinal from England, H. E. Francis Aidan Gasquet. The Cardinal's first act, on recovering from his recent illness, is the following article for THE FORUM, written in his eightieth year.

* * *

I HAVE been asked to write an account for THE FORUM of the work of the Revision of the Vulgate, which is now progressing in Rome. Before describing what the Commission appointed in 1907 by Pope Pius X has done and is doing, a few words may usefully be said to make the object of the Revision perfectly clear. Considerable doubt has been expressed as to the exact scope of the work, and it may be useful at the outset to state that the end proposed to the present Commission is not to produce a new Latin Bible, which, when finished, would be offered for the approbation of the Church as its authentic version of the Latin Scriptures. The true object of the present work is clearly set forth in the letter of the Pope confiding this work to the Com-

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mission: it is to determine as accurately as possible the text of St Jerome's translation as he made it in the fourth century. This translation if it can be determined, as is admitted on all hands, would be the best, indeed, the necessary basis of any more fundamental and critical revision of that text itself.

Pope Pius X thus speaks of his belief in the importance of the work of revision: "We value so highly," he states in a letter to the present writer, "the work entrusted to the Benedictine Order of research and study preliminary to a new edition of the Latin Bible, called the Vulgate, that we feel constrained to congratulate most warmly not only yourself, but the whole Benedictine Order."

Latin translations of the Bible have existed from the earliest times of Christianity, although the primitive language of the Church in Rome was Greek. St Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans in Greek, and in the Christian assemblies the original Greek of the New Testament was read,— for the Old Testament version of the Greek Septuagint was mostly used. When the Latin element became predominant in the Christian assemblies, it became necessary to have the Greek translated into the language best understood by the people.

The origin of these translations from the Greek of the Septuagint or the Greek of the New Testament writers is lost in obscurity, and into the intricate but interesting discussions regarding this problem it is not possible to enter at present. What is clear is that the translator or translators were unknown even to St Augustine and St Jerome. The extant versions differed very widely, since, as St Augustine tells us, everyone who thought himself possessed of a little Greek altered or corrected his Testament as he thought necessary. Still, both St Jerome and St Augustine speak of the Latin version as coming "from the first days of the Faith", and St Jerome declares that it "had helped to strengthen the Faith of the infant Church." Made and copied, however, without any official sanction or supervision, these versions naturally differed very widely,— so widely, indeed, as to present, in the words of St Jerome, "as many readings as codices."

It was this diversity that, as Richard Bentley, writing to Archbishop Wake declares, "obliged Damasus, the Bishop of

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Rome, to employ St Jerome in 380 to compare and regulate the last revised translation of each part of the New Testament by the original Greek, and to set out a new edition so castigated and corrected."

At the present day scholars are practically agreed as to the competence of St Jerome for this work. Bishop Lightfoot speaks of his being the providental instrument raised up to do this work. The materials which were at his command for the purposes of the revision were abundant, and there can be no doubt as to the soundness of his judgment in making use of them. He had means which we no longer possess, of comparing copies and selecting the best as the proper basis of revision. His sole object was to purify the text. With this end in view he employed manuscripts which were even then old, setting special value upon those which a hundred years before his time had passed through the hands of Origen and bore the marks of his correction.

To-day we have no more than two or three Greek manuscripts that go back to St Jerome's own time, whilst he must have had dozens of a date far earlier than we possess. He could distinguish between the readings in a way no longer possible to us. We are ignorant of the origin of our codices and of the character of the copyists who made them. But St Jerome knew of editions which should be avoided (*praetermitto eos codices quos a Luciano et Hesychio nuncupatos paucorum hominum asserit perversa contentio*) and, on the other hand, he made use of copies which from their known history and antecedents he could trust.

To illustrate the kind of care he took, in Matthew V: 22 all Itala or old Latin copies read "Whosoever is angry with his brother *without cause*." St Jerome tells us that he found the Greek word "eikē" in some of his manuscripts, but none in the true copies. He therefore erased it, and in like manner most modern critics reject it, including the "revisers" of the non-Catholic Bible. Yet it is not only now read in the accepted Greek text, and the Protestant versions founded on it, but there are only two or three Greek manuscripts besides the Vatican and Sinaitic codices which have not got the reading.

In addition to the veneration due to the Vulgate Latin version as a standard of faith and morals, it claims a critical value of the highest order, which it is not possible to overstate. Having com-

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pleted his revision of the New Testament St Jerome turned his attention to the Psalms. These he corrected by comparing them with the Greek of the Septaugint. The result became known as the *Versio Romana* since it was adopted at once as the official version in Rome and elsewhere in Italy. It was carried also to countries evangelized by missionaries from Rome and was thus introduced into England by St Augustine and his monks, and survived till the Norman Conquest. Later on, when St Jerome was able to compare his corrected revision with the Greek version of Origen's *Hexapla* he found that other changes were necessary. This second revision became known as the *Versio Gallicana* and through the influence of Charlemagne was adopted in Gaul. It is this version which exists at present in most of the Latin manuscript Bibles and Psalters in the Roman Breviaries.

St Jerome's great work, however, was the translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew original. This Original was very like the actual Masoretic text. He had also the assistance of the best copies of the Septuagint Greek translation; and the *Hexapla* of Origen gave him the later translation from the Hebrew into Greek of Aquila, Theodotion, and Symmachus.

It is obvious that from the first there would have been considerable opposition to the reception of St Jerome's text. People were used to the old words and phrases and resented change, and so, besides the opposition to the text itself, old Latin words constantly found a place again in the new version. A story is told of an African Bishop who read St Jerome's translation of Jonas in his church, but a great uproar was started in the congregation when the people heard St Jerome's word *hedera* (ivy) in place of the familiar *cucurbita* (gourd), and the Bishop was compelled to return to the old word.

For several generations after St Jerome's death his new version, though held in great esteem did not entirely take the place of the old Latin. Even St Gregory the Great in 604, although he used the version of St Jerome for his commentary on Job, declared that the Apostolic See made use of both versions. In the eighth century St Bede calls the version of St Jerome "our edition", and the old Latin only gradually ceased to be copied. It indeed fell into such disuse that any complete copy of the Old Testament in the old Latin version is unknown, and it is even impossible to

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make up a full copy of the old Latin version from the fragments, known through the writings of the Fathers.

Nevertheless there was a constant danger, owing to the simultaneous existence of the two versions, that St Jerome's version would fare as badly as the old. Transcription from memory made it not unlikely that phrases from the old Latin would find their way into the new text. Scribes have been known to copy part of a Bible from one codex of St Jerome's version and part from a manuscript of the old Latin. The very important and interesting Vatican manuscript of the Octateuch is a case in point. Moreover, tired scribes not infrequently made their own errors of transcription, which other copyists transmitted. The example of the mistake of a copyist inserting the word *non* in the account of the crow or raven put out by Noah from the ark, is a good instance of an error transmitted even to our own time.

The Church did what it could to guard the purity of St Jerome's text, and each successive age gave rise to revisions and corrections. The Emperor Charlemagne, through the English scholar Alcuin, caused corrected copies of the Scriptures to be placed in the churches. Alcuin took great care to examine the best known manuscripts and for the purpose of his revision he had the libraries of the English monasteries searched, and on New Year's day A. D. 800 he presented to the Emperor his revision. This revision is the well known Alcuinian version, which is naturally very important for determining the text, but not perhaps of the great importance for the correct readings which has often been claimed for it. In England this version was much esteemed during the Middle Ages, and Bishop Grandisson of Exeter had all the copies of the Bible in his diocese corrected according to the great Bible, which still exists at the Abbey of St Paul *fuori le mura* in Rome.

The corrections which were constantly being made in the Bibles in ordinary use, were not always very happy, and the Englishman Roger Bacon, in the thirteenth century, vigorously protested against the system in use in the schools of Paris, where every professor felt himself at liberty to incorporate any corrections which he thought called for in order to make the sense of a passage more clear and evident, and even inserted his own later translation of words and passages from the Hebrew and Greek.

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With the invention of printing it became more than ever necessary to obtain an authentic text as pure as possible. This was the situation which the Council of Trent set itself to regulate in 1545. The need of revision was admitted, and in the end it was proposed that the work should be left to the Pope to prepare a new and revised Latin text, and have copies placed in every Cathedral. It was agreed that the Vulgate — the Latin translation of St Jerome, revised according to the best and most ancient manuscripts, — should be considered the standard text, since this, "by the long use of so many ages had the approval of the Church."

In regard to the mode of revision the Council refrained from any mention of the original Hebrew and Greek; and whilst pronouncing that such a text when prepared should be considered authentic, the Council allowed that it might still need correction. When the task of preparing it was remitted to the Pope, a Commission consisting of the most learned scholars was appointed to prepare it, with the instruction to restore St Jerome's text as far as possible, and not to amend it by any new translations of their own from the original Hebrew and Greek. Under Pope Gregory XIII an edition of the Septuagint Greek was prepared and printed to assist the revisers. It would take us too far afield to speak of the long labors of the commission in preparing the edition of the Latin Bible which we now use, which was finally given to the Church by Clement VIII in 1592. The commission labored for some forty years, and strange to say, many of the changes proposed by them were never inserted in the final revision. From the notes of this commission it may safely be said that had they been accepted we should have had a much better critical text than we now possess.

Substantially, however, there can be no doubt that our present text represents the translation of St Jerome, but no less certainly it stands in need of much correction. This has been recognized from the first and a great deal has been done from time to time to collect material for a revision. The Barnabite scholar Vercellone did much in this work, but it was reserved to Pope Pius X to initiate a thorough revision on the best critical lines. The work was offered in 1907 to the Benedictine Order. Although fully recognizing that the work must necessarily be arduous and costly, the representatives of the Order, gathered together at Rome in that

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year, felt that it was impossible to refuse such an honorable task. In the summer of that year the present writer was appointed head of the Commission, and directed to organize the work. In the month of November a small body of Benedictines met together, at the International Benedictine College of St Anselmo on the Aventine, to take the first steps to organize the gigantic task.

The object of the Commission is definite and limited, and it is clearly set out in the charge given to it by Pope Pius X. As already pointed out it is to determine as accurately as possible the text of St Jerome's Latin translation. The importance of having the pure text is obvious. It would not only give us the version made by one whose competence is acknowledged, but it would also furnish us with the necessary basis for a thorough revision of the Latin Bible according to the originals. Moreover it is quite certain that St Jerome's Latin version would give us the best means of determining the value of the present Septaugint and Hebrew. After having been located for some years at the International College of St Anselmo on the Aventine, the Commission at the desire of the Holy Father, moved to San Calisto in Trastevere, where it still has its collections and workshops. The first care of the Fathers of the Commission was to print a copy of the present (Clementine) Bible as a standard for the collation of the texts of the various codices, each page being left to the extent of two thirds blank to receive the various readings. With this printed text the revisers visited the principle libraries of Europe to search for, investigate, and compare the oldest manuscripts they could find. Besides the textual comparison, photography has been largely used to reproduce the old codices entirely, and more than 40,000 photographs have been collected, mounted, and bound, and are in constant use in the progress of the work.

The question is how, out of the mass of variants, we can determine the original reading of St Jerome. The difficulty of this task arises from the number of the manuscripts employed, and the very vital nature of the Biblical text which has been continually corrected upon the ancient copies. This incessant change of readings makes the classification of manuscripts a delicate matter. It must also be observed that the classification arrived at for one group of books, is not necessarily applicable in the case of another

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lot of books, because the tradition is not the same for the Octateuch as for the Prophets, for the Sapiential Books as for the Gospels; these different parts of the Bible having been revised or translated by St Jerome at a different period.

One of the members of the Commission, Dom Henri Quentin undertook to solve this problem for the first group of books of the Old Testament, the Octateuch, and he has given the result of his researches in a volume of the *Collectanea* of the Commission entitled — *Mémoires sur l'Etablissement du Texte de la Vulgate*. The method of classification of manuscripts which is proposed in this volume is a new one, but it has given remarkable results in the case of other texts besides the Bible, and the author has further developed these principles in his *Essais de Critique Textuelle*, lately published in Paris. In a few words this method is to seek for the architype of the manuscripts which we possess, rather than for the original translation of the author; and the classification of codices is obtained by comparing successively various groups of three manuscripts. For the Octateuch, or the first eight books of the Vulgate, the genealogy of the manuscripts to which this method has led, is composed of three great families, represented chiefly by the Spanish, Alcuin, and Theodulph codices. At the head of these stand the three manuscripts, *Turonensis*, *Amiatinus*, and *Ottobonianus*, which are important as much from their origin as from their age.

A large part of the text of Genesis is now printed, each page of the new edition gives on the upper portion the obtained version according to St Jerome, written *per cola et commata* (broken up into short lines according to the sense), — an arrangement which has been preserved for us by several manuscripts, and goes back to the time of St Jerome who borrowed it from the writing of ancient orators. This is of great importance for the understanding of the text, in conformity to the ideas of the author himself, and it dispenses the editor from inserting a punctuation which too often is necessarily subjective. Below the text, the new edition will have three critical apparatus. The first is devoted to the composition of the text, and contains the readings of the manuscripts upon the testimony of which the editor has depended for the choice of that reading which he has adopted in the text. Naturally these are most frequently the *Turonensis*, the *Amiatinus*, and

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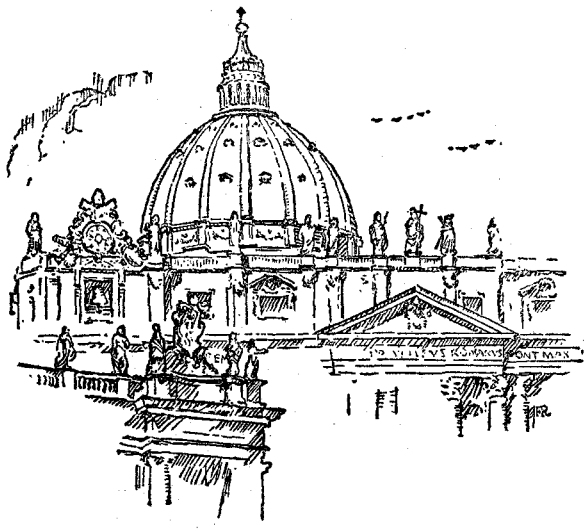
the *Ottobonianus*, but an appeal is made sometimes to other codices, especially when one of the above principal authorities is wanting. The second apparatus gives the testimony of all the manuscripts made use of without exception; all the various readings have been set down, save those which are purely orthographic. Moreover, the source of the errors in the text are here indicated whenever this can be found, and it becomes possible to know the influence that has been exerted by the Septuagint, the ancient Latin versions, and the writings of the ancient Fathers on the then accepted text of the Bible. The second apparatus thus presents the elements of the history of the text. It has been entirely reviewed upon the photographs of the manuscripts, and it is to be hoped that it will contain as few positive mistakes as possible. Finally a third apparatus gives the divisions which in the manuscripts break the text into chapters, and which most frequently correspond to the Capitulars, the text of which will be found at the beginning of the volume.

It is hoped that this volume, containing all the prologomena of the Bible will be ready for publication within a few weeks. It is printed by the Vatican Press, and the result has been praised by various authorities of different nations. Of course, it is impossible to hasten a work like this, and even with the help of the photographs which we have, perfect accuracy will be extremely difficult.



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IN DEFENSE OF AUTHORS

ARTHUR TRAIN

"I MET a bear and I killed him!" These words from the first cave man to his wife on his return from the hunt contain the germ of the present day short story, just as modern art had its inception when he or some member of his tribe crudely tried to scratch the lineaments of the bear upon the wall of his cave or on the thighbone of the bear himself. To-day the writer of popular fiction has much the same experience. His public applauds his product. Often, however, the writer is merely an entertainer, not a genius.

OF COURSE it wasn't long before the owner of the Piltdown skull or the Neanderthal man, or whoever he was that made that first childish attempt at picturization, discovered that the other hairy chaps were very much interested. At first undoubtedly they called him a "nut", or whatever the neolithic equivalent may have been, but later on when he kept at it and at length produced a recognizable caricature of a sabre-toothed tiger, a cave bear, or a woolly rhinoceros, they probably grunted their critical approval and experienced a certain degree of excitement. He had in fact produced in their minds the idea of a cave bear or a woolly rhinoceros with all its accompanying emotions of aversion, rage, and terror. Then belike, they discovered that the horror without the danger was rather delicious and they called him a great artist, who dealt in the fundamental human emotions, and they hung his bone on the wall of the National Cave of Design.

In a word, he had achieved popularity. Then bye and bye some vernal stirring led some other hairy man lying by his fire to chant the crimes of the bear or praise of the man who had carved on a bone. And the cave minstrel developed into the traveling bard, and the bard into the troubadour, and the troubadour's art narrowed into that of Blanche Ring and Elsie Janis, — artists in their spheres, — for Caxton had invented the printing press and the world was full of books. The minstrels sang of the loves of lords and ladies, of war and the chase, or the adventures of knights, nuns, and friars. To-day the writer of fiction writes of precisely the same thing, only he sings or talks to the eye and not to the ear. Our magazines are full of love-stories, of war and detective stories (the lineal descendants of songs of the chase), of roaring tales just as full of fun as anything Boccaccio ever wrote;

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and if the author does nothing else he at least fulfils the same function as the jolly monk who used to entertain his fellow celebates after vespers as they lingered around the refectory table over their mulled wine, or the bearded mariner with rings in his ears who, in hope of meat and drink, narrated the mysteries of the Isles of Spice, with all the lure of "ivory and apes and peacocks" to the gaping yokels in the tap room of the "Pig and Whistle".

At first only the monks could write, so of course they wrote of holy things, of angels and apostles and horned beasts, but sometimes their own vernal stirrings made the angels and apostles and apocalyptical animals seem strangely (and behave strangely) like merely beautiful ladies and gallant knights and fierce dragons. Then artists, who came to illuminate their scrolls, learned from the monks the art of writing and became writers themselves, and what they wrote was of beauty, of flowers and fauns, of waterfalls and naiads, of misty mountains and blue valleys; and, after they had traveled, of ships and fortresses, and of arts and crafts. So, before long, people began to write not only about religion and love, but about the forces of nature and wild animals and the great man who had once walked on the earth, and how the pyramids were built, and the islands of the sea, and the Fountain of Youth, and how to make Edam cheese. And they are still writing about these things to-day.

The more people read the less they cared about having people to sing to them or tell them stories. So the traveling scope and bards, the voluble monks and friars, the jesters and minstrels gradually went out of business and in their stead the lords, ladies, and squires bought or borrowed beautifully printed books on religion, romance, travel, natural philosophy, physics, or poems of love. Or, if they could not read, they would pay a penny to go to see one of the dramas presented by Mr. William Shakespeare and his troop of play-actors.

The historical development of the art of writing is reflected in the attitude of part of the reading public towards the professional writer. Something of the old reverence for books and the regard for letters still survive the abolition of "benefit of clergy" and the deluge of printed matter in which we struggle vainly to keep on our feet. For of old, writing, as I have said, had been one of the mysteries, practised only in the monasteries. Often the priest was

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the only man in the village who could write. Moreover, the persons who wrote books were almost always learned, or high in religious counsels, not to say holy. Any other person who wrote one assumed to be wise, learned, or holy, and acquired a factitious authority. This, to a slight degree, — very slight, perhaps, — is still the case, and the cassock of the monk has lightly descended upon the author. Members of that profession to which one half of me belongs are not, it is true, noted for the monkishness of their ways, but for all that they are viewed by the larger public with a certain awe.

Yet authorship does involve a certain stigma which in part explains the writer's ambiguous position of hero in one company and cheapjack in the next. It is set forth in Stevenson's "Letter to a Young Gentleman Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art". Many of us remember the storm of bitter controversy which arose over this tentative assertion of an obvious truth. "I speak," says he, "of a more manly way of life, it is a point on which I must be frank. To live by pleasure is not a high calling; it involves patronage, however veiled; it numbers the artist, however ambitious, along with dancing girls and billiard markers. The French have a romantic evasion for one employment, and call its practitioners the Daughters of Joy. The artist is of the same family, he is of the Sons of Joy, chooses his trade to please himself, gains his livelihood by pleasing others, and has parted with something of the sterner dignity of man."

And it is true that an author is a fellow who is willing to buttonhole anybody and talk to him about himself. He shouts from the housetops for the whole world to hear. And the more another, perceiving that this person is turning himself inside out for a paltry sum of money, turns away in disgust, well knowing that not that which stayeth in but that which cometh out of a man's mouth defileth him.

> "*A much discerning public hold*
> *The Singer generally sings*
> *Of personal and private things*
> *And prints and sells his past for Gold.*"

Moreover, to write constantly and prolifically on a variety of subjects upon which one's knowledge is essentially superficial

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requires a callousness to criticism and a by no means attractive capacity for self-assertion. You are and must be willing to strut up and down to the public view like the "Royal Nonesuch" in *Huckleberry Finn*, your literary nakedness only accentuated by your "stripes of paint", to become, in a word, a public person in an age rioting in publicity.

Nowhere, save upon the stage, the film, or the ball-ground is it easier to gain applause than in the field of so-called "popular" literature. The man or woman who writes constantly for any one of our weeklies of greatest circulation is, outside the larger cities and often in them, a public character. He will everywhere find those to whom his name and personality are familiar, and his work a subject of appreciation and discussion in mining and lumber camps, in hotels and hospitals, street cars, factories, department stores, ranches, and the humblest cabins upon the outermost rim of civilization. Let him go to the small town and the selectmen will wait upon him and the ladies pour out libations of tea in his worship. They do not all know what he has written — it is enough that "he write". He is accepted as a genius when in reality frequently he is and only pretends to be a bard or a minstrel, a singer of songs or a teller of stories, — an entertainer, ranking with the higher type of Chautauqua lecturer, vaudeville performer, or professor of legerdemain. He fills a need that we all have from the statesman to the dry goods drummer, and his art often as not is as nothing to that of the Japanese juggler, or the man who coasts along the edge of a table on his left ear. He knows it perfectly well. He would like to be a George Meredith or a Thomas Hardy, — even a Ring Lardner or an Irvin Cobb, — but he can't be. He can write an acceptably good detective story, — that is all; but so long as the public likes to read his stuff and is willing to pay for it, his is an honest and should be a dignified profession. Yet if we take the poor fellow and dress him up in a lion's skin we shall eventually make a real ass of him. And we shall give him false perspectives and turn his head so that we shall spoil a passably good craftsman, for that is all he is.

The real producer — the fellow who writes because he can't help writing and wins his audience and does his level best for them, knows because he has tried and learned by experience exactly what his own limitations as a writer are, he appreciates

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full well the fact that he doesn't deserve all the boosts he gets on the one hand any more than all the kicks that he receives upon the other. And he realizes that the distinction that he enjoys is at best only a cheap notoriety comparable to that of the actress, the celluloid hero, and first baseman, who have had brands of cigarettes named in their honor. It is the kind of success that makes the crowd exclaim, "There goes Jones, — who wrote *The Gilded Ostrich*, much as they would say, "There goes Babe Ruth."

Now, the self-constituted arbiters of good taste do not always appreciate this and ascribe to the writer a pretentiousness which he in nowise feels. Like as not he hates the whole thing and would give much for the quiet of a job less conspicuous. But this, alas! he can never attain. With every new book the universality of his transcendent genius and the quintessence of his art are blazoned by his publishers to the stars until the firmament is filled with the glory of his name. At worst he is "The Leading American Author", his mediocre effort the "Great American Novel", at very least he is a "Truly Great Artist", — one who has "endeared himself to hundreds of thousands of Americans". If he be a magazine writer he is a "Top-liner" or "Top-notcher", his modest yarn "ripping", "gripping", "bully", a "cracking", a "corking", mystery story that will produce in the most casual reader an inevitable hysteria of delight. He is circused all over the country from the Dan of New York to the Beersheba of San Francisco with all the dazzling allurements of the fat lady, the snake charmer, or the three-headed calf. He can find no place where he can hide his flaming face. He rivals in his shameless notoriety the latest corset, the newest patent pain-killer, and out-Sundays Billy Sunday. No wonder that his friends snicker at his approach. No wonder that the envious assume that his hat is no longer large enough for his head.

But is all this folderol the fault of the author? Is it fair to make him suffer for his popularity with an enthusiastic public or for the cupidity of his publisher? It is contemporary America, is it not? Still, it is all very bad, — both for the public and for the author. For the public because it is deceived into believing that it is reading high art: for the author because among those who know better there is a general and quite natural impression that

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the publisher is trying to put something across and that the author is a willing party to the job which he sometimes is not, — having been thrust into a false and insidious position in spite of himself.

I maintain that the author is entitled to equal respect with any other producer of honest goods, so long as he makes no false pretenses as to his work. It may, to be sure, be poor or inartistic judged by that of some other writer of the past or even of the present. He must stand or fall by it and take the medicine of fair-minded criticism even if it make him writhe, but as a man he should not be characterized as a literary Judas, or as cheap or second rate simply because he earns his living by writing what he feels called to write. If his work be careless, or salacious, or in any way unworthy of his best self let him get all that is coming to him. But do not treat him contemptuously merely because he fills a need that you do not feel; and do not assume, unless you know the man, that he is not conscientiously doing the best he can. It not only takes all kinds of people to make a world, but all those people have different requirements, — for amusement, relaxation, instruction, and intellectual stimulus. Most of them cannot understand the language of Robert Browning, George Meredith, or Henry James. They have simple minds and require simple-minded writers to talk to them. Meredith's *Harry Richmond*, Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, and George McCutcheon's *Graustark* are essentially novels of the same type, yet each appeals to a different audience. Shall those for whom Henry James is a labyrinth be deprived of the pleasure of wandering in the garden of romance? We need our minstrels, our troubadours, and our storytellers to-day just as much as did the castle hall in mediaeval days.

You say the popular writer is "selling his brains" — "writing down"? Oh, no! The ordinary writer is not enough of an artist to "write down". He writes as well as he can. He writes as God in His infinite mercy and wisdom made him. Some men have much to express and no power at all to express it, and some have nothing to express, but have a high degree of technical ability. In both instances the result is nil. But in any case you have first got to have the man, and if he is not worth while his work will not be, for what that man writes is inevitably himself. "As a

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man thinketh in his heart so is he." And the better he writes, the better his technique, the more does the man translate himself to the world.

Now every man is what he is by the Grace of God, and he has his own peculiar method of expression. If he writes of vulgar things or in a vulgar way it is usually because there is something inherently vulgar in him. If he writes of noble things in a dignified way he at least makes claim to being a scholar and a gentleman. But for a man to change his style, and distort it to fit the requirements of other than the public that is naturally his, would imply a degree of art that practically nobody can achieve. It would be a genuine *tour de force*. The public like an author simply for the reason that his is the kind of mind and manner that appeals to them. He is one of them, — a regular fellow. He is on their level. He is not talking down to them. He speaks their own language, — his as much as theirs. If cheap people like his work it is because he is a cheap man, not because he has deliberately debased a noble style or lowered himself into the gutter. Hence all this talk of "writing down" and "prostituting one's art" is beside the mark. We couldn't if we would. We are popular not by art but by nature, and we deserve no credit for it, — neither blame.

My plea for a charitable attitude of mind on the part of the more intellectual public towards the author is based upon that natural law which in the main makes for evolutionary progress, — the instinct for creation, for self-expression — which is as imperative, it seems to me, in things spiritual as in things material. That instinct is good, — admirable, — in its nature divine, but like all instincts it must be controlled. While it may be next to impossible for a man to change his style, he undoubtedly can select his subject matter, his general line of work. An intellectual beggar, it is true, cannot be much of a chooser, but he is nevertheless conscious of "higher" and "lower". Yet beyond being true to himself I would not have him exercise such a control that his natural instinct for expression is obstructed.

Every one of us is the product of ten thousand forebears. He is the offspring of priest and pirate, of cobbler, husbandman, and sea-farer, of bar maid, and princess, of street hawker, student, and camel driver. Their voices cry in his blood. Let him hark to them all. For one day he will be Marco Polo or Captain Kidd and

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the next Erasmus, and none shall say whether he be more of one than of the other until what is to be written shall be written. Let him write what he will if he feels the call to write it, and out of a million words perhaps five thousand may give joy or profit to future generations. The kennel man counts himself lucky to get one or two good pups out of a litter. In human families the ratio of good to bad is hardly any better. Yet we go on breeding, confident that the strain shows improvement.

So the writer must write if letters are to improve, and not even the author knows which of his offspring will be the more virile, or which will mate with those of another mind and beget a Shakespeare. And as long as the author has an idea, God forbid that we should wish it to be stillborn or not born at all. Let us be chary of literary birth control. It is better to let an idea live than to stifle it, for it may lead the author into new pastures where he is freer and more at home than he is at present. It would be a pity to spoil a first-class Frank Stockton in order to have a third-rate Charles Lamb. And who can tell? So often an author meets one of his friends who openly laments that he does not do something "worth while" only to encounter upon the same day a far more intellectual or distinguished person who upbraids him for having given up writing what he calls "that bully adventure stuff" for "literary rot". I contend that the world needs both and that if a man can produce both it is all the better for him and for the world. Too much effort at selection would end in literary sterility. Moreover thought breeds thought, and thoughts breed ideas. The more one writes the more one finds to write about.

The tendency of the pedagogue is to over-emphasize manner at the expense of matter. The public prefer, and are right in demanding, a good menu as well as good service. Mere beauty of expression can never excuse an absence of ideas. The secret of charm in writing as in society lies "in thinking with the heart as well as with the head", in stimulating thought in others rather than in exhibiting one's own cleverness or profundity, — in being courteous and considerate, — for you are your reader's host while he is with you. But once we grasp the essential of being gentlemen on paper as well as on the pavement we realize that a tall hat, even if gracefully manoeuvered cannot make up for an empty head. The author must have something to say or he has no excuse

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for saying anything, and the more he has to tell the easier it will be for him to tell it. To warrant his taking you by the arm and inviting you to listen to him he must have thought, traveled, lived, and loved, — and he must be burning with the desire to communicate his experiences, to tell you the story of his life, to mingle his tears with yours. He must believe that without them you will miss something that you cannot afford to lose, and he must pour them forth with a passion that grips your attention and stirs your emotions. Then and only then has he the right to keep you. It is this that so many writers overlook, — that passion alone excuses the egotism of authorship. It is not enough that the writer's work should be beautiful, — it must be alive; must be as the radiant glow and sparkling eye of youth is to the chiseled face upon the tomb.

And so where shall we look for subjects but in our own lives and the life of our time? Where but in the bank and the factory, on the ranch and in the mine, in the dry goods store, the green room and the railway station, on Broadway, and the Arizona desert? And whose language shall we use to translate the hopes and loves of those who dwell there but their own? For I hold all to be grist that comes to the writer's mill, and that out of it cometh the bread of knowledge to hear it without fear of scorn. And let us be cautious in judging of what may be a joy or even an inspiration to others perhaps less cultured than ourselves.

"Still the world is wondrous large, — seven seas from marge to marge,
And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandhu,
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.
Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when the Moose
And the reindeer roared where Paris roars to-night: —
There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And — every — single — one — of — them is right!"

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MANDRAGORA

KENNETH MACNICHOL

Drawings by Clare Leighton

LONG ago, before the first Bretons came into Morbihan, even many centuries before Roman galleys destroyed the great fleet of the Veneti of Gaul in the Bay of Quiberon, the forgotten Elder People set up a broad stone on the bleak moor overlooking the restless western sea. Now rust-red lichen covers that old gray stone, but some dim consciousness of another time when Men-er-Hroeck dripped with smoking blood of the sacrifice remains with the people of Kerimor.

The Fairy Stone gives its name to the farm of Anne Trémel, the widow, whose daughter, Mélarie, was beloved of Cado Réal. Widow Trémel had a bad name in Kerimor. Perhaps, in the beginning, that was only because of the Fairy Stone. It was said that she was a wise woman who knew curious secrets. On occasion she would sell a charm for the healing of cattle or to awaken love. Good neighbors were civil enough in their speech to her. Otherwise they chose to avoid her unless they required such services.

She was not at all satisfied with the choice of her daughter

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who gave love in return for love to Cado Réal. The young peasant's lands, which adjoined the farm at Men-er-Hroeck, had no more than fifteen hectares of stony soil. One could gain but a weary living from such poor land. What the land refused, Cado Réal was forced to wrest from the sea. He saw no hardship in this. He was young and strong. His shoulders were broad for the bearing of heavy burdens. His fields, such as they were, demanded arduous labor but raised no crop of debts. He owned a quarter interest in a stanch fishing boat. There were many maids in the parish of Kerimor who glanced hopefully at him before it was known that Cado would have only Mélarie Trémel. Widow Trémel might have been pleased by his favor except that Joban Héric had spoken to her.

The lands of Joban Héric, the widower, joined the fields of Men-er-Hroeck reaching down toward the village of Kerimor. The farm of Cado Réal was high on the moor, the soil shallow over the rock, burned by the sun, swept by salt winds from the sea. The widower's lands lay in a deep depression where the fields gathered depth and fertility through uncounted years. He was a rich peasant as wealth is counted in Kerimor. As an acceptable suitor Joban Héric had the added advantage of being childless and old. Widow Trémel could reasonably expect to outlive him by a score of years. She welcomed his visits when senile folly hinted that Joban Héric would welcome a young wife at his hearth. A few years of youth in barter for all his fair fields to add to the farm at Men-er-Hroeck, — a fine bargain! Between those two, then, the marriage was all but arranged.

Only Mélarie, when her mother proposed that union, would not have it so. At the fairs she had danced with Cado Réal. She had felt the eyes of envious rivals when the sea-blue eyes of Cado Réal looked into her own. She had watched him put forth in his boat with the fishermen, the boat leaping on the wave, Cado erect swaying easily to that tossing as he waved farewell to her. Long before his lips faltered a halting declaration, or clinging kisses told all that speech could not say, Mélarie knew that Cado Réal was her man just as she was his woman until earth claimed her or the sea, stronger than love, took him from her.

Mélarie laughed when Anne Trémel told her of Joban Héric's desire, for she had parted from Cado but the hour before. She

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laughed carelessly thinking such folly beyond need for consideration; she laughed scornfully when Anne Trémel urged the advantages of that marriage for her. She thought of the strong arms of Cado Réal holding her closely, and the straight back of her man, and of clear blue eyes where her will was drowned resistlessly as the sea takes the bodies of men.

"Nasty old spider!" she said, and then she was thinking of the thin arms of Joban Héric, and of his crooked back stooped with bending over his clods, and of the shifting old eyes quick as the eyes of a gull and as greedy-cruel.

Anne Trémel did not laugh. She sulked for a day, and for more than a day she stormed, but this, since Mélarie was also a woman knowing a woman's ways in an argument, touched her daughter scarcely at all. When Anne Trémel learned the truth that was behind her daughter's indifference, she stormed no more.

"You will marry Joban Héric whom I choose for you," she said darkly. "You shall never marry Cado Réal."

After that for many days there was fear in the heart of the girl for the house was silent and Anne Trémel threatened nothing. She looked at Mélarie broodingly as one who has stern faith in the power of time, knowing that the bonds of young love are less strong than the call of death or the force of implacable will.

Mélarie feared for her love although for twenty years she had lived with Anne Trémel and felt no such haunting fear of her human anger. But there were whisperings in the village which sometimes reached her ears. Sometimes, at night, as she lay in bed with the carven doors of her cupboard shut tight upon her, she heard the tread of cautious footsteps and other whispers in which the mother had a part. No evil in that, perhaps, but a traffic beyond the things of sight and sound; therefore fearful, mysterious, not to be thought about. There were herbs of the fields to be gathered at certain seasons when the moon was round or when the moon was dark, which varied in virtue with the time of gathering. Once, when Mélarie was a child, she had found her mother carefully boiling the bones of a mouse. No questions were asked, but the girl always remembered her feeling of horror. She knew nothing more of Anne Trémel's commerce in charms and incantations, but she belonged to a race which, within the memory of one generation, had made offerings to the stark

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image of Brother Death in their churches, prayed with faith for revenge on an enemy, invoked the power of the Blessed Saints to speed a destroying curse. She felt that a shadow lay over the life of her love, and it was the same shadow of brooding which she feared in the dark eyes of Anne Trémel. When Mélarie could endure this no longer, she went to the priest.

A determined man, this Father Mathieu of Kerimor, tramping up to Men-er-Hroeck across the windy moor, ragged black cassock flapping about his heels. He was not one who wasted much time in argument. He knew himself to be but an ignorant peasant man, but there was the mighty authority and strength of the Church behind Father Mathieu, the priest, with the Pope of Rome, vice-regent of God Almighty, at the head of the Church, so that the poor priest became voice and interpreter for Awful Majesty, filling all space, speaking from beyond the stars. He gave his orders, then, as he was directed, and expected that his directions would be obeyed.

"One hears," said he humbly enough to Anne Trémel, "that there is a marriage to be arranged for your daughter? Eh, well, so soon! It must seem to you but a day since she was christened, — a child even yet, although one knows that she is a splendid woman. You have found a suitable husband for her?"

"Our neighbor, Joban Héric, has asked for her hand," said Anne Trémel grimly. She did not like the ways of this interfering priest.

"You have promised her to him?"

"He has my consent."

"And our daughter?"

"She is obedient. She will do as I say."

"Ah, well," said the priest, and he sighed. "How the eyes are deceived! I have thought, seeing them often together, that Mélarie might marry Cado Réal."

"Never!" cried Anne Trémel. She felt trapped. The eyes of the priest regarded her clearly and calmly. "What! He is poor as a louse! His farm is a pile of stones. Shall he be brought home to her one day, cold from the sea?"

"We are all in God's hands," the priest answered. "One does not graft the green shoot on a dying tree."

"She shall marry Joban Héric," declared Anne Trémel

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"She held something before her in the hollow of her hands. She caressed that thing with fierce gestures, muttering."

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stubbornly. Her dark eyes glowed. She pressed her hard lips together lest she should say more than that.

"When she comes to me gladly to say that marriage with Joban Héric is the desire of her heart, then I shall bless that marriage. But Cado Réal loves her. I think that she loves him. Yes; one must know these things. Think of your daughter's happiness, forgetting an ambition that might become a sin very easily, Madame Trémel." He smiled. "One knows, of course, that Joban Héric owns a fine farm. He is a lone old man. Should he speak for the mistress of Men-er-Hroeck, then, naturally, one would have nothing to say."

Anne Trémel frowned. She did not appreciate the humor of Father Mathieu.

"You forbid the marriage?"

"I cannot do that," the priest answered truthfully. "Only, without being convinced that Mélarie had chosen that old man for herself, I should certainly refuse to marry them."

"There are other priests!"

"I speak for the Church," said Father Mathieu with dignity. "You are a hard, grasping woman, Madame Trémel. Be warned in time against the corruption of evil."

He stepped out from the cottage into the pale sunshine. His black cassock whipped about his legs as he strode away over the moor. Anne Trémel stood in her doorway. There was hate like a curse in the glances which followed him.

Thus, by the meddling of Father Mathieu, Cado Réal won Mélarie Trémel to be wife to him. They were married within the month, for Anne Trémel must rid her eyes of the sight of her daughter. She offered no objection when Cado Réal spoke to her. After all, fifteen hectares was something joined to Men-er-Hroeck, but the mother hated Cado Réal for having robbed her. She coveted the deep fields of Joban Héric the more for having lost them. Her envy of those fields was like poison in her heart each time that she looked down toward Kerimor.

Perhaps the suggestion of Father Mathieu had something to do with it, for Anne Trémel was increasingly friendly to Joban Héric after her daughter's marriage. Sometimes, seeing the old man delving in a field within sight of her cottage, she would take a jug of cider down into the field; sometimes, when bread had

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been baked, she would send him a crusty loaf. No such gifts came to the cottage of Cado Réal where Mélarie attended her fowls and the little garden, or kept the soup hot in the coals awaiting the coming of Cado home from the sea. There was but little communication between mother and daughter although the smoke from Cado's cottage blew down over a low hill across Men-er-Hroeck. Sometimes Joban Héric, in passing, stopped to talk for a while with Widow Trémel. Only once was Mélarie's marriage mentioned between them.

"They go well together?" asked Héric curiously, twisting a crooked thumb toward the cottage of Cado Réal.

"Well enough," said Anne Trémel evenly. "You know, Joban Héric, he was not my choice."

"No? Ah, well —" He licked his thin lips. "I am old enough to have patience, but I am not too old. I take no risks. I shall live for a long time yet."

"One may hope that," said Anne Trémel quietly, but there was a thought in her mind that was like the stab of sharp steel.

"Hé! A long time yet, for I am a careful man, — not like these young fools who risk their lives for a basket of herrings, eh? Well, a widow need not be so particular. It may be — huh — it may be."

It was true, that old one had learned how to wait. Anne Trémel, a gaunt, hard woman, shrank away from him. She remembered what Mélarie had said of Joban Héric, and he was like that: thin arms outspread, pale gray eyes shifting, quiet, so still, waiting, the friend of death. But his nets were spread over the land that always, in her mind, she joined to Men-er-Hroeck.

"Are there no other maids?" Anne Trémel asked, certain of the old man's answer.

"There is no one like Mélarie, — no; not another like her. I can wait."

Joban Héric grinned toothlessly, crept away along the moorland road, bent shoulders stooping, clumsy sabots stirring the clinging dust. Beyond that crawling figure his green fields rippled as a wind touched the springing corn. Widow Trémel turned back into her cottage. The cool interior seemed dark after she had been facing the clear, pale sky that dropped abruptly over the edge of the moor.

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And now, six months after that marriage, Cado Réal was ill. One evening, after a heavy day in his stony fields, he admitted that he was very tired. He had no appetite for the soup which Mélarie prepared for him. He slept restlessly, and he dreamed bad dreams. Nevertheless, at dawn he went out to the fields again. When, in mid-morning, he returned to the cottage where breakfast was waiting, he staggered a little. A baffling mist floated before his eyes. His head ached dreadfully although the day was not hot. Mélarie would not permit him to return to the fields.

It was the fifth day after that when Mélarie, frightened as she had never been frightened before, sent for the doctor from Plouharnel. He came in a light carriage, a tall, bearded Frenchman who spoke Breton brokenly. The doctor asked a few questions, pried open the windows, left certain white powders for the prostrate patient, and an order that all water for drinking must be set on the fire and boiled.

"One can do nothing for them," he told the friend who came with him. "What can you expect? A well in the farmyard; the

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sick man in a cupboard and the house sealed like a tomb, — a fine strong fellow, too, wasting away with slow fever."

"He will die?"

"As likely as not. They will not call a doctor except for a dying man. I opened the windows. They will be shut again by this time."

Certainly Mélarie had shut the cottage windows while she could yet hear the sound of the carriage wheels. Cado Réal was shivering beneath many blankets and a thick feather quilt as he lay in a cupboard bed. One knew the danger of a current of air. Cado was thirsty. Mélarie gave him a drink from the earthern jug that stood by the door. One might boil water forever and it would be no thicker nor quench thirst better for that. Very faithfully, however, she gave Cado the white powders, for physician's medicine is a mystery and a kind of charm; it is natural that something should be taken to drive an illness away.

Cado was a strong man and he fought the fever well. He forbade Mélarie to send for the doctor again. It was a waste of money when he knew so well what had happened to him. Since the first day he had known. One is not ill for nothing when one has never known any kind of illness before.

He knew why he was ill, but that was a secret he had kept from Mélarie. That day when he first felt the pains in his head, he had leaned over a wall and talked for not more than five minutes with Anne Trémel. She had looked at him strangely, and asked him if he was quite well. Now he burned with this fever, and everything was confused in his head, and day by day he felt the strength going out of his body. Especially at evening there were terrible pains, in his arms, in his legs, — no matter how he turned and twisted he could get no relief from them. Then his head would grow great until it filled all the room. Sometimes Mélarie comforted him, but more often, at night, there would be Anne Trémel sitting beside his bed, looking at him, hell-fire aglow in her eyes. It did no good to shut the doors of the cupboard on her. She would open them stealthily, groping about inside with a strong, bony hand that closed on his throat until he could not breathe; he could not cry out; then he would hear the crackling laughter of the witch in the dark. One night the hand would remain a little longer there on his throat.

He did not tell Mélarie how much he suffered, or what the end

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must be, but in moments of reason when he could think clearly and calmly about it, — blessed daylight filling the low-ceilinged room, and Mélarie moving about quietly between the wide fireplace and the bed, — he understood well enough why Widow Trémel hated him, and how, from the first, probably, she had meant to be rid of him. There were times when he turned his face to the wall and prayed desperately for deliverance, but he knew that prayer was useless: the witch was already damned; the Blessed Saints could have no power over her. He must die with his secret lest Mélarie be ashamed. So, when she saw that he could listen to her, and she asked him tenderly how it went with him, he always returned the same answer.

"It goes better now. Soon I shall be working for you once more." But he felt certain that he should never work again. He looked at his big, brown hands, and they were thin and trembling. He could scarcely pull the light coverlet more closely about him when he felt cold. For a fortnight after the doctor's visit he lingered, growing weaker each day. Mélarie was constantly torn between hope and despair. So often he assured her that he would soon be well, but he was no better and she saw how he wasted away. One morning, then, he was conscious for no more than an hour. At evening, when the lamp had been lit, she saw that his eyes were open and followed her. His lips moved. Mélarie bent over him. He was forming the words slowly, with effort, before he tried to use his whispering voice.

"Bring the priest."

"He comes every day. He was here this morning, beloved, but you were asleep."

His lips moved again, but she heard only "— the priest". She understood. The body perished. There was no time for delay. To the care of Father Mathieu he commended his soul.

Hunted, she sped from the house leaving Cado Réal to await the bringing of consolation. It was more than a kilometre down into Kerimor. The priest might be absent. Her feet were winged on the rough path over the hill. To the right, set back behind a low stone wall, was the cottage of Anne Trémel. She could send her mother! She would return to her man. But no, — she could hasten more swiftly. Her mother should watch with Cado until she returned.

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There was but a dim glow of light from the shuttered window where a part of one of the oaken boards was broken away. Mélarie glanced through the chink on her way to the door.

Soft glow of firelight drove the shadows into the corners. Before the fire a shape crouched low on the floor. It swayed back and forth. The hands were hidden. Long black hair fell over the hunched shoulders. The head turned slowly. A face was suddenly painted in ruddy light. It was a blind face, but the dark eyes were straining wide; a terrible face with thin lips writhing; a snarling mask. She held something before her in the hollow of her hands. She caressed that thing with fierce gestures, muttering. She held the figure forth to the heat of the fire, and it was like a little doll. She turned that thing like a little doll over and over.

Horror laid cold hands on the girl at the window. She screamed without sound. She covered her eyes with an arm and fell toward the roadway. She began running, sobbing aloud as she ran.

The house of Joban Héric was dark, but Mélarie beat on the rough door until her fists were bruised and bleeding. After an eternity, a night-capped head was thrust forth from a low window under the eaves. The cracked voice of the old man cried fearfully into the night.

"What is it? Know that I have a gun!"

"Where is Marie Viaud?"

A shutter opened a crack at the side of the house. Joban Héric's housekeeper, his cousin, answered to her name.

"Who is there?"

"Mélarie Réal," the girl sobbed. "Go up to our cottage, Marie. I go for the priest. Cado is dying, — my mother is killing him. She has a mandrake, — I saw it in her hand!"

Without awaiting an answer, Mélarie sped back to the road. A light was lit in the cottage of Joban Héric. Presently the woman opened the door. Be-

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hind her the old peasant reached forth a detaining hand. The woman broke away from him angrily.

"I am going, I say!"

"It is none of our business!"

"Shall the witch murder a man? You heard what Mélarie said?"

"The girl is crazed!"

"And why not? Must I argue all night? Go back to bed, Joban Héric, before you catch a chill!"

When Marie Viaud reached the roadway she did not turn up the hill toward the cottage of Cado Réal. She dared not risk passing the house of the witch alone. Glancing back often over her shoulder she hastened toward Kerimor, but she went only as far as the next farm below on the moor.

Within the half hour there were a dozen peasants, men and women, moving along that road. They crowded together, a dark mass in the darkness, advancing cautiously. Starlight glanced from the whetted blade of a scythe. Once, when an excited woman began whispering shrilly between chattering teeth, a rough voice bade her be silent. Now and then the group was joined by others who hastened over the moor. Cado Réal was loved. Anne Trémel was feared, and that fear had suddenly, at a word, burst into terrible hatred. But it was fear that moved them, and fear that told them what work they had to do.

Nearing the cottage at Men-er-Hroeck they advanced more cautiously. Beside the wall, where the group pressed more closely together, there was a little muttered talk between some of the men. One, more fearful than the others, little by little drew away from his fellows, but he was afraid to leave them. He stood shivering at a distance beneath a stunted tree. The boldest, Yves Cadoudal, vaulted over the wall. He went up to the window, making no sound. He turned, waving both arms in an emphatic gesture. As the others came after him, he kicked at Anne Trémel's door; his wooden sabot crashed against the barred oak.

"Open!" he yelled. Fear roughened his voice.

There was a shrill scream from within the cottage, then the terrified demand:

"Who calls me?"

"Cado Réal is dying! Open the door!"

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After a moment the door opened very slowly. Yves Cadoudal, thrusting forward, pushed it wide. Widow Trémel, tall and gaunt, impeded his entrance.

"What is it you say? And these people — !" She stepped backward in affright, feeling the menace of that silent gathering.

"Cado Réal is dying! We accuse you!"

Anne Trémel cried out inarticulately, glancing back involuntarily into the room. Yves Cadoudal reached toward her. She retreated, coming to bay in a shadowed corner. She saw no mercy in the faces of those who filled the room. Many threatening hands were uplifted against her. From outside, the shrill voice of a woman cried hoarsely:

"Drown the witch!"

Anne Trémel struggled silently, seized by a dozen hands. One struck her violently when her teeth clenched on his wrist. Her bodice, torn, fell away from a straining shoulder. Her feet scraped the tiles as they threw her toward the door. Someone kicked a wisp of straw from a cast sabot into the coals, and light flared up in the room. Those nearest the doorway fell back. A man cried loudly:

"The priest!"

His old black cassock was a part of the darkness beyond the door. When he stepped into the room the peasants drew away leaving a space about him. Across that space he looked at the writhing form of Anne Trémel who was yet grasped from either side. The face of the priest was pale. His eyes looked dangerous.

"Here is devil's business," he said slowly. He did not raise his hands which were clenched tight in a fold of his cassock. "Why are you here?"

Sullen, angry eyes fell before that level gaze. Embarrassed eyes looked at the floor and the ceiling. Contorted faces assumed a mask of wooden stolidity.

"Who answers?" Father Mathieu demanded. His voice was low, but the cold scorn of those words stung the peasants like the thrust of a goad.

"Marie Viaud told us," a woman cried, unable to endure the accusing silence.

"She is a witch, and she has killed Cado Réal," declared Yves Cadoudal, but he could not look at the priest.

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"Are you a witch?" Father Mathieu asked Anne Trémel, but he did not look at her either, and she did not answer him. Marie Viaud thought it right to defend herself.

"It is enough that her own daughter saw her at her devil's work. Where is Mélarie Réal?"

"Where you should be, — with her husband," the priest replied gravely. "As I should be there." Then, suddenly: "Since when is there no law in Kerimor?"

"There is no law against witches, and you know that very well!" Yves Cadoudal cried, gaining courage from the quiet of the priest.

"So you take God's justice out of the hands of God, forgetting Him?"

"It is right that the witch should die!" said Yves Cadoudal stubbornly.

"You know, then, that witchcraft has killed Cado Réal?"

"An hour ago he was dying. Well, — if that is not enough — !" He strode to a little cupboard set into the face of the wall, but he dared not open it. "I saw her put the thing in there." He stood trembling while Father Mathieu opened the doors. There were crocks in the cupboard and, on an upper shelf, a loose heap of dried herbs. "Behind that," said Yves Cadoudal, but he did not raise his eyes.

Father Mathieu's hand groped behind the dusty herbs. The peasants shuddered as he drew forth his hand. Anne Trémel, crouched on the floor, covered her scratched face with her arms. Those who looked at the priest saw that he held a little bundle loosely wrapped in a bit of rag. He dropped the rag on the tiles, and glanced down at the thing that lay in his hand, — a forked root of mandragora, shriveled and dry, with a head roughly carved on it. The legs and back of the puppet were stuck full of sharp wild-apple thorns.

"Fools!" A shiver of disgust set the priest's hand to trembling. He dropped the doll to the floor. With an angry heel he crushed it to a shapeless mass against the red tiles. With his foot he spurned the fragments into the fire where they crackled and smoked and blackened away. Then, to Anne Trémel: "Against this I warned you; against following the evil I saw growing in your heart. Now this is black sin! And it is all nonsense! You have harmed only yourself by your silly flummery. God alone

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knows how you have endangered your soul. And this sin of your neighbors, nevertheless their own, — oh, my children! What must I say to you?"

He reached out yearning hands to those peasants who looked at him stupidly, stubbornly, unconvinced. There was no response in them. Again swift anger narrowed the eyes of their priest.

"Out! Before I say that to you of which I must be ashamed!"

He drove them into the night. They were like harried sheep scattered before the priest's unvoiced condemnation. No man spoke to another. Beyond the cottage wall all adherence between them dissolved, each slinking off as they went their separate ways. At the doorway the priest paused, took one step back into the cottage where Anne Trémel, stricken, still sat crouched on the floor. She looked up at him dumbly.

"You will come to confession to-morrow," Father Mathieu said briefly. He hesitated, feeling that there was something more he should say, but no words were given to him. Abruptly he went out, striding with long steps over the hill toward the cottage of Cado Réal.

Mélarie, hearing his footsteps, opened the door to him. A cautioning finger was raised to her lips. Cado Réal was sleeping easily, breathing full and deep, tiny drops of moisture dewing his forehead.

"Must he be awakened?" Mélarie asked, whispering.

The priest turned his head as he bent into the bed, listening to that even breathing.

"There is no need. Rest; I will watch by him."

It was after midnight when Cado Réal awakened, clear reason in his eyes.

"Mélarie," he faltered. She encircled him with protecting arms. She did not know that her body was weary, so great was her joy.

"You are better, beloved? No more bad dreams?"

"Something has happened," he whispered. "The pain is gone. I am not troubled."

"I know, dear heart. See, Father Mathieu is here. He has been down there —"

"Hush!" The priest laid his hand on Mélarie's shoulder. She said no more then. After a little time Cado Réal spoke again and his voice was stronger.

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"How tired I am." His eyelids drooped. He turned his face to the wall. Within a minute or two he was sound asleep.

In the gray dawn Father Mathieu came down over the hill passing Men-er-Hroeck. He had saved a life that night, but that seemed to him a matter of passing importance. He had, he thought, saved souls from a terrible sin. Beyond that he acknowledged defeat. The simple truth was too strange. He could not stop the talk in the cottages. Cado Réal was dying, they would argue stubbornly. He knew, — they all had proof, — that the witch was killing him. When her power was broken, then Brother Death passed by. Let their priest say what he would; a man had reason and could believe his own eyes.

So the talk would go. Father Mathieu, through the years, must fight that battle again and again. All along the road he prayed for strength which he had faith would be given.

Such thoughts did not trouble Cado Réal. In due time, thin and pale, he walked out into the sunshine. Very soon he was brown again. His young strength returned and his hands grew hard. He made grateful offering to St Efflam, the healer, and something less to St Guennolé, powerful enemy of all demoniac arts. St Guennolé, indeed, should have had all his gift except that awkward questions might have been asked. With that, happily, he was done with the business, and could set his mind on more practical affairs. He had a practical mind, this Cado Réal. With good effect he applied it to the work of his hands. Within two years of the time when he "shook hands with Brother Death", as he spoke of that happening, he could look out over the rich fields of Joban Hébric and say to Mélarie, "One day, no doubt — one day we shall own all that!"

It was no unsubstantial hope. The farm at Men-er-Hroeck prospered under his care, for Anne Trémel, a lay servant in a convent at Vannes, expiated her sin, and sometimes thought that with such care, she might well save her soul from the flame. Joban Héric, bedridden, but threatening to live for a long time yet, was not sorry to lease his lands to Cado Réal.

All that is told in this tale is almost forgotten, except that among Father Mathieu's parishioners there are twenty or more who never pass by the cottage at Men-er-Hroeck without raising a hand and furtively crossing themselves.

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CONGREGATIONALISM

A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures

THE Congregational Churches of the United States are a fellowship of some six thousand churches which are the spiritual descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans who first came to America in 1620.

The movement out of which these churches came into being had its rise in the sixteenth century in England, when many turned from the Established Church in order to have more independence and simplicity in their religious life and organization. The various church bodies that sprang from this movement have many common characteristics, among these are the love for democratic forms of social organization in Church and State, their desire for education, and their insistence on the primacy of the Bible as a guide and instructor.

The local congregation is a body of believers who are convened together for religious worship, work, and fellowship, acknowledging Christ as the only authoritative head. They renounce the right of the state to control religion, maintain the ideal of a personal experience of religion for every believer, and seek to reproduce the New Testament ideal of simplicity and democracy.

The local congregations have fellowship together in the Associations, State Conferences, and the National Council. These organizations are formed by regularly elected delegates from the churches and church groups. The ideal of the connectional system is "independence in individual concern, coöperation in common concern."

Congregational Churches emphasize beliefs in which all evangelical Christians agree, exalt nothing trivial or sectarian, repudiate dogmatism and all legislative control, ecclesiastical or civic, of the spiritual life, and seek union of all churches, on the basis of mutual freedom and fellowship. Their rule of action is "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity."

The churches own property to the value of $155,000,000, an increase of $11,000,000 in the year. The churches raised for current expenses more than $20,000,000 in 1925, an increase of more than a million dollars over the preceding year. Of this amount $7,602,000 was paid ministers as salaries. The average salary for the year was $1,969, an increase of about $400 over the average salary of five years ago. The gifts to denominational Mission Boards for the year 1925 was $3,179,316, a growth for the year of $66,796, and a growth of over $700,000 in the five-year period.

For the year 1925, the report shows 5,636 churches and a total membership of 901,660. This is a decrease of about 300 churches in the last five years, and an increase of about 80,000 in membership. The decrease in the number of churches with an increase in membership is very significant as it indicates the movement of small churches to merge with nearby Congregational churches or with some other religious body, thus lessening competition in over-churched areas. The growing membership of the churches indicates a vigorous life and a practical program of evangelism which has characterized the denomination in recent years.

The Congregational Churches have pioneered in the promotion of education, missions, evangelism, and in most movements for Christian union, religious progress, and moral reform.

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WHY I AM A CONGREGATIONALIST

CHARLES EDWARD JEFFERSON

Confessions of Faith — VIII

SOME are born Congregationalists, and some have Congregationalism thrust upon them, but by my own efforts I achieved my place in the Congregational Church. My parents were not Congregationalists, nor were my grandparents, nor my great-grandparents. There was not a Puritan in my ancestry for ten generations. I was born in the Middle West where Congregationalists were unknown, and I was over twenty years of age before I saw a live Congregationalist. At sixteen I joined the church of my parents, and there I might have remained to this day had I not at the age of twenty-four decided to enter the ministry. Having resolved to become a minister, the question as to what denomination I could do my best work in came at once to the front. I pondered the problem for three years, and finally decided to become a Congregationalist. I have preached in Congregationalist pulpits for nearly forty years, and have never once in all that time regretted my choice. If I were permitted to come back to the earth in a new incarnation, I should ask for a place among Congregationalists.

It was the freedom which Congregationalism offers which won me. I was born with a passionate love of liberty. Freedom of thought was always to me one of the most sacred of all human rights. Anything like coercion in the realm of religion was to me especially abhorrent. I did not take kindly to the idea of ecclesiastical dictation. I would never have made a happy monk. The vow of absolute and unquestioning obedience to any human being would have been impossible. I studied the history and polity of all the denominations, and found that Congregationalism offers the largest liberty while retaining all the beliefs and traditions which I considered essential to a vital and conquering church.

The Baptists are Congregationalists in church government, but they insist on immersion as the only valid form of baptism. They also deny the right of Christian parents to have their children baptized into the name of Christ. This insistence on one particular

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form of baptism seemed to me entirely foreign to the genius of the religion of Jesus, and I could not identify myself with a body of Christian people who would not admit into their ecclesiastical fellowship any Christian who had not been immersed. Congregationalism is not interested in forms. It accepts the sacrament of baptism, but the form of baptism it considers immaterial. It always stresses the spiritual rather than the formal, and refuses to make any ceremony a cardinal feature of the Christian religion. It does not insist on Christian parents having their children baptized, for it recognized the force of the arguments which can be brought against that practice, and it is not willing that parents should be coerced to follow a custom which does not commend itself to their judgment. On the other hand it refuses to deny baptism to little children. The baptism of infants has been practised among the majority of Christians from very early times, and a custom in whose favor so much can be said, and which is so satisfying and precious to multitudes of hearts, is one which Congregationalists are not willing to cast out. Freedom here, as in other matters, is the Congregational doctrine. One reason why I am a Congregationalist instead of a Baptist is because I agree with the Congregational position on baptism.

Presbyterianism is closely related to Congregationalism in various ways. The two denominations have constantly influenced and modified each other. In temperament and in general type of character Congregationalists are more like Presbyterians than any other body of Christians. While the forms of government are different, Presbyterianism allows large liberties to its adherents, and doctrinally the two denominations were for two hundred years practically one. Both were strongly Calvinistic, and their general interpretation of the Bible was substantially the same. But I could not become a Presbyterian because I did not like the Westminster Confession, and I was not willing to subscribe to it even in the loose way which has become common and which is defended by learned and conscientious men. I was not a Calvinist and I was not inclined to put my head in the Calvinistic yoke. Moreover I was afraid of the General Assembly. It possessed, it seemed to me, too much power. I feared that at times I might be compelled to be a rebel. I wanted larger liberty than Presbyterianism was able to offer. I found it in Congregationalism. The

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autonomy of the local church is fundamental with us. We take our name from this principle. We are ruled not by Popes or by Bishops or by General Councils, but by the Congregation. We are Congregationalists. There is no ecclesiastical authority above the local congregation. The local congregation is free to elect its own officers, choose its own Pastors, adopt its own form of worship, formulate its own creed, and frame its own program. It is a free church. A Congregational Pastor cannot be dictated to by any one outside his church. There is no ecclesiastical tribunal or legislature or court to which he must bow. He and his congregation are left unshackled to work out their own salvation. If a Congregational Church does not prosper, it is not due to any ill-advised interference from without, but solely from lack of spiritual wisdom and vitality in the Pastor and his people.

Each Congregational Church answers directly to God for the use it makes of its talents. To be sure, we have our Councils and conferences and associations, but these are not endowed with authority over the local congregation. Congregationalists do not believe in isolation. They know that isolation is death. They believe in fellowship and in coöperation. They believe in the sisterhood of the churches. They know that the churches are comrades in a great campaign, coworkers in a vast and difficult enterprise. And so our churches help one another. They band themselves together to forward noble causes. They meet at stated times in regional and national councils, to confer together about their common work. These councils are not courts or legislatures. They enact no laws. They hand down no judicial decisions. All their declarations are advisory. They are to be taken for what they are worth. Their worth is determined by the people in our congregations. Congregationalists do not consider any resolutions or recommendations passed by church councils as binding on themselves, unless their own conscience can give its approval. Our ecclesiastical bodies give advice only. They can express the judgment of a group of representatives of the churches, but they cannot compel action. There is no legal coercion in our denomination. When we do things it is not because we have been ordered to do them by some ecclesiastical tribunal, but because the love of Christ constrains us. Our churches are bound together not by legal enactments, but by the Spirit. We have no Cardinals or

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Bishops to whip us into line. We rely solely on the guidance of the Spirit. A theorist might suppose we would fall into chaos, but we do not. We have tried this experiment over three hundred years, and we have never fallen into chaos yet. We are quite compact and wonderfully united.

A spirit of unity not surpassed in any other Communion runs through the entire Congregational denomination. We have no creed which is binding on our people. We use creeds not as tests but as testimony. In our creeds we bear witness to the truths which we as a body of Christian men and women believe. Any one can join one of our churches simply by confessing allegiance to Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. Our National Council has laid before the churches a creed formulated by a committee of devout and able clergymen and laymen, but this creed is not binding. Some of our churches use it, others do not. Some of our churches prefer the Apostles' Creed, others have no written creed at all. Creed subscription cuts no figure with us. We know nothing of "mental reservations". We are not compelled to explain to heresy hunting committees just what we mean. We are free. We are at liberty to follow the Truth wherever the Truth may lead us. No pressure is put on the individual intellect. The conscience is not subjected to coercion. We trust wholly to the Spirit. The founder of Christianity assured His disciples that the Holy Spirit would guide them into all truth, and we accept that promise with confidence and act upon it boldly. I am not a Presbyterian because I want a wider liberty than Presbyterianism is willing to allow.

I might have entered the Episcopal Church had that church allowed more liberty in the order of its worship. The prayer book is a precious inheritance, and deserves to be prized highly. It belongs to the whole Church of Christ, and all Christians should use it so far as they can get help from it. But I could not accept the prayer book as it stands. There are some things in it I dislike, and a few things which I abhor. It has beauties, but it also has its imperfections and limitations. Its chief defect, in my judgment, is that it binds too closely the actions of the local congregation. There is no reason why all the congregations in a large country like ours should worship God every Sunday morning in the same form of words. Different localities present different needs, and different classes of people demand different forms. What is help-

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ful to some is irksome to others. Worship when imposed from without is in danger of becoming a burden and a bore. I like the Congregational freedom better. A Congregational Church is at liberty to worship God in its own way. This is a privilege which belongs to every group of believers. Each church should, it seems to me, be allowed to adopt whatever forms of worship are best adapted to build up the spiritual life of the people. Moreover, I could not go into the Episcopal Church because it helps to keep alive the mischievous fiction of Apostolic Succession, one of the most demoralizing of all the superstitions which have afflicted the Church of Christ. Nothing is more foreign to the spirit of Congregationalism than this mechanical theory of clerical orders. Congregationalists do not believe that the new Testament prescribes any one form of church government, or that Jesus of Nazareth ever gave any instructions either before or after his death in regard to the grades and authority of church officials. The only successors of the Apostles, according to our way of thinking, are men who have the spirit and do the work of the Apostles. This is the teaching of Congregationalism, and in this I steadfastly believe.

I love Congregationalism because of its breadth. It is not sectarian in temper or policy. It is not exclusive or snobbish. It does not claim that it is the only true church. It holds that all churches are true churches which have the Spirit of Christ. It does not maintain that its government is the only divinely appointed government. It concedes that all governments are allowable which Christian men are able to make use of to the glory of God. It does not claim that its government is the best government. All it claims is that it is a good form of government, and that it is capable of being used in the advancement of the kingdom of truth and justice and love. Congregationalists do not attempt to push their polity upon others. This is why our Communion is small. It has not mattered to our leaders what church polity is made use of. Their supreme concern has been with the promulgation of Christian principles and the building up of Christian character.

I am proud of my denomination because of its trust in the people. It has supreme confidence in the common man. It believes in Democracy both in Church and in State. Congrega-

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tionalism is Democracy in religion. Since all men are children of God and open to the Spirit of God, all men who have surrendered to Christ can be trusted with the responsibility of sharing the policy of the Church of Christ. This is the conviction of Congregationalism. I am proud of it because of its catholicity of spirit. We believe in the Holy Catholic Church, and by Catholic we mean universal. We call all Christians, — Catholics and Protestants of every name, and with all denominations we are ready to work at all times for the building up of men in love.

I am proud of our history and of the invaluable contribution we have made to human progress. We have gloried in liberty and have striven mightily to establish it in the world. We have exalted the reason and have built colleges all over the land. We have had the world vision and in our missionary enterprises we have been in the forefront of those eager to conquer the world for Christ. We are a small regiment but we are valiant fighters. We do not make much noise, but we are potent. Like leaven we are always at work, and our influence extends to the ends of the earth. We rejoice greatly in the size and enthusiasm and achievements of our sister denominations, the heavy battalions of the Lord's army, and we are thankful that God has given us also a place on the field, and that in more than one critical situation he has allowed us to lead the way.

AU REVOIR

NOW that you are near again
I, so poor of old,
Search that empty pocket Time
And touch — a coin of gold!

— *Marie Emilie Gilchrist*

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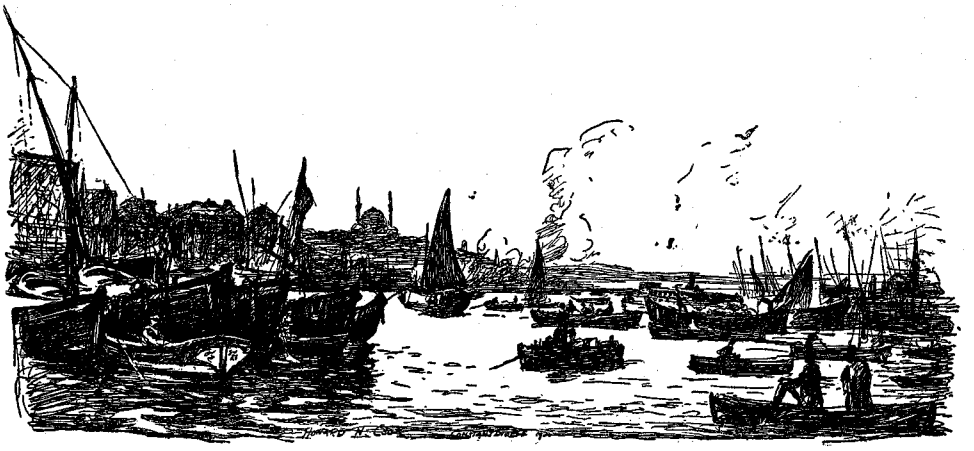

CONSTANTINOPLE

FOUR DRAWINGS

BY

HOWARD N. COOK

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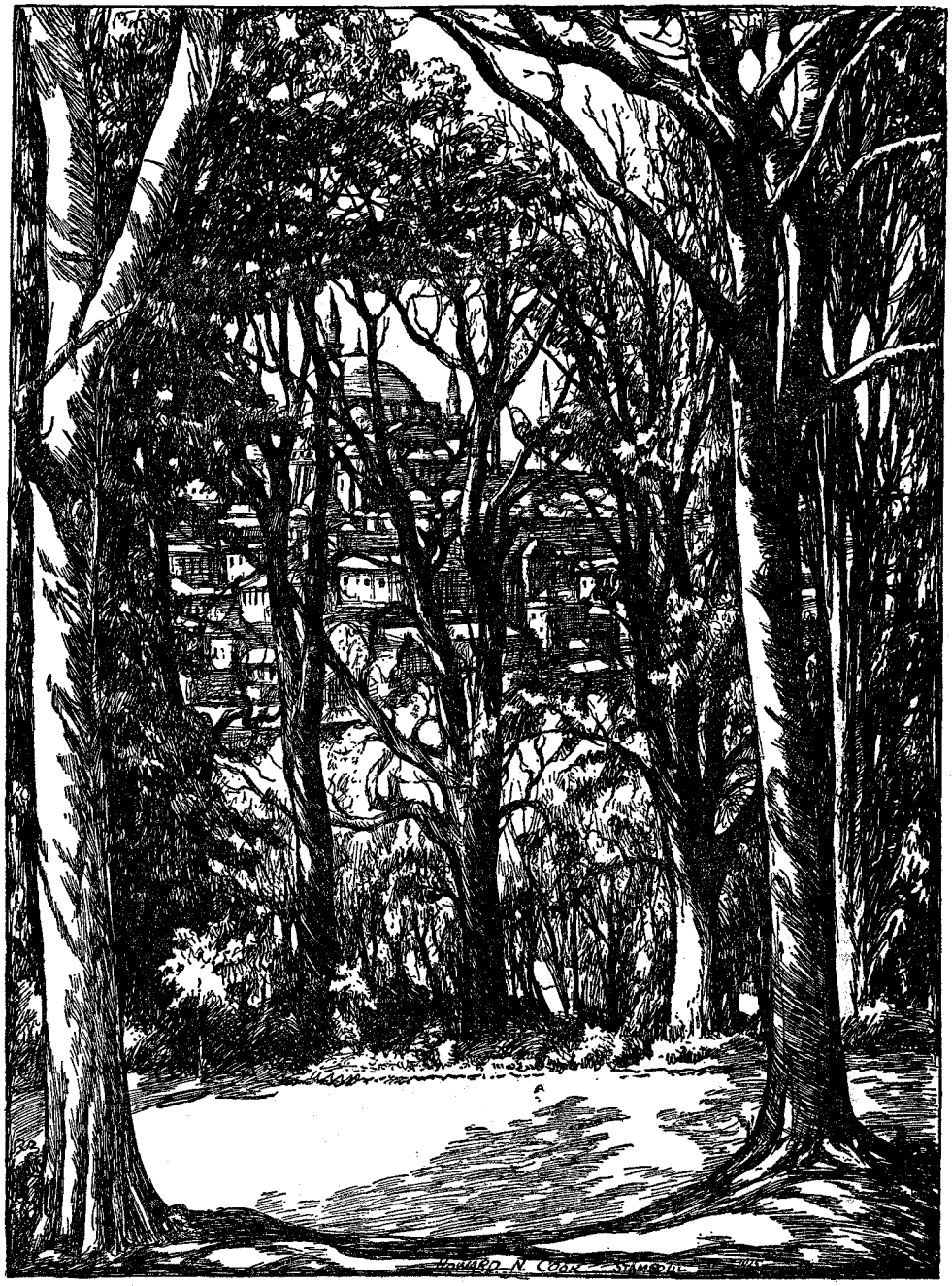

The Mosque of
the Suleimans

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The end of the
old Galata bridge

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Coffee house at foot
of a ruined "Djami"

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A massive Castle built by
Mohammed II in 1452

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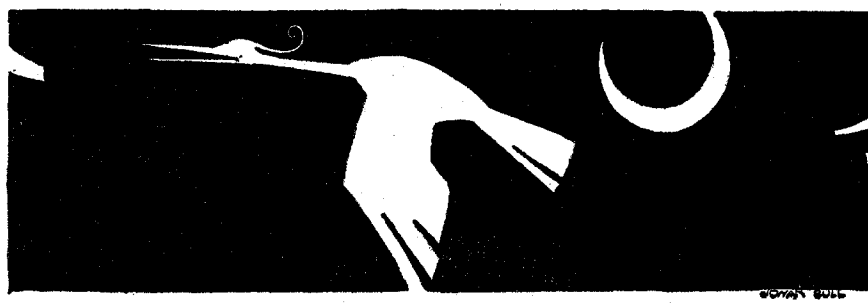

MYSTERIES OF THE MOON

H. Munro Fox

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." So said Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, standing in the moonlight, when he had seen and heard the ghost of his father. The same statement may well be made concerning many so-called superstitions which modern science now shows to be based on sober truth. Beliefs in an influence of the moon on life are of course legion. Yet all such beliefs are by no means moonshine. Men have believed for instance from time immemorial that the moon, among her other numerous activities, affected the state of shell-fish. At full moon only were shell-fish good to eat. In the seventeenth century a body of learned men in England took up this matter seriously. They queried the truth of the popular belief, but they could give no answer to their question. And now, two and a half centuries later, the answer has been found.

Popular Beliefs

A supposed influence of the moon on plants and animals is found mixed with the religious ideas of nearly all primitive peoples. The moon too is blamed for interfering in the affairs of men, and such beliefs persist to-day in folklore and superstition. If we get into touch with primitive peoples, or even, nearer home, if we take country folk aside and ask them in confidence what they think of the personality of the moon and of her influence, many will give this sort of answer. They will tell us that the

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moon, wife or sister of the sun, shares with the latter the duty of lighting the world. Perhaps we shall hear further that for misconduct she has been banished to the night. One is said to see in the full moon the face of a man in penitence, or, others say, the image of a hare. And we shall be told that the moon affects innumerable activities of man from the most important such as agriculture, to the most trivial, as cutting the nails or hair.

An Emperor's Hair Cut

Most of us have turned a silver coin in our pockets for luck on first seeing the new crescent. We do this wishing that with the growing moon the money and our general prosperity may be increased. And this is in reality the key to the origin of most moon beliefs. The moon is one of the most striking of natural objects seen by primitive man. She is the one which varies most in aspect. By association of ideas the moon's increase and decrease are then supposed to influence the increase and decrease of any earthly changing process.

This assumption has left its trace in the superstitions of many present-day peasants in Europe and elsewhere. It is believed that hair, nails, or corns cut under a waxing moon grow again quickly, while if they are cut with a waning moon their growth is slow. The same idea was current in ancient Rome, for Pliny tells us that the Emperor Tiberius "for hair cutting observed the increasing phases". Hence sheep are shorn under a waxing moon so that their fleece may grow again rapidly. And to-day in Greece the peasants arrange that lambing and calving shall take place in the growing phases. The same belief can be traced into nearly all departments of human activity.

The April Moon

From this idea it is but a short step to associate the waxing and waning moon with the growth and decay of vegetation. The belief is found in the most ancient holy books of India. It occurs again in a number of Greek and Roman authors. The ancient Aztecs of Central America worshipped the moon for this very reason. She could increase their crops at will. Connected with the same notion is the conception of the moon as a source of moisture,

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— "The moonshine's watery beams" (Romeo and Juliet), — and thus as an aid to the growth of plants.

The reason why the moon was supposed to give moisture was a simple one. When the sky is cloudless the ground cools down most rapidly, for heat leaves the earth to pass off into the sky. Because of this cooling on cloudless nights we get the greatest deposit of dew when the sky is clear. Now, it is true that sailors say "the moon eats up the clouds". Yet it is very doubtful if really the moon does clear the clouds from the sky. Rather, it is only on cloudless nights that the moon is visible. And it is just on these cloudless nights that dew is formed; thus the dew is credited to the moon. So gardeners fear the April moon. The truth is that in April, when the young plants are tender, excessive cold injures the shoots. This occurs most on cloudless nights which are most noticeable when the moon is there to light the sky. Hence the gardeners' fear of the moon in April.

Good Husbandry

There is an ancient belief, and one which is still widespread to-day, that sowing and planting must be done under a waxing, reaping and cutting under a waning moon. In Palladius's "Husbondrie" of the Middle Ages we read:

> "*To graffe and sowe in growing of the moone,*
> *And kytte and mowe in waning is to done.*"

Presumably the crops are supposed to be increased like so many other things by the growing moon. The idea lying behind harvesting, or even felling timber beneath a waning moon is difficult to trace. It may be connected with the drying influence which is ascribed to the declining phases in the same way as dew is attributed to the waxing and full moon. At all events the belief is most widespread that wood for building purposes is not durable unless cut after the full moon. As to the growth of plants, popular beliefs in a favorable influence of the moon are both world-wide and ancient. Most of these beliefs, however, are probably on a par with the superstition that a waxing moon increases while a waning moon decreases any process such as the acquisition of wealth. Many classical authors, such as Seneca, Galen, and Pliny, speak of the moon as hastening the ripening of

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fruits. In particular, melons, pumpkins, marrows, and other members of the gourd family were supposed to grow most rapidly on moonlit nights.

Succulent Shell-Fish

There is a belief which is found from the days of classical Greece onwards that the moon exerts an influence on life in the sea. More particularly is the story told of those shell-fishes which are used for food, such as oysters, crabs, sea-urchins, and so forth. It is most striking to what an extent this belief was common property. First among the ancient men of science Aristotle writes on the subject. He is most precise, telling us that "the roes of sea-urchins acquire a greater size than usual at the time of full moon". This is extraordinarily interesting for to-day this same story is told all around the Mediterranean coasts where the spiny shell-fish known as sea-urchins, or rather their roes, are relished as most succulent morsels. Modern research shows that there is truth behind the moon story here, but in a curious roundabout way. Oppian is a classical author who wrote a poem on fishing. In it he says: "The shell-fish which creep in the sea are reported all of them when the moon waxes to fill up with flesh proportionately to her disc, occupying then a bigger space. On the other hand when she wanes they shrivel and their members grow thinner."

But what is perhaps more striking than these statements of the ancient scientists is the fact that this same belief is related as a commonplace by poets and orators. This shows to what an extent it was accepted by all. The orator Cicero refers to it and the poet Horace mentions that "nascent moons fill the succulent shell-fish." We can trace the same belief persisting through the Middle Ages.

Although to-day this belief is unknown to fishermen on the English coasts, yet it is still quite generally believed all around the Mediterranean Sea. It is believed in Greece and in Italy just as it was in classical times. In the fish-markets of Nice, Naples, and Alexandria, sea-urchins are always stated to be better eating round about the full moon. So firmly is the theory ingrained that in Greece to-day the fishermen throw away all catches taken when the moon is dark. The Tarantines in southern Italy, whose

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oyster farms are famous, support the same view. They maintain that oysters are fattest at the full moon. In short, from ancient down to modern times it has been thought in Mediterranean countries that shell-fish are influenced by the moon both in quality and in bulk of flesh. Now, the very remarkable truth about the whole matter is this: It is altogether false that shell-fish vary with the moon in the Mediterranean. But it is quite true that in another place not so very far off, — namely at Suez in the Red Sea, — sea-urchins do obey the moon's phases.

Rhythmic Cycle

All of this was found out in a thorough scientific investigation of the question carried out during the last three years. At Marseilles, at Naples, and at Alexandria the condition of oysters, mussels, and sea-urchins, was examined over long periods. The examinations were made both with the naked eye after the shell-fish had been dissected, and under the microscope. In all of these creatures differences in bulk depend upon differences in the size of the generative organs, or roes. These are naturally more developed at the time of breeding. Indeed in the sea-urchin, which creeps about in shallow water among the sea-weeds, the roes occupy the greater part of the internal cavity of the body. It is these organs alone which are eaten and which are so much appreciated by gourmets. Reproduction of the sea-urchin is carried out as in fishes. That is, eggs and sperm are spawned into the sea-water where further development takes place.

The study of the reproductive process, — and consequent bulk, — of all the Mediterranean shell-fish gave a completely negative result as far as any influence of the moon was concerned. The older authors, — scientists, philosophers, poets, and orators alike, — were completely wrong. And so are the present-day fishermen. This applies to the Mediterranean, but on the other hand a most positive lunar influence was found on the reproductive processes of sea-urchins in the Red Sea.

The Red Sea urchin is a most magnificent creature. The diameter of a large individual, from tip to tip of the spines, reaches to well over a foot. The color is of the darkest purple, with five brilliant turquoise blue eyes. The ends of the spines are very sharp

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and easily enter the skin where they break off and are difficult to extract. A stinging poison enters the wound and smarts badly. In carrying out the investigation, therefore, thick gloves had to be used.

The facts, as they turned out, were these. During the week preceding full moon the five roes which fill up most of the interior of the sea-urchin are large and swollen. Examined under the microscope they are found to be packed full of minute ripe eggs ready to be shed into the sea. The spawning actually takes place during the few days before and after the full moon. At this period the urchins shed uncountable millions of tiny eggs into the sea-water. In the next week or ten days, while the moon is waning, the generative organs or roes when looked at are seen to be small and shrunken. They are now empty. Towards the time of new moon, however, a change commences in these organs. The microscope discloses innumerable minute eggs just beginning to form. As time goes on these turn into a fresh crop of ripe eggs. As the eggs get bigger and ripen they cause the roe to swell out anew in preparation for spawning once more at the next full moon. This rhythmic cycle is repeated all through the summer months. At each full moon the eggs are spawned. At each new moon and through the waxing phases a fresh crop of eggs is prepared for the next act of spawning. During the winter months no breeding at all occurs, and so there is no lunar rhythm.

Possible Explanations

Now, the most obvious rhythmic effects of the moon on the earth's surface are twofold, namely, the tides and moonlight. It is natural, therefore, to look first to one of these as a possible cause of the spawning of urchins at each full moon. It is already known to science that the tides exert an influence on a number of shore living marine creatures, impressing upon them a rhythmic behavior. The tides ebb and flow twice daily because the moon attracts the waters of the sea. In consequence of the ebbing tide many shore creatures are forced to shut themselves up or retire into their shells as the water goes down. Sea-snails for example must stop crawling about and retract their bodies into their shells in order to avoid being dried up at low tide. This retreat happens twice daily to the snails. When these snails are kept in

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an aquarium they still shut themselves up twice in every twenty-four hours, although now removed from the tidal influence.

Atmospheric electricity is another possible causal link between the moon and the behavior of the urchins. The amount of electricity in the atmosphere does affect living beings. Most people have experienced the curious sensation of nervous tension during thunder-storms. Plants too are influenced. There is no more familiar sight in the garden than the nightly closing of flowers and of many leaves. They fold up in the evening and open again in the morning. It has always been assumed that the sunlight is responsible for this behavior. But quite recent research has shown that the opening and closing really depends on the amount of atmospheric electricity, which varies from day to night. More interesting to us than this, however, is the fact that the famous Swedish man of science, Svante Arrhenius, proved the amount of electricity in the atmosphere to vary with the rotation of the moon. He then put forward the theory that periodic functions in the human body, which apparently recur with a lunar rhythm, depend really upon the atmospheric electricity.

The Nativity Rhythm

From a statistical investigation of 25,000 cases Arrhenius showed that there exists in point of fact a relationship between the frequency of the births of children and the lunar month. This means that while some children are born every day, rather more births take place at a certain period in each lunar month than in the remainder of the month. The numbers born on these two or three days in each lunar month over and above the average numbers of births is not great. Indeed the increased births over the average could never have been noticed had not so very many cases been studied. Consequently this fact had not previously been observed.

Since this nativity rhythm might depend upon a periodicity in woman's reproductive function, Arrhenius next set out to discover whether this too exists. Of course it is well known that for each individual person the period has roughly the length of the lunar month. But the question was a different one from this. If the dates upon which the physiological monthly crisis occurs in a very large number of individual women are noted down, do

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more than the average number fall within a certain part of each lunar month, or are the dates all evenly scattered over the month? Arrhenius investigated 12,000 cases. He found the same result as he had discovered for births, but to a more pronounced degree. More often than not the date of the function falls at a certain definite point in the moon's cycle.

The meaning of this is as follows: In each individual woman the date of onset of the monthly function depends, of course, on a number of physiological and psychical causes, which occur without rhythm. In addition to these there is a rhythmic cause which has the cyclic period of the moon. But this lunar cause is a weak one, and will only make itself felt when acting in conjunction with the other causes, when pulling so to speak together with them. The periodic function may occur, then, on any day according to the resultant effect of all the forces acting upon the person. But in more instances than not, — here is the important point, — it will fall in that part of the lunar month in which the lunar periodic cause is acting.

The Lunar Month

All this would be curious enough, but the interest would stop there, were it not that Arrhenius was able to take a long step forward in showing what is the link between the moon and women. In the first place a further very important and unexpected point in Arrhenius's findings must be explained. The time from one full moon to the next is 29½ days. This is the time taken by the moon to pass through all her phases, the time, for instance, between one full moon and the next full moon. But the period at which births are more frequent than the average and at which more women than the normal number undergo their cyclic function recurs not every 29½ day but every 27 1/3 days. What does this mean?

Imagine an oval dining table with an electric lamp near the centre. This lamp shall represent the sun. An orange at the table's edge will be the earth. Move the orange once all round the edge of the table until it comes back to the point at which it started. This imitates the earth's revolution round the sun in the course of a year. Now place an apple close to the orange. The apple is the moon, which itself revolves round the earth once

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in each lunar month. When the apple in its revolution is further from the lamp than is the orange, the lamplight shining on the apple can be seen from the orange. In other words, the moon is full. When the apple, however, is nearer the lamp than the orange, the whole of the lighted side of the apple can no longer be seen from the orange. The moon is new. Now it takes $27^1/_3$ days for the moon to turn once around the earth in this way and to arrive back at the spot from which it started. But, while the apple has been making this circle, the orange has been slowly moving forward along the table's edge. Suppose, now, that the moon is full, i.e. the apple is on the outward side of the orange. After $27^1/_3$ days the apple (or the moon) will have made one complete circle. But since the orange has moved forward, meanwhile, along the table's edge, the apple will not yet have reached that spot exactly outside the orange at which it would again represent the full moon. It will require a little more time before this position of the apple is reached, in order to catch up the forward motion of the orange. To be precise, 29½ days are necessary until the next position of full moon is attained. After this it is quite conceivable that the urchin's spawning period too may depend upon electricity, the amount of which is itself controlled by the moon.

The Palolo

The case of the Suez sea-urchin has only become known to science in the last two or three years. But there is one other instance of the moon's effect upon a marine animal of which naturalists have known for a much longer time. This is the case of the famous Palolo worm. Palolo is the name given by the inhabitants of Samoa to a marine worm which is found in the sea not only there but also in Fiji and other Pacific Islands south of the equator. The population of Samoa and Fiji have known from time immemorial that the Palolo appears at the surface of the sea in myriads once each year. It appears at a certain definite date, namely at the last quarter of the November moon. This appearance, in what is their spring time, occurs with such exact regularity that it marks the most important date in the calendar. Worms actually live under the sea in crevices in the coral rock. There they grow to a length of twelve to eighteen inches. As November approaches the hinder portion of the worms becomes

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filled with eggs. When swarming occurs the hind part of each worm breaks off from the front part and wriggles up to the surface of the sea. All the countless millions of worms in the coral behave in this way at the same time once a year, namely in the early morning exactly a week after the full moon in November.

Nuptial Dance of Worms

What actually causes the worms to behave thus is as little known as what causes the strange conduct of the Suez sea-urchins. Once the worms have swum up to the surface they shed their eggs by the actual bursting of the bodies of each worm. Of course the natives know none of these details. They know, however, that when the November moon comes round it is time to prepare fishing boats and tackle. When the three actual days of the Palolo swarm arrive there is great rejoicing everywhere. During the first day the sea-water becomes turbid. This is the first warning. On the second day numerous little worms appear, but not the Palolo itself. On the third day at last the real swarm of worms appears at dawn at the surface of the sea. The worms are so crowded together that the sea resembles a greenish macaroni soup. The Palolo is simply scooped out of the water in nets or buckets by thousands. Afterwards the worms are cooked and ceremoniously eaten.

Moon Madness

The story of the South Sea Palolo sounds strange enough. Yet it is a true story. We have seen that native moon beliefs in Samoa and Fiji are solidly based on fact. In Mediterranean lands, too, moon beliefs started with a basis of fact. But there the fact was a twisted one from the very beginning. The story had journeyed away from its original Egyptian home, and in strange lands was no longer a true one. The cause of all the trouble was that Aristotle believed this moon story to be true of all and sundry shell-fish. He wrote down his belief, and others have repeated the great philosopher's words from generation to generation right down to the present day.

Shakespeare made Othello say that "The Moon, coming nearer earth than is her wont, makes men mad". Yet some of the moon traditions turn out to be no lunacy but scientific truth.

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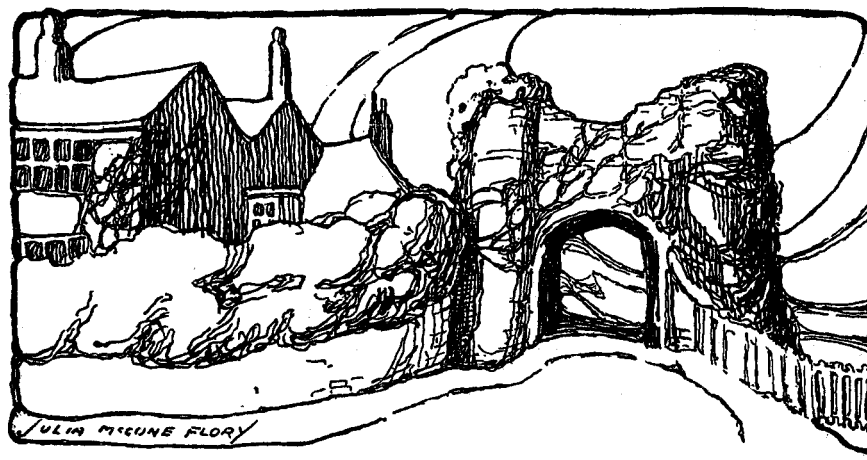

A TRAMP TO HASTINGS

CHARLES BROOKS

Drawings by Julia McCune Flory

I AROSE for an early breakfast when the inn at Rye still blinked with sleep and last night's crumbs were on the cloth. And so I took to the road alone, — twelve miles to Hastings,— for Bill and Beezer (the companions of my English pilgrimage) elected to sleep late and loll across by char-à-bancs.

And sometimes for contrast it is well to walk alone. For if three men go together there comes an hour when one or another of them will prattle too many words. Thought at best can seldom find a sentence to express its meaning. It is a gossamer texture whose slender thread is torn in the handling of a conversation. But if you go alone and the start be when the hour is fresh, some exultant thought may meet you at a crossroad and fall as a comrade into step. If dew is still upon the grass it is of shrewd persuasion to the brain to reflect the sparkle. Or any bird may pitch the key for random reverie. An open road is so secure against intrusion. A stretch of lonely miles induces meditation and you are released to a land without a barrier. The tap of your footstep is rhythm for quiet utterance. Then, if ever, the brain is host to a company of thought too shy to gather in a noisy hour.

But, although I recall this jubilation on the road to Hastings, I

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cannot find any touch of wisdom in my notes. It had perished like the song of birds across the meadows, like the wind that blew from off the ocean with its rumor of buried Winchelsea. There are, indeed, certain scratchings of rhyme that indicate I tried my hand at making melancholy verses; for it is in such high moods that one runs joyfully to sadness. Youth writes tragedy because it is untouched by care and ignorant of pain, because life is so vivid at its dawn that death is but a pleasant ghost of dreams. This morning I was of an equal age with Peter Pan.

So with rhymes and happy sadness I beguiled the lowland that lies along the ocean and climbed at last a hill to a stone gate tower that guards the approach to Winchelsea.

Winchelsea, although it lies broadly in the sun, has yet an air of melancholy, as if it still wore a black ribbon on its arm for its grandsire buried in the sea. This calamity befell the older city in the year twelve hundred and fifty. "On the first day of October," Holinshed writes, "the moon, upon her change, appearing red and swelled, began to show tokens of the great tempest of wind that followed, which was so hugh and mightie, both by land and sea, that the like had not been lightlie knowne, and seldome, or rather never heard of by men then alive. The sea forced contrarie to his natural course, flowed twice without ebbing, yeelding such a rooring that the same was heard (not without great woonder) a farre distance from the shore. Moreover, the same sea appeared in the darke of the night to burne, as if it had been on fire, and the waves to strive and fight togither after a marvellous sort, so that the mariners could not devise how to save their ships where they laie at anchor, by no cunning or shift which they could devise."

Now was Winchelsea alone destroyed. It is said that the salt spray was thrown in the tempest so far inland "that the next year's crops declined to grow, nor would the leaves of the trees and hedges put forth their full foliage."

Unlike Rye, the streets of Winchelsea are broad with much space for trees to arch above. The houses are not huddled with a neighbor's elbow in the ribs, but everywhere there is room for gardens. If Rye is crowded with houses that stand a tiptoe for the view, Winchelsea is of generous dimension, for the hill on which it stands is more than ample for its accommodation. Both these towns took their rise from commerce and were of a burgher popu-

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lation of free privilege, unlike such places as Arundel which sprang from feudal circumstance under the eye of an aristocratic castle. Rye is still a busy market town with its remnant of wharves and shallow shipping on the river, but Winchelsea sits marooned upon its wooded upland and its thought turns entirely to the past.

A broad avenue leads around the church, and this I followed with a glance across my shoulder at the building's beauty. The branches arched overhead, to remind travelers that Gothic took its start with nature.

There is a sharp descent at the edge of town and for two hours I walked on a low ridge between the ocean and the marshes of the river Brede. In front of me rose the purple wall of the Downs, which plunges at Hastings to the sea to rise again in France in a similar ridge of chalk.

And now a stone tower, that had signaled to me in the early morning and had been lost awhile, popped up beside me on a hill; for at last I had spanned the lowland by the sea.

At the town of Ore I was well up on the Downs, and from here to Hastings I walked through a broken two miles of scattered and unpleasing houses. A shabby street plunged down the hill and I was on the beach. A thousand awkward legs were taking the air in nature's raiment, and five thousand toes were buried in the sand. I sat down hard at a corner restaurant where tables were exposed upon the curb. "Waitress," I bawled, "fetch me quick a pint of stout!"

Our bodies shrink upon a mountain and yet on any lofty peak there comes an increase to the stature of our souls. Our minds here reach out beyond their usual grasp and run to the edge of nature; and Orion, despite its vastness, finds a lodging in the cabin of the eye. For, although we are a speck unnoticed, too small to be measured against the sky, yet we are endowed with an inheritance that builds castles in the twilight of a fancy, that finds beauty and a reason in the sun, the clouds and wind, the shifting color of the earth; that threads a pathway across the field of stars and knocks for answer on the black and sightless wall that bounds the universe. A prospect from a headland upon troubled water has this gift, also, for us, although in slighter measure, or a storm at sea with green waves that break to white.

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But whereas mountains always lift us to majestic thought where we humbly worship a God that is beyond our logic, the sea as we behold it from a beach lowers our aspiration by its condescending and familiar aspect. It stretches a smooth surface to the shore and asks us to be its equal. It tosses up a laughing ripple to the sand and bids us share its idle game. But we are the creatures of nature and not its equal; and all of our vast invention, though it seeks to make us master, is but evidence that proves our littleness. And so, when the sea takes us for a comrade, our souls sink again to pettiness in the losing of their Maker.

Gothic took its start with nature

This is all quite absurd, yet I have observed that nowhere do men and women show such crudity as on a beach. It is not entirely that their scanty dress reveals their starkness and deformity. Nor is it wholly that a holiday betrays how barren are their brains when free of accustomed business. Yet if a man goes without his tailor and the dull routine of his week, half of our civilization seems swept away.

Nor can I be persuaded, from my knowledge of the present beach, that any siren of antiquity, unbrushed and dripping from the water, really charmed a sailor to destruction. In beauty there is required a touch of art. No lady can subdue a heart when her hair hangs wet in strings. Few ships to-day are lost upon the sandy British coast.

Any creature on the shore at Hastings, if led by himself apart

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and given pants or skirt as fits the sex, would doubtless show a spark of vivid inner life; but when ten thousand sprawl together with outstretched legs they are but the final sorting of a discard. Englishmen of the tripper class lack teeth or are possessed of yellow fangs. They are leathery and wrinkled even in their youth, as if thriftless nature wove their skins too big. Their joints are stiff and knotted with damp living. Their women are of scrawny figure, and their faces, — let's be frank, — often their faces resemble those of horses. Their bathing costumes do not fit and the shabby cloth that hangs so loosely on the job appears to apologize for the raw material that is stuffed inside.

Nor do these bathers seem to enjoy their sport. There is little laughter or merriment. Voices are not lifted in a jest or song. Races are not run upon the beach or water splashed. Small groups sit about in dismal toothless circles, as if a holiday came but once a year and its use were quite forgotten in the interval. Men and women, it is true, make love openly, cheek to cheek; but their stifling rapture drives away all trace of thought, and they sit hand in hand with stupid faces, without a word to be shared between them, alone among the crowd. If love be violent, he is moved to muss her hair, and she accepts his passion by stuffing sand inside his shirt. Hastings, alas, is not the magic casement of the poet that opens on the foam.

Is it any wonder when the bathing hour is done that the disgusted tide runs out? The Channel has a bad reputation for a testy temper, but I lay it to the crowd at Hastings. It is a porter who has swept all day at a dirty beach, then runs to the bar outside to make a drunken night of it.

After I had stood on the beach in haughty isolation among the trippers and had composed with disjointed nose this apostrophe to pyorrhea and uric acid, I sought a table at the sidewalk, ordered a pint of stout and persuaded the waitress, — a creature with slapping heels and a jaw that worked on a wad of gum, — to sop up from the table the remnant of a former feast. And here I stretched out my legs in as much comfort as was afforded by a spindling iron chair that holds no compromise with the cushions of the body.

And here to me came Bill and Beezer to my great amazement. Rosy-fingered Morpheus, it seems, had clambered from their bed

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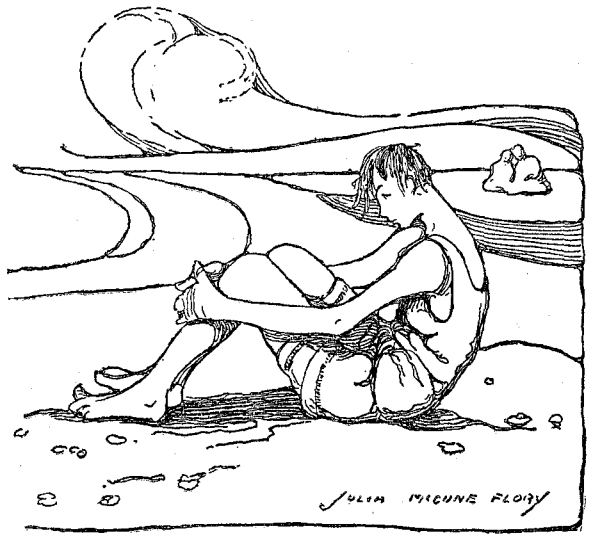
shortly after I had departed, so they had caught an earlier bus than was intended. They had thought to overtake me on the road and they were in high admiration of my speed. Bill's gullet roared for stout, so down they sat with me on the spindling chairs and beckoned to Miss Wrigley for extra pints.



No lady can subdue a heart when her hair hangs wet in strings

"And where now?" asked Bill, emerging for the third time like Venus from the foam.

It had been our plan to eat lunch at Hastings and then walk six miles to Battle Abbey in the early afternoon with a glimpse of Senlac by the way where William defeated Harold. For I had been in Hastings before and I had hardened against the town as an abode for the night.

But our plans were overthrown. Bill and Beezer, hounds with noses keen for the scent of music, had sniffed out a billboard announcing that on this very night there would be sung at Hastings "The Pirates of Penzance" by an all-star company direct from its London triumph before the King. And so in mercy I yielded to their excitement.

We thought the hostelries near by looked too thick with people. So we coasted down the plage under a frowning headland of hotels and in half a mile we came to St Leonard's which is continuous to Hastings but is a suburb of quieter streets and a cleaner stretch of sand. It has an amusement pier of its own, but there are fewer slot machines, fortune tellers and penny shows upon it. Hastings is largely for the tripper, with a shuttle of London char-à-bancs in and out; but St Leonard's, I fancy, draws a patronage that brings a trunk and pays for its lodging by the week, — older folk, perhaps, who are stranded here when their city activity has ebbed.

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Nor had I guessed the dismal meaning which resides in that word *strand*. It is a town of widows whom Time consoles, and its shops must do a monstrous business in the sale of colored yarn and puppy biscuits.

Our landlady at Rye had recommended a hotel and we found it a pleasant house of clean decay that catered to ladies with lorgnettes and respectable but outlandish turbans.

"Look!" said Bill, as we entered. "Those old ladies' hats were bought for the coronation of the old Queen. They were then the top of fashion."

These two ladies had at lunch a table next to ours. They ate in that respectable method of mastication that is common among English dowagers of the gentler sort, — a slight rotary movement of the lips and then a little gulp that drops the morsel past the gullet. I fancied a sidelong glance at the lifting of the fork to see if anyone were watching this necessary grossness that nature has demanded.

Beezer . . . said it would help him in his geography

Ours was a temperance house without a license, but that meant only an advance payment to the waiter who popped out around the corner and fetched the bottle. This waiter, except for a soiled shirt, was the pink of his profession, and he leaned forward with that correct crooking of the back which is acquired only by English servants. "And now, sir, a bit of cheese, sir." That kind of waiter.

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Bill had a cramped hall-bedroom, but Beezer and I were given one of such immensity that our twin beds seemed like little piers that jutted upon the ocean. A family bath was down the hall, and at each of our ablutions the knob was tried four times on the outside with a little patter of feminine feet that faded off in disappointment.

After lunch I slept for an hour while Bill and Beezer went out for opera tickets. They returned with a paper sack of gooseberries, — pronounced goozbris here in England, — but without tickets, for the house had been sold complete. The royal box only was left, but the price was high and our wardrobe was insufficient.

A brass band, however, was to play shortly on the pier, and so to the pier we wended our way with spirits alert for entertainment. My sleep had so refreshed me that I now looked with a more tolerant eye on the legs and arms that sprouted from the sand. These people, however sullenly they engaged in sport, thought at least that this was a joyful holiday; and doubtless it was an escape from the crowded streets of a London suburb. The ocean evidently had also dined well, for it had returned with a change of heart to toss its laughing ripples on the sand and cry aloud its invitation to the throng.

The pier is like those of Atlantic City, — a creature of many legs like a centipede of strange amphibious habit that has crawled from the shore to shallow water and yet hesitates to swim. There is first a band stand with chairs for threepence and music of a jolly, brassy sort. Here sat a great concourse, — women chiefly at their knitting, dressed in the faded styles of before the war. Bill is getting an obsession about hats and he could not listen to the music because of his ranging eye. He urged me to give an entire chapter to this and its effect on the decline of marriage and the birth rate. And surely a courtship at Hastings must be undertaken in the dark, for even in the palest moon a man could scarcely lose his balance.

"Look at that toque!" said Bill. "The old dame bought it to wear at the opening of the Crystal Palace, and God knows when that was built."

"What's a toque?" I asked.

"That's one," said Bill.

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"Where are the girls of fresh complexions of whom one reads in novels?" I asked.

"*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*" said Bill, which of course closed the argument, for I had to ask him to translate.

But he was back on hats.

"A hat upon a woman," he continued, "as it is the least necessary part of her attire, justifies itself only if it be beautiful. It is a crown, added for decoration. To other clothing, it is as the asparagus which, we are told, God made last among the fruits as the perfection of his handiwork."

Beyond the band stand there was a range of booths for the sale of cigarettes, soft drinks, novels of tempted but triumphant virtue, and gaudy jewelry for remembrance of a holiday. Here one could buy a work of art to be hung in the parlor, — a polished shell of "Happy Days at Hastings" to be shown to envious neighbors who were kept at home.

A photograph gallery showed beautiful creatures posing on a rock.

"Ah," said Bill, "are any of these ladies still at Hastings?"

But the man shook his head. He had bought the pictures from a London jobber and the ocean in the background was a painted canvas. Had they been real, skippers along the coast would have strapped themselves that day against the mast.

Slot machines offered palm reading and fortune telling — with a wife or husband, dark or fair, as fate decided. I tried my luck at this; but, by accident in my confusion, mistaking the proper slot for I was raw with inexperience, I laid out my money for a husband. I drew one with a noble shock of hair and waxed mustache that I shall hope to be very happy with. It is a loss to some tender creature, deprived by me of mate.

There were wheels for trivial gambling with the ponies, where a swain might impress his lady with his recklessness upon the spending of a shilling. At another wheel there was a chance of a royal flush or string of aces with an onyx clock for prize. Or, for a penny, one might peep at pictures of naked beauty, — for this was the bait upon the sign — , although the pictures were neither naked nor beautiful. The little movie ended, as you turned the crank, just at the absorbing moment beside the tub when the lady still buttoned lifted up her foot.

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And all the world is eager to know its weight, lest sugar tarts shall catch them unawares. A chair hangs upon a beam with compensating bars of metal which are thrown in a trough behind until the contrivance hangs even. A placard announces that these scales were used at the Derby for weighing ponies, — or jockies perhaps, — for there would have been trouble in stuffing ponies in the chair. An expert stands ready to clasp a lady's arm or jest about her leg. He then proclaims his guess to the grinning crowd, with money refunded if the estimate is wrong.

An oriental personage who chews gum sells tickets to a booth inside of which there reposes a Princess of Siam, announced as traveling now in England on a holiday, who has consented to be seen for a contemptible sixpence only. "Ladies and gentlemen, step this way! The chance of a lifetime! A Princess of Siam! Queen of the Emperor's Harem!" Beezer, who is still in school, went in to see her, as he said it would help him in his geography.

They beckoned to Miss Wrigley for extra pints

Then comes a turnstile where payment is made to gain the outer promenade and theatre. Against the railing of this promenade are chairs and benches and, although one might think that the advantage of the place was an uninterrupted view of the ocean surf, all of these benches turn their backs upon the water and give their whole attention to the moving cockney throng. Fishing rods may be hired by those who have the inclination, and a line of silent

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folk leaned on the outer rail with a dark discouraged eye upon the unfruitful sea.

This picture stands, I think, for most of the popular watering resorts of England and Wales. I have tried the Isle of Thanet, which is the grossest of all, Brighton, two or three places in Wales, and on the eastern coast; and the British sands always reveal the crudity of those thousands who infest them in the summer months. Eastbourne is better. Cromer is not bad, although I saw it when a raw day drove the crowds indoors. Lyme Regis I like, and most of the pebbly sands of Devon and Cornwall which are too far from London to draw a week-end crowd. These resorts, too, possess cliffs; and high rocks temper vulgarity.

"Well", said Bill, "that's done. Get me out of this!"

And now, having had our dinner ministered to us by the crooked waiter in the soiled shirt front, armed with the hotel key, — for the door was to be locked at ten o'clock —, we set out again to the pier to witness a performance called "The Poppies" to be given by a company of London favorites.

I have read considerably of Leonard Merrick, and many of his stories deal with actors who have failed to gain success in London's West End and have fallen step by step to these shows upon a pier. These are tales beneath whose grinning surface there lies a depth of tragedy, — of ambition broken and disillusionment, of hunger and illness, of kindness, too, and charity toward those who need it. Merrick must have shared this life to know it with such sympathy and understanding.

I recall that Conrad once fell in with a company like this in the quest of his youth. "Before the footlights," he wrote, "two comic men were bawling a duet; I knew they were comic because they had made their faces so repulsive. . . ." This show at Hastings, but cheaper still, was of the kind that he weaves inside his plots. There was a voice or two that had been of promise once, now coarsened by misuse; an actress whose face had been pretty in her youth and, even as she screeched and capered, there was a remnant of former daintiness that heightened the pathos of her antics; a comedian who could not quite conceal a cough beneath a ribald speech; a pianist who thumped at William Tell with a callous thumb that slid down the white keys because her fingers did not have the agility to make an honest run. The

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audience was moved to bursts of hilarity, but under the painted surface and the empty gesture disillusionment lay apparent, days perhaps of hunger.

We debated at the close whether we would step around to the stage entrance and invite the company out to supper. Did not Conrad order a *châteaubriand* and *pommes soufflées* for two ladies of the Kiss-and-Tell company when it went upon the rocks? We stood undecisively at the stage door, then turned away.

And now a rainstorm burst upon us and we pelted to St Leonard's.

A dance was in progress at our hotel, the kind of dance one expects of purple turbans and lopsided skirts; and, as we waited for sleep to descend on us, there arose from the dining room below the sound of a saxophone, — "I Want to be Happy", — and so we drifted off.

I want to be happy

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A LITTLE GIRL'S YESTERDAY

By JOHN MARTIN

Decorations by Harold Sichel

I HAD a good time yesterday!
I hid when people came,
And ran away from other children.

I wanted to be all of me.
I wanted to find new places and strange things.
I wanted to make them my very own.
That is how to be when you go away;
Then you can make things and places
Join together like your pictures.
And everything is alive like children playing.

There is a Boy who plays that way.
He knows that places and things
Must not be spoiled by gray silence,
Or sighing, or tiredness that chills good playing.

Some days come full of strange sounds
That whirl in the air like flying Voices.
Their words I cannot make out, but they call,
And frighten me a little,
As sudden, noisy teasing does.
The Voices tell me to go into everything
That is alive and busy playing.
Then my head is crammed full of thoughts
That are mists and wild tossing wishes.

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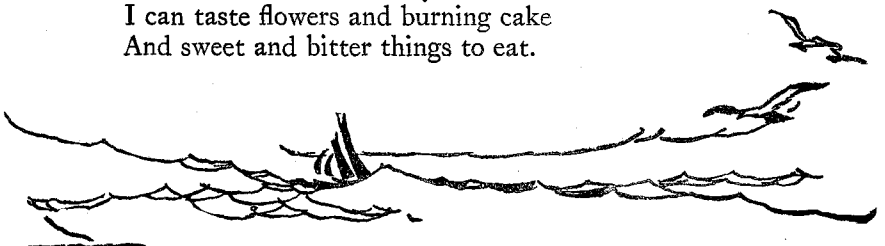
There is singing that echoes everywhere
With the sunshine and wind;
And tossing things colored brown and green,
With pink shadows streaking and mingling.
(Pink is the color of my thoughts
And blue corrects me gently.)
Sunshine and wind; smells that have no name
Push in between the many colors.
I can taste flowers and burning cake
And sweet and bitter things to eat.



I WILL tell you now of a great adventure,
And how things happen as they should.

I was drawn to my Ocean;
I wanted to be alone to build and make,
To pull apart and break without indulgence
Or tired patience. I was bad — perhaps!

So I went to the shore of the Ocean.
I had no hat, and my hair was tangled.
I ran all the way to the Ocean.
I could jump to the tops of trees,
And over streams and hard bridges.
I made my feet as light as leaves
That fall upon the grass
Before the wind that chases them.
I ran and jumped like playing leaves.

I went sliding down yellows and hills —
Sly sand hills that slip from under you.
I screamed aloud because I could;
I sang with no tune except the tune
That the flying Voices made me sing.
I laughed because I was free
And belonged among the joys and wildness.
I heard my voice far away with the Great Sound
Of roaring noises that were very kind.
My voice pleased me like the sound of crying
Without reasons.

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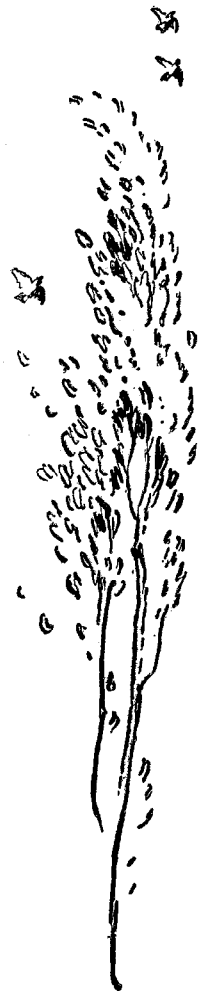

Then the many alive voices had one Voice.
And I was not afraid at all.
I love the great sounds that *live*
But never hurt with harshness.
I love the even clatter of noisy wheels
And other things that keep going — going,
For then I do everything in time,
Like heart beating, and foot tapping.
I think in tune proudly.

That Day was everything, and coming and mixing,
Green, pink, and yellow tossed with bitter-tasting brown;
But wise and gentle blue corrected kindly.
The Day was good to me — but not indulgent,

It wanted to have me play in it.
Some new wind came all crooked out of the Ocean;
It was alive and happy, very kind and careless.
The noise in my ears was great and generous
Because I was little in the heart of it.

The Ocean and the Wind are strong brothers;
Little winds are their children.
A little wind made me laugh;
As I ran it slipped around me and wrapped me up
With sliding ribbons that I could not see.

I turned myself round and round
Unwrapping the little wind:
Pulling it from my hair, I said,
"Shoo, wind!" and he slid across the sand
To some water that was sleeping near.
He made tiny black waves upon the water
Which tried to be angry and cold,
But the little wind did not care.
It just ran off and curled and teased
Among a certain quiet tree.

You should have seen the tree
When the little wind went into it!
You should have heard the disturbance there!
The leaves giggled and laughed,
And screamed just for fun and teasing,
Turning pink and tumbling silver.
The little wind said, "You are prisoners.
Catch me if you can."
"Hush, hush, hush," whispered the little leaves.

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I went on and on very far
Until I came to my Ocean
And the beginning of sounds.
I thought the Ocean would flood the world
So I went to a high place;
I stood above the Ocean and I was safe.
It was a big hill, the tallest of a city of hills.
I looked about me everywhere.
I was surrounded by the world;
Perhaps I would be conquered by an enemy, —
By something among the everything.
I was very little in the surrounding world,
And I felt afraid until a dragon-fly
Was impertinent to me and everything.
The dragon-fly went *buzz* into the bigness
Of all the world. He was not afraid.

My hill was mine and wonderful
With many strange things to discover.
It was disorderly and generous.
There were holes with dragons inside,
And bugs that made me shiver.
The sand of my hill was white
Until I looked for jewels in it.
Flat upon my stomach I could see
Jewels of green and red and mossy black,
With colors all confused like tangled rainbows.

SUDDENLY I was tired of them all,
And it was night everywhere.

In a hurry I dug into my sandy hill
And crept inside of it — my safe house.
I looked around and it was like
A beehive without stinging bees.
The whole room was covered with shells
Of all colors that make you glad.
The floor was laid with chocolate tiles;
(I ate lots but did not take any away);
All around was a doll's house
Disorderly as happy thinking.
Chairs, tables, telephones, and statuary;
Beds, stoves, and curtained window-panes.
Everything and everything wonderful,
Besides two guns and bows and arrows.

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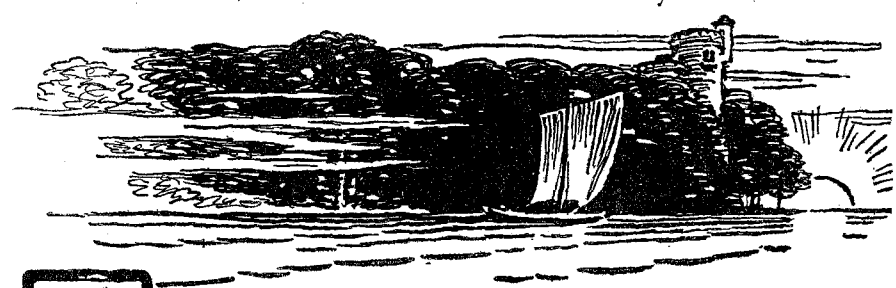
I wished the Boy was there — and he was there.
We were entirely safe inside our Hill.

By and by a great rain came.
A storm tore at the door;
And the Wind said, "I am fierce!
I will break down your hill."
But we were safe inside our hill
And laughed at such great danger.
Then a flood went over the world.

We did not get wet. No enemy could find us.
There were enemies, of course,
But the Boy had his gun and he defended me!

It was daytime after that.
The city of hills was gone
And we were alone and entirely lost
In the middle of a dark forest.
We could not see the sky,
But the Ocean roared, nearby and then far away,
And the noise of it was like fear on Sunday.



THEN my world became an island everywhere;
Long and far we walked with some fear
That did not make us afraid.
We made our fear like make-believes —
To *be* afraid is like loneliness and pain,
But there is a good name for fear
That comes with play and adventure.

At last we came to a river
That was blue and very deep,
So we got into a boat which was ours on purpose.
Away we went to the sun, which was low like a door
And very wide at the end of our river.

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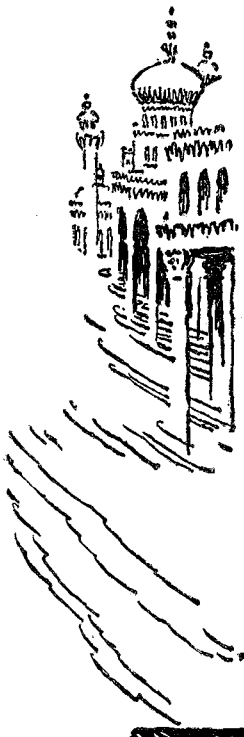


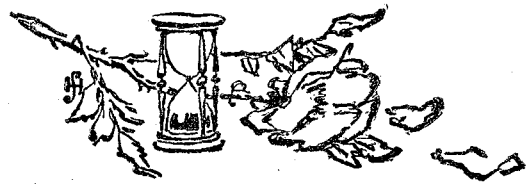
Our boat slid very fast, like a wild duck hurrying
Into rushes and wet shadows.

As I lay in the front part of our boat
I looked at the bottom of our river
Which was deep as a house is high.
I could see cities at the bottom
Clear like glass.
In the houses gold fishes lived
Which swam in and out of doors
And peeped from little windows.
I could see gold shining
Through the roofs of their houses.

We sailed on and on towards the sun-door
At the end of our River!
The Boy was quiet, seeing many things, too.
Then we came to the shore
And our boat sailed back alone to the forest.
We could see its white sail
Against the black forest far away
At the beginning of our river.

WAS tired.
The sounds around the world were gone.
The Great Voice did not speak,
The Ocean only rolled somewhere.
I could not think in tune
Or make things out of my thought.
Everything was hidden away in silence
That did not know me or my thoughts.

Then we came home out of the Everywhere.
I had a good time yesterday.
Perhaps I'll find my yesterday again,
For there are songs and echoes
That fill the heart of yesterday, to-day.



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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

THOSE VICTORIANS

YOUNG people are strongly *either . . . or* people. And since this is decidedly a period when youth is in the saddle (bit in the horse's teeth, too), the articulate world appears to be given violently to alternatives. So they are quarreling again about the Victorians. Oddly enough, though, they appear to agree on their definition of the word.

That must have been a stuffy time (if you are a liberated soul), — a time when people were eminently respectable, when children were dutiful and suppressed, when ladies were distinctly different from mere women. How much better our frank modern days, when we open the windows wide to the strong winds of truth. Or (if you are a reactionary) those were "the good old times", when, thank God, people *were* respectable and children *were* dutiful. Stuffy perhaps, but far better than our modern breezy days, when the wind bloweth whither it listeth! At least they knew enough to shut the windows during a storm.

It is not astonishing, of course, that one group blasphemes and the other worships this image of Victorianism they have set up. The really astonishing thing is that they should both consider the image authentic. The defenders are fighting a losing battle when they weakly accept the false picture which the contemners have drawn. For the result is, since the emancipated brethren think Victorians were prigs and hypocrites, that the conservatives, in sweet antiphony, are busy singing the virtues of the defects.

Yet there are still a good many living who grew up before the century turned, who can recall something better than Victorianism on its last legs. Their childhood antedates the common use of telephone and automobile, even of trolley-car. They can remember the leisurely times when the residential districts of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, even of New York, bore something of the small town neighborliness that still appears in the stories of Mr. Booth Tarkington. Those with a more rural background recall the days that antedated "tourists", renovated inns, oiled

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roads, hot-dog dug-outs, movies, noise, speed, — "the days of real sport," when "two fingers" meant the swimming-hole to the younger generation and a drink of unadulterated liquor to the full-blown male.

Now these are not conspicuous virtues in themselves. Neither, on the other hand, is there *per se* any virtue in "running to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep". To extol or condemn merely the outward manifestations gets us off the track. They are the regular red herrings used by the devil to keep disputants busy. What matters is the life back of those manifestations, — back of the leisure and neighborliness and real sport, back of the modern manifestation of speed and noise.

We might as well admit, in preface, a good measure of the smugness and hypocrisy which the contemners put into the picture. Youth, particularly male youth, is better off in many ways than it was in Victorian days. The middle-aged male, too, is a simpler, more genuine human being — less of a shirt front. Even woman, whose nature is so much more fundamental than her new freedom, retains her charm in spite of herself. As for groups of people — classes, nations — "the world do move," if slowly, and better conditions are discernible in all sorts of ways. It is a sorry sentimentalist who regrets the passing of the "gentleman" and of underfed, underpaid labor; and it is a sorrier cynic who believes that we have made no progress whatever towards peace among nations. It is true that "the electric light will not dispel the darkness of the mind", but neither will a tallow dip or the "flaring gas-lights" of a Victorian London.

Grant all that. There was a virtue, nevertheless, which lay back of the small town neighborliness and "the days of real sport". It wasn't peculiar to Victorian times, but it ceased rather abruptly with the development of the telephone and the automobile. It was the condition imposed by the *inability to communicate*. Ever since the beginning of things man has been seeking to communicate with his fellows; and it seems a perverse notion to view his recent success as a disaster. Well, of course it isn't, in many senses. Better understanding of one another, increased knowledge of the world, speedy relief of distress, — one can think of many ways in which modern means of communication spell progress. But there is one thing which they have shut out, —

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the necessity of getting along with your neighbors and with yourself, — and so far they have provided no substitute. It begins to emerge that mere *ability* to communicate is in itself no better than mere *inability* to communicate. The latter produces a mental stagnancy; the former, a mental whirlpool.

Now the much maligned Victorian days, to my way of thinking, provided just about the right amount of communication. You were not in the desperate state of the rustic who answered, when asked how he spent his winter evenings, "Well, sometimes I set an' think, an' sometimes I just set." Nor were you in the desperate state of him who blurts "Sorry — call me again in half an hour" or who rushes from the table to the telephone as one seasick to the rail. There were long periods when you were thrown back on yourself, to devise what entertainment you could, when the family was thrown back on itself, or on its immediate neighbors, when you could not at a moment's notice reorganize life, for golf or bridge or a movie party, — anything to escape the tedium of yourself and your intolerable family!

Thence proceeded some of the most durable satisfactions in your experience. For one thing, progressive conversation was possible if you were capable of it. For another, you learned to look on life as a serious business, to be grappled with, not juggled with, — interesting, not merely exciting. Chiefly, the unity of your family and community life awoke and fostered in you solid moral qualities which the nervous metropolitan mind cannot glibly dispose of by calling them stolid. If you had a good many prejudices, you also had some principles. A certain formality and restraint, — in its worst phases, a smug respectability, — were natural expressions of the common state of mind, just as "the abandonment of all reticence and dignity" are natural expressions of the other extreme. If you misbehaved with your neighbor's wife, of course you covered it up, not merely because you were a hypocrite, but primarily because your misbehavior ran counter to the life of the family and so was unpardonable in fact as well as in theory.

It is a common mistake to suppose that such life was dull and prosaic. It was just as dull, of course, or as interesting as the family and community were capable of making it. But the same token, the dead uniformity so often ascribed to it was impossible.

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Families and towns differed from one another; they had to, from their very isolation. It is the modern devices of communication which are making them all alike. The great point to realize, in other words, is that the integrity of the family was the central feature, the informing power of Victorian life. Looking back at it and then beholding disintegrate modern ventures, one is inclined to wonder whether such family integrity isn't, after all, what makes the world go round.

Modern notions of Victorianism, I fear, are too often based on the last vestiges. Survivors are frequently decrepit spinsters, — relics rather than exemplars, for the spinster had a poor show in the Victorian scheme of things. But you still find here and there families which retain the central Victorian virtue.

One such family I know. Life to them is a normal and rather serious business, with more humor than wit; never vivacious, but also never dull. If they take themselves for granted, it is not because they consider their way of living superior to all others, but because it has never occurred to them that there are other ways, — at least for decent, self-respecting people. One even comes to accept their dingy, atrocious drawing-room. It is a sort of natural inheritance for them, like their language with strangers, rather formal and not often used. Yet how they do enjoy life, — work and play and the serious business of eating! And their children aren't little prigs at all. They do seem astonishingly dutiful and obedient, but they quarrel with refreshing zest; the boys secretly admire and openly despise the girls; and the girls look on the boys as gluttons, — and envy them, as who should say, "Boys will be boys, and girls would if they could."

What strikes me most about the grown-ups in this family is the leisurely yet persistent way they go about things, — eating, reading (solid, like the food), walking, talking, refraining from talking. If there is an important matter to discuss, they talk it through, with no telephone to stampede them. But they never "make" conversation; if their talk is persistent, their silence is almost dogged, — and no telephone disturbs it, either. I recall wondering once how they kept so full of life when they were so out of touch with the world. "I mean of course the world of ideas," I added. "That depends," replied my host simply, "on what you mean by ideas."

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The Value of Intelligence Tests

HERBERT SIDNEY LANGFELD

A MOTHER consults a psychologist about her son. The lad has not passed his examination and is in danger of being dismissed from the private school he is attending. The mother would like to know whether the boy has the ability to do the work but lacks incentive, or whether he is dull. The school examinations have shown that obviously he has not mastered his lessons, but they have not revealed the real cause of his failure.

Of two boys of the same age and in the same class in school one studies all his free time, the other hardly ever looks at his books. They both get the same grade in the final examination, let us say, in mathematics. What does this grade really mean? What is the boy, who had only glanced at his lessons, capable of doing?

One more little tragedy in education. A hardworking teacher finds that at the end of the term her pupils do not average as high in their examination marks, as do the pupils of the same school grade under another teacher. What is the true reason for this? Is she a poor teacher? Or does she by chance happen to have an unusually large number of stupid pupils? She may suspect the latter by their general reaction, but she has no proof. They may look stupid, but then it is not easy to tell the degree of intelligence, even approximately, from their facial expressions. Imbeciles have been judged from their photographs to be bright, and bright children to be imbeciles, by intelligent educators.

It is such problems which inspired the French investigator Alfred Binet to devise a scale for measuring native ability. For it is obvious that if one can determine what the child is actually capable of doing one has a starting point for the adequate handling of cases such as the above. Binet was primarily interested in determining the levels of intelligence of the individual child. For this purpose he arranged a small group of questions for each age up to twelve years. These problems were selected after he had determined that they could be answered by the majority of children of the age for which they were intended. He thus constructed a mental scale by which he could ascertain the child's "mental age". If, for example, a child answers the questions up to and through the twelve-year group, he is given the mental age of twelve. This figure is then divided by the chronological age and the result is called the intelligent quotient. The child of ten who passes the ten-year group receives a quotient of unity, or as it is expressed, an intelligent quotient of 100, which means he conforms in intelligence to the average of his age. If he passes the twelve-year group, one divides 10 into 12, which gives 1.2, or an intelligent quotient of 120. Such a child may be considered somewhat above normal. An intelligent quotient of 60, which the child of ten would obtain if he only passed the six-year group, would class him as subnormal.

When these tests were first used in America, it was found that certain parts of the scale were inadequate. The tests were therefore improved, and this new form was called the Stanford Revision of the Binet tests. They have been extensively used throughout the country. By means of them it has been possible to determine whether a child is normal, subnormal, or superior. In many schools these three classes of students are no longer subjected to the same form of instruction. Uniformity of methods has given way to special treatment of individual cases to the great advantage of all three classes. And further, the tests give us some indication of what the pupil will be able to achieve in the future. The reason we can obtain this result from the tests is because it has been found that the intelligent quotient, or the child's mental age divided by his chronological age, will remain about the same from year to year. In other words, if a child has an intelligent quotient of 100 at six years of age, one can predict that he will have about the same rating at all subsequent ages. Much has been made of this fact, for it seems to prove that the tests do actually determine native en

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dowment, and that no matter how much schooling the child has the fortune to obtain, the preordained rate of his intellectual progress will not change. Recent investigations, however, seem to show that the amount of schooling does have an effect upon the intellectual quot ent as determined by existing tests. Among the many investigations which have been made, was one upon canal boat and gypsy children in England, — classes of children who are very irregular in their school attendance. It was found that there was a certain relation between the intelligent quotient and the number of weeks of schooling.

It is also strongly suspected that the mental age is to some extent dependent upon the physiological maturity of the child. Some children mature physiologically more rapidly than others and it is quite likely that there is a correspondence between the rate of development of the organism and of the mind. Extensive researches on this problem are now in progress and we may expect within a few years to have some very valuable results on this phase of the problem.

It has been indicated by psychologists that different mental tests do not give the same scores when applied to the same individual and that, therefore, comparisons should not be made between the results of two different tests until the necesary corrections are made. Inasmuch as environmental conditions are also a determining factor, it is evident that we must be very cautious in comparing results made upon groups of individuals, who have been subjected to different influences, and possibly tested by different forms of tests. Children of the professional class will answer the questions differently from those of the laboring class. The habits of the children from the country are not the same as those from the city and their replies will be colored accordingly. Children who have had the advantage of schooling will be more likely to give the conventional and standardized replies of the schoolroom than will those who have grown up under more "natural" conditions.

Very interesting examples of this last fact can be drawn from the answers given by the gypsy and canal boat children. To the question, "What is the thing to do when you have broken something that belongs to someone else?" one child replied, "Get thrashed." The child must have had a religious training who replied to the question, "What is the thing to do if a boy hits you without meaning to?" with the answer, "Let him hit you on the other side of the face," and to the question, "What is the thing to do before beginning something very important?" with the answer "Pray." The child who responded to the question, "Why should we judge a person more by his actions than by his words?" with the statement, "Because he doesn't know what he is saying when he has had an accident," showed considerable cleverness and a certain knowledge of psychology.

In these instances the children have answered correctly according to their individual experiences, and yet they have not given conventional answers. Some latitude is of course granted to the examiner in evaluating such replies and that fact in turn implies that the examiner must be a person of good judgment; and it might also be added, with tact in handling the child. A timid pupil can be so frightened by an inexperienced examiner that he will fall below his actual age.

Knowledge of the language also necessarily influences the score and such knowledge is a matter of training and opportunity as well as natural capacity. A very pretty example of the effect which an inadequate knowledge of the language and a lack of opportunity to pick up what seems to us to be common information will have upon mental test scores is seen in the results of a survey which has recently been made in the Philippines upon the native children. The Filipinos were given various kinds of mental tests and it was found that the average Filipino fell below the average American child in the States. When the results of the different parts of the tests were examined separately, however, it was found that in the tests which depended most upon language and information the difference between Filipinos and American children was greatest. As a knowledge of these two elements decreased in importance the scores of the Filipinos approached the scores of the Americans, and in the tests consisting of arithmetical problems which obviously involved language and general informa-

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tion least, and reasoning most, the Filipinos did exactly as well as the American children. It is evident, therefore, how palpably unfair it would have been to have concluded from the gross scores without further analysis that the Filipinos are mentally below American pupils.

At the present time several investigators are devising non-language tests. The material is all graphically represented and the pictures so far as possible contain only such objects and scenes as are familiar to all races. The instructions are given in pantomime, so they can be understood by everyone with sufficient intelligence to apprehend the meaning of gestures. The student is also allowed to do a preliminary series of tests before taking the main test in order to acquaint him with the situation and put him on an equal footing with a student who may possibly have been coached. These tests have been standardized upon a very large number of people of all ages, and there seems every likelihood that they will overcome at least some of the objections which have just been mentioned in regard to our present tests.

It is admitted, however, that in the present stage of development of tests, they are of the greatest value when they are used for comparative purposes on children who are of the same environment and who have had approximately the same advantages. If these factors are not constant, due allowance must be made in evaluating the results. And it should be emphasized again that where the child's intelligent quotient or mental age is concerned, its physiological age or physical growth should also be taken into account. If your child has been given a mental test and has been assigned a certain mental age, you can accept this result as an approximate index of the child's ability, or at least as highly suggestive, but not as the unequivocal result of a fool-proof method.

II

At the present time there is considerable interest in the use of intelligence tests in connection with college entrance examinations. There is very little doubt in the minds of most educators that the old form of essay examinations is not entirely satisfactory, and needs supplementation. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the essay examination lays too much emphasis upon memory; secondly, and this follows from the foregoing, it does not test sufficiently the reasoning power of the candidate; thirdly, it offers too much encouragement to tutoring and cramming and therefore frequently does not select the men who are best fitted for college work; and fourthly, it is difficult to mark with fairness to all candidates. And it should be added that at the bottom of the minds of the advocates of the tests there is of course the hope that they will measure more accurately than do the ordinary examinations the native ability of the students.

Space does not permit our taking up these different points in detail, but it might be stated that in regard to the accuracy in marking, it is perhaps not always realized how much the grades sometimes vary with different examiners. A final examination paper was marked by 142 English teachers in as many high schools and the marks varied from 64% to 98%. A final examination in American history was marked by 70 history teachers. One assigned it 43%, another, 90%, 1 marked it 80% or above, and 12 below 55%. A final examination in geometry was scored by 114 mathematics teachers; 1 marked it 53% or below, and 12, 83% or above.

The intelligence tests that are used in the colleges are modeled after the army tests. They consist of a series of questions and problems ranging from simple tests of ability to follow instructions accurately to more exacting tasks which demand a higher degree of logical thinking. The individual is expected to answer as many of the questions as possible and is marked according to the number of correct answers. By means of this total score it is possible to compare his attainment with that of the other members of the group and to give him a relative standing among them. The main advantage of these tests over the Binet, aside from the fact that they can be used on pupils of more advanced years, is that a large number of students can be examined at one time.

A number of colleges and universities are now using intelligence tests to supplement other forms of examinations. The authorities for the most part, however, realize that such testing is still in an experi

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imental stage. They also know that even though the tests should be perfected, what the tests measure is only one factor upon which to base one's prognostication of success. Industry, perseverance, moral principles, and all the other traits which make up what we are wont to call character, are of equal importance, for the selection of students for colleges or employees for business firms. A student of average intelligence with strong purpose and excellent moral habits is vastly more valuable to the community, and therefore more deserving of the advantages of higher education, than the one who heads the list intellectually, but shirks his responsiblities.

A description of the manner in which intelligence tests are being used at Princeton University under the direction of Professor Carl Brigham will give an idea of the possibilities which they offer. For several years all incoming freshmen have been given a specially arranged mental test. The score from this test has been combined with the grade from the college entrance examination, with the school record, and with the age of the student. The final score from this combination is called the student's "bogie" or index of capacity. This score, as well as each score separately, has been compared with the student's attainment at the end of the various years. It has been found that the combined score has better prognostic value as to the student's future standing than any one of the scores separately. The intelligent score alone gave better results than age alone, slightly poorer results than school records and about the same as the college entrance examination. It was very clear, however, that no one score should replace the others, but rather that each should supplement the other three. It was also found that the further the student advanced in college the less agreement there was on the average between "bogie" and actual standing in the class. This lack of agreement is caused by the fact that so many factors other than capacity influence the student's standing, such as outside activities, lack of interest or perseverance, ill health, etc., and that these factors have an increasing or what one might call a "compounding" effect as the student advances toward graduation. The authorities, therefore, have been able, in many instances, to determine by comparison of the "bogie" with the student's standing, whether the student was working up to his fullest capacity, In cases where the "bogie" was much higher than the student's college grades, the authorities had concrete evidence that the student was college timber, but that he needed stronger motivation in his work. They were then able by judicious encouragement to stimulate the student to do better academic work.

In conclusion it may be stated that intelligence tests are sufficiently far developed to have been adopted by the College Entrance Examination Board and a committee of psychologists with Professor Brigham as chairman has been appointed to administer them. Many of the colleges are requiring their candidates to take these tests in addition to the regular examination, while others are for the present merely advising them to take them. The committee will have a vast amount of material which they can analyze, and they will be in a position to compare their results with the future success of the candidates; that is to say, they will be able to test their tests in a more thorough manner than ever before, and to improve them on the basis of the knowledge thus gained. It seems, therefore, that we have in this situation a means of deciding definitely within a few years the true value of "intelligence" examinations.

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Wilhelm Hohenzollern

A Biography by Emil Ludwig

Translation by Ethel Colburn Mayne

SECOND INSTALMENT—"TOO SOON"

SUDDENLY a prodigious hope dawned for the Prince.

When in the March of 1887 all Germany was flocking round the old Emperor, now concluding the fabulous ninth decade and approaching centenarianism, the Crown Prince, in the delivery of his speech, showed signs of hoarseness. A week later the courtiers were whispering the word of terror in the anterooms. By May the trouble in the throat had gone so far that six German physicians met in consultation, each a renowned specialist, among them Virchow and Bergmann, already, as Liberals, familiar figures in the sick man's household. Though Virchow's opinion was undecided, they resolved to try laryngotomy; that is to say, the external operation on the throat, attended with no risk either to life or articulation, which at the worst may render the voice rough and husky. The operation was to take place on the twenty-first of May, the patient and his consort fully acquiescing. Bergmann in particular, who was to operate, hoped much from Frederick William's constitution; moreover, statistics showed seventy per cent in favor of success.

The Last of the Kaisers
From a Drawing by Johan Bull

On the evening of the twentieth, there arrived at the Palace of Potsdam Sir Morell Mackenzie, a prominent English specialist, not very highly esteemed by the majority of his colleagues, but whose work was not unknown to Germans. With him stepped Fate into the House of Hohenzollern.

Ever since William's unhappy birth, Victoria had stubbornly clung to the nonsensical idea that the German physicians were to blame for her son's disability. This *idée fixe* induced her, — so all her surviving friends agree, — to underline her distrust of German therapeutics by calling in an Englishman for her husband. And since it was owing solely to his erroneous treatments of the patient that premature death ensued and thus Prince William's accession was duly brought about; the most grievous political consequences are indirectly but indissolubly connected with that misfortune of his one paralyzed arm. So, as in a classical tragedy, do we watch this doomed dynasty, and with it the German people, move under the terrible hand of Necessity from one snare of the Olympian powers to the next; and with passionless logic there follows upon an apparently trivial oversight at the birth of a Prince the darkening of his counsels, the premature death of his father, his too-early accession, and everything which, resulting therefrom, endangered the security of millions of men.

Mackenzie, after his first brief investigation, pronounced that the trouble was not malignant, that the operation would be dangerous and superfluous, and maintained to Victoria and the German physi

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cians — and a few days afterwards to other persons — that he could "definitely cure the Crown Prince in six or eight weeks, if he will come with me to my clinic in England like an ordinary mortal." Upon this, the patient withdrew his consent to the operation. The removal of a single specimen of tissue by the Englishman caused injuries to the larynx, which the German doctors attributed to maladroit handling.

The abandonment of the operation undoubtedly resulted in aggravation of the cancer, and death in the course of a year. The result of a timely operation would in all probability have been survived for years, possibly for decades — thus setting another man on the throne of Prussia, and with him, another course of policy. In their official statements to the nation, after the death of the sufferer, two physicians wrote as follows:

Professor Gerhardt: "No statistics are adequate to measure the probability, in this individual case, of a permanently favorable issue. For in no other was the disease so early perceived — I might go so far as to say, while actually in germ. The physical condition of the illustrious patient was the best imaginable; every kind of prophylactic was present or procurable."

Professor Bergmann: "The operation which we proposed was no more dangerous than that for inserting a tube, which in any event, if our diagnosis of cancer was correct, the Crown Prince would undoubtedly have had to undergo in course of time. Thus what we had proposed was nothing more than would sooner or later have become inevitable."

At the same time Bismarck wrote in his unmistakable style an article in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung;* the purport of which was that Mackenzie now declared that he too had quite clearly recognized the disease from the first, but that the Crown Prince had confided to him that he did not wish to be pronounced incurable, but on high moral and practical grounds desired to reign for a short time. A perversion of the truth! There existed no constitutional law whereby incurable disease excluded the heir-apparent from the throne of Prussia. "On the other hand, he gave us clearly to understand that he would not assume the sceptre if it were established beyond question that he was incurably attacked by cancer; which was in accordance with his fine unselfish way of thinking. As this was known, it became the object of those who, for motives over which we had no control, desired to bring the Emperor Frederick, even though incapacitated for government, to the throne — it became their object to deceive the exalted patient as to his condition. It is now established beyond question that an unimportant English physician of Radical political opinions took upon himself to play the Privy-councillor, and to interfere directly in the history of the German nation."

Bismarck's Indictment

By this semi-official declaration Bismarck, before all the world, displayed his old enemy Victoria as nothing less than the indirect cause of the premature death of her husband; he plainly hinted that she preferred to be the widowed Empress rather than the wife of an abjuring Prince, the victim of cancer. Her character, and her behavior during the illness, lend some color to this view of her ill-considered proceedings. It is true, that external pressure was brought to bear on her; and Bismarck himself details the English influences, wholly beyond his control, which urged the necessity of keeping the Crown Prince available for the succession, because his anti-Russian views were of infinite value to England. But we must do Victoria the justice to say that she was certainly no tigress, but much the reverse — an emotional, affectionate woman; and therefore not to be blamed for hoping against hope that her husband's life might be saved.

She stands indicted, nevertheless, for serious indiscretion. She summons from her native land an undistinguished physician, simply because she attributes a shortcoming of Nature to the physicians of the land she has adopted. Or did she wish, in love and sympathy, to conceal his doom from her husband? On that supposition she should have sought, before the German doctors gave their opinion, to forbid their utterance of the fatal word; even that attempt, though condemned to failure, would have saved her in the eyes of posterity. If the Englishman spoke the truth, the Crown Prince then, for the

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first time in his life, came to a decision alone and in secret, hiding from his consort that whereon for thirty years their mutual hopes had centred. But since the doctor described himself as "the confidant of both Their Highnesses", how much more likely was he to be hers, who had caused her countryman to be instructed beforehand in London, who was the first to speak with him at Potsdam, causing her wishes to be known, or at any rate perceived! And had she not really something to fear from her own son, if he, whom for so long she had morally ill-treated, should come to power before she did?

Queen Victoria's Jubilee

The course of events, moreover, sustains Bismarck's indictment. Through all that year Victoria maintained the fiction that the Crown Prince was only slightly ailing, that he was better, that he would soon be well — not only by numerous despatches and protests to the public at large, whom on political grounds there was perhaps good reason to delude; but with her personal friends and with her children she acted this part for thirteen months, during which her husband lay visibly failing beside her. Immediately after the fateful decision in June came her mother's Jubilee. Was she to be absent from that? And was her eldest Prince to sun himself in that reflected glory? No. And against the advice of her most trusted friends Victoria forces her suffering, already well-nigh voiceless husband to ride high upon his horse in the London procession, in the hope of silencing by this parade the whisperings of rumor.

During this English sojourn Mackenzie declined to permit any prolonged observation of the patient by Professor Gerhardt, and concealed the growth of the tumor from sufferer and physicians alike. "Whoever brought about the absence of Gerhardt, is responsible for the fatal turn of events," says Bergmann (whose documents in Buchholtz's biography we here follow). Then the English party prevented the Crown Prince's return to Berlin, and they wandered, unauthorized by Germany, from one Spa to another; yet when one considers the unremitting care shown by Victoria during all this time, one is again persuaded that she really thought it impossible that her husband could be suffering from cancer.

At the beginning of November, a sudden change for the worse; a sojourn at San Remo, decisive position taken up by the doctors, *communiqué* in the *Reichsanzeiger* that the heir to the throne is attacked by cancer; an operation is nevertheless not to take place, for the patient does not desire it, and moreover it is probably too late. "Prince William is entrusted with the Regency."

From this day forward the Prince's every nerve was strained. He was now in point of fact, Crown Prince; and had only to await the speedy departure of a nonagenarian, and a fatally stricken forerunner. And now the hatred of the parents for their son reached a commensurable intensity. Thirty years of waiting — and then, Nothingness! And this crude boy was to step into the vainly longed-for sovereignty like an idle stroller — not one hour of patience or of struggle! Frederick's Regent? Already he was looked upon as dead? "I am not yet an idiot, or incapable!" exclaimed the sufferer, when he heard of his relegation.

But soon afterwards, relapsing to the acceptation of his doom, his musings were on death and God alone. The lifelong patience he had practised he resolved to keep unto the end; and when a few days after the tidings, his eldest son arrived at San Remo, and the mother, standing on the steps, attempted to dismiss him, he perceived his father smiling to him from the terrace. Henceforth, in these his last moments, we shall see the Crown Prince's former arrogance but rarely blaze forth.

"Treated Like a Dog"

Victoria, on the contrary, was no less overwrought than her son. "The circumstances are enough to raise one's hair," was the Prince's account on his return; his mother was declaring the German doctors to be humbugs and trying to hunt them away; "she treated me like a dog." A high-placed officer, coming from San Remo, described her in Waldersee's presence as "nearly out of her mind. It is even thought that she is intriguing with Orleans against Berlin." But at Christmas she wrote home: "We were very cheerful, and indeed we had no reason for depression, for your father is getting on well. The only

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sad thing is the great age of your grandparents." How cold they are, these phrases! What must the youthful son, who indignantly showed them to his friend, have thought of woman's capacity for feeling when he read such a letter from his mother's hand?

The same tone in Berlin. While the people's prayers were requested for the heir-apparent's recovery, Society was dancing every night. Eulenburg depicts the general consternation at the change for the worse as prodigious; but the "Lucullus supper" at Borchardt's, where the conversation turned exclusively on the sufferer and on Victoria's shortcomings, "lasted from seven o'clock till midnight." Even his daughter Victoria danced through half the night, and declared: "It's all fuss about Papa."

Only the old, old Emperor cannot sleep. He never speaks of his son, but he thinks of him, feels himself deprived of his natural prop, and as he is just expecting a visit from the Tsar, repeats over and over again to himself, in the night-watches, the things he is to say and wants to say to him. "A dream in which the Tsar, with no one to receive him, stood waiting in the railway-station, distressed him so much that he frequently told us of it." Where is my son? the old man muses. Who will take my place? inquires his sense of duty, with its ninety years upon it. For he knows that the times are serious, that war and peace are once more in the balance.

Towards Christmas Bismarck for the first time brings the Prince into the Council-Chamber. In a circle round the ninety-yeared Emperor sit Moltke, eighty-seven; Bismarck, seventy-two; Albedyll, sixty-three; Waldersee, fifty-six; with them Prince William, slim and restless, a youth who to-morrow may be all-powerful. In the freshly critical situation the Emperor desires to hear his Councillors' opinion about the war on two fronts, begins to talk about old times, and how loth he would be to draw the sword against the Tsar: — "I said to him, 'If you were to make war upon us in alliance with France, you would be the stronger and could annihilate us. But, believe me, Europe would not suffer it to happen.'"

With silent consternation the circle hears these dangerous veracities from its supreme war-lord, reckoning the effect of such words at the Russian Court, where it is said that Prussia is feared. "I felt an icy shiver down my back," writes Waldersee. For the rest, the old man declares that if it comes to the worst he intends to go to the Western front. The gentlemen under eighty think "What absurdity!" "Go to war, with a nonagenarian Emperor, a dying Crown Prince, and a Field-Marshal of eighty-seven!"

The Emperor treats the Prince "like a child" and bids him not talk about the proceedings. What does the Prince learn from this conference?

Beat of Drums

When his father's disease declared itself, he began to brood feverishly: he seemed to hear the approach of distant beating drums, the drums of power. In those early days he opened his heart to his friend, who was staying with him; after he had listened to "Phili's" ballads, he took him into his "delightful bedroom," as the effeminate Eulenburg calls it, declared that the German doctors' diagnosis was correct, and spoke "gravely, but without any warmth of feeling. His father had always been a stranger to him, his mother is the Englishwoman hostile to the Fatherland; and his inheritance from that mother — a strong, inflexible will — now turns, in his devoted love for that Fatherland, against her to whom he owes its strength. I said to the Prince that the thought appalled me, that I held it to be an infinitely difficult task for so young a man to succeed the great old Emperor. The Prince was silent. His position is unalterably this . . . that the reign of the Crown Prince, that is to say, the Crown Princess, would mean the ruin of Germany."

Then, on the November evening of his return from San Remo, he talked very excitedly to the same friend about the question of the Regency, and when his brother Henry, who was whole-heartedly of the mother's party, vehemently opposed him, Prince William cried: "In any case it is very questionable if a man who cannot speak has any right whatever to become King of Prussia!" To his friend he said confidentially: "I am ready at any moment, I have thought out everything that I mean to do; at the decisive moment

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there's no time for thinking, so everything must be ready beforehand!" And when Eulenburg showed him, in his old castle, a screen on which the peoples were depicted as a mighty river flowing from antiquity to the Napoleonic era, William looked only at the little stream which represented Prussia, and said: "This shall be a very big one some day!" About the same time he said to Puttkammer when they were together at a shoot: "When *I* come in, I'll have no Jews in the Press;" and when the Minister happened to allude to the industrial ordinances: "Then we'll get rid of the industrial ordinances!"

How panting, burning, is the eager spirit! And how unbridled is the heartless impatience that anticipates the death of his two elders! Ignorant alike of the rights of subjects and of international affairs, yet firmly convinced of his vocation to be useful to his country,—so much too early called to power, he is well-nigh pathetic as, in contemplation of world-history, his young eyes gaze on only Prussia: "*This* shall be a very big one some day!"

And already everyone he encountered began the work of destroying him. Secretly, writes Lucius, "all observers constantly remark upon his immaturity, which at the age of twenty-nine is truly extraordinary." But to himself and his intimates, who might repeat it to him, everyone loudly extolled his "firm character, and great promise for the future. . . . The very people who had been intriguing about the Prince now see that he will soon be Emperor, and are all looking out for favors." His military rank, moreover, was prematurely enhanced by the impending crisis. At Christmas-time the old monarch was still refusing to promote his grandson, but later he yielded and made him a General on his twenty-ninth birthday. The Prince did not see that the order was instinct with distrust,— he saw only that he, so young, had got so far; and began to tell himself that the promotion naturally ensued from his own qualifications.

Eulenburg's Wiles

The friend of his heart did nothing to enlighten him, did everything to destroy him the sooner by his adulation, for the Prince read any letter from his hand with something approaching worship. And he read in them that Eulenburg's children had said "how divinely handsome" the Prince looked in uniform, and that his friend, who writes like a lover, had at the New Year's reception in Munich, surrounded by indifferent courtiers, "thought of Potsdam, of our sledge-drives, of our intimate companionship; and a sense of such ardent friendship came over me that suddenly I felt all the surrounding glitter as an unendurable affliction. How human is my nearness to you,— and how it torments me to think that the social gulf between us, now bridged by our friendship, must inevitably become even wider, even deeper, when the Imperial Crown is yours!"

Observe the tone,— the dulcet, idyllic tone,— which this expert in adaptability could use as cleverly as that of cynical brilliance in the society of older men; and always gracefully phrased, for every one of these letters, which he selected for his Memoirs after many decades had gone by, are very intimate and therefore were written by his own hand, no copies taken; he cites them from the rough drafts he had preserved. In between he advises his friend on high political matters, which his subtle pen contrived to mingle skilfully with dreamy fancies and gossip about things of art that they would not be tedious to the eager recipient.

That he was intent on his own advancement would be no bad mark against him, if he did not so continually represent himself as despising place and worldly advantages. He writes, on his appointment to be councillor to the Embassy: "I tell this to your Royal Highness in a spirit of pure friendship, because I know that it will give you pleasure to learn that I have obtained a position which will enable me to be of use to my beloved monarch, and the Fatherland,— and that is my best reward." Whereupon his friend promotes him to Ambassador.

Such was the nature of the man of whom Willliam said about this time to Hinzpeter: "My bosom friend Eulenburg, the only one I have!" Nowhere was there anyone to guide the Prince, to counsel him,— or even to warn him.

One man alone is incorruptible — him the Prince tries vainly to impress. When Eulenburg, all nervous agitation, visits the Prince on the "first night" of his romantic drama, he finds him,— who in

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the November of 1887 is intent on having everything ready beforehand,—bent over the rough draft of a proclamation to the German Princes for the day of his accession. Instead of hindering this literary labor, he (by his own account) edits it for his friend. His friend sends it to Bismarck:

"I venture herewith to forward to your Serene Highness a paper which, in view of the not impossible contingency of the early or sudden demise of the Emperor and my father, I have drawn up. . . . It is a brief edict to my future colleagues, the German Princes of the Empire."

As it might not be agreeable to these princes to be subjected to so young a master, they must be left no time for brooding on the change. So it is my idea that . . . this proclamation should be deposited, sealed, in every Embassy, and in the event of my accession be at once handed by the Ambassadors to their respective Princes." He hopes that the old uncles will not put a spoke in their dear young nephew's wheel . . . "As between nephew and uncle I can easily attach these gentlemen by various little attentions. And when I have once shown them the sort of man they have to deal with, and got them under my thumb, they will obey me the more good-humoredly. For obey me they must!"

This is the first constitutional effort of Prince William's brain, and also the first document approved and edited by Eulenburg. No one will ever know what cynical comment Bismarck may have made to his son, as he perused the tactless, ignorant pages. Nor did they come alone.

He Smiles

Immediately upon them followed a second composition, concerned with various socialistic activities of the Prince to which he thought that Bismarck was opposed: "My veneration, high as it is cordial, and my heartfelt attachment to Your Serene Highness . . . I would be torn limb from limb rather than put my hand to anything which could embarrass you . . . this would—I mean *should*—be sufficient guarantee." If war should come "you will not forget that here a hand and sword are ready, those of a man who is very conscious that Frederick the Great is his ancestor . . . and for whom his ten years strenuous military training has not been altogether in vain! For the rest "A Hohenzollern every time!" In most loyal friendship,

William, Prince of Prussia."

The old man subtly smiles. The more extravagant the superlatives of veneration, the more uneasy (he feels) is the Prince's conscience. Is he trying now to win him over by soft nothings? He gives himself six weeks before he answers the two letters with his own hand, for "my hand does not serve me so well for letter-writing as of old. Moreover, my answer had to be nothing less than an historical and political essay." He returns the proclamation to the Princes, "and would most respectfully advise that it be burnt without delay. . . . Even the single existing copy, which I kept most carefully locked up, may fall into the wrong hands." How much more dangerous would be some twenty copies! What would the Princes say on learning that the proclamation had been drawn up during the lifetime of reigning monarchs, and kept in readiness for their deaths? For the rest, he is there to protect their constitutional rights. "But I seek my surest support . . . in a monarch whose representative is resolved, not only diligently to coöperate with me in the work of government during times of peace, but likewise at more critical periods to choose, rather than yield, to die upon the steps of the throne, his sword within his hand, contending for his Royal rights." Then he ironically advises against any sort of participation in Christian-Socialist activities, and concludes with a cold acknowledgment of the "gracious confidence" shown him.

There he sits—the old man in his study at Friedrichsruh; it is January, the room is over-heated; he must drive his steel pen with his own hand as he writes his eight-page letter to his master's heir, for not even to his son did he dare to dictate it. And, sitting there, he has a moment of pure insight. He warns the Prince against levity and indolence; and suddenly he seems to see him stand before his eyes in a moment of awful crisis, menaced in his rights, in his throne, and tells him solemnly that he had better die contending than give in! Ominous words, written by Bismarck, then seventy-three, to William the Second, immediately be-

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fore his accession in the year of our Lord 1888. What was to be their effect?

Instead of hearkening, the Prince brings the correspondence to a sudden end. In social affairs, he replies, his desire is to concede so far as to dissipate all mistrust. "If this fails, then woe to them whom I command!" A new note, this: a sudden fanfaronade! Then a courtly conclusion, as it were a bow, a clinking of spurred heels together — but there is a threat implied, based on the right which soon is to be his, the right to command while others "obey" him.

Meanwhile the sick man pants for breath beside the Mediterranean Sea. The old Emperor has fainting-fits. When the Crown Prince seems like to suffocate on February 9th, and Mackenzie still refuses to operate, an adjutant at last has the courage to confront him angrily with: "If you do not get Bramann here," (Bergmann's assistant, always in readiness) "you shall be summoned before a court-martial!" After vehement contention between Bramann and the Crown Princess, the patient undergoes the operation for insertion of a tube, at which Bramann has to be both operator and anaesthetist, because Mackenzie is near to fainting and, as he said afterwards "more dead than alive".

Between the old man sinking and his son expiring there now begins the final race, — the last, the unseen, contest. Victoria trembles; "there is a strong current of popular feeling against her." She "scarcely seems a responsible being, so fanatically does she uphold the idea that her husband is not seriously ill." Prince William is beside himself, for he alone of all the children may not go to San Remo; he goes without warning, finds himself treated as in November, his mother demanding that he shall proceed to Rome, so as to confirm the better news of his father. Bismarck bids him come back.

"What a state we should all be in," — thus muses Waldersee, — "if the Emperor were now to be taken from us; the most horrible complications are indeed unavoidable. It is true that the Crown Prince cannot govern, but under pressure from his vehement consort he could do a lot of harm. And she, precisely because she knows that her rule must be a brief one . . . will seek to safeguard her future. The question is how far Prince William will suffer things to go." A few days later, the worst came to pass.

The Camp Bed

In his little room the old man lies upon his old camp bed, in a white jacket, with a red scarf round his neck; the Empress has been rolled in her chair to his bedside, members of the family and intimates are crowded into the narrow space; Prince William too stands near. The Emperor dies a soldier. In these last days of his life his fancy turns on war alone — war future and war past. "I am not afraid of war, if I am driven to it," he says as if to himself. He thinks he is talking to the Tsar: "I hope he won't break his word." Repeatedly they hear him speak of the war on two fronts; then of the Fourth Battalion and the tactics of the French. Now his mind recurs to the French campaign, but not the last one, which is scarce twenty years gone by; he is back at the War of Liberation; "and there he stopped. He spoke the names of several officers belonging to that period, who had been with him there."

When Bismarck hands him the order for prorogation of the Reichstag, and says the "W" will suffice, he answers with his old sense of duty: "I'll sign the full name," but he cannot quite manage it. Then suddenly he takes Bismarck, who is bending close to his ear, for his grandson, addresses him as if he were Prince William, and says: "I've always been pleased with you. You've done everything well."

With this arresting confusion of identities in favor of his grandson, the life of William the First comes to an end.

The Voiceless Emperor

"In my profound grief for my father, at whose death it was granted not to me, but to you, to be present, I make known on my accession my absolute reliance on your being a pattern to all others in loyalty and obedience."

With this ominous invocation to his son the moribund begins his reign as German Emperor. Simultaneously it is announced that the new Crown Prince is not to be entrusted with the Regency, but that the Ministry of State will be called upon, if necessary, to exercise that function. Not until the answer comes from Bismarck is

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it pointed out to him that in his hatred for his son he has sought to act unconstitutionally. The third day, on his homeward journey, he received Chancellor and Ministers at Leipzig. The proceedings are subdued, all the conversation is in writing; the entry to Berlin, of which he so long has dreamed, is voiceless as himself; and behind the corpse of his father, on the hour-long transit, it is not he that marches, but, — alone, in front of all the Princes, — his son William, the true inheritor.

With his strong sense of allegory and gesture William, now Crown Prince, feels that this progress through the Tiergarten, cutting across the dumbly saluting multitudes, is a symbol of succession. Not until the outlying Charlottenburg is reached does the son, through the closed windows, salute the dead father, — the grandson, the dying son.

In a little room at the Palace the Emperor Frederick receives the oath of allegiance from those nearest him; the Lord Chamberlain goes down upon one knee, the Ministers kiss the new master's hand, — even Bismarck. Before the King of Prussia his arrogance is subdued, — before him alone. The patina of conceptions old as time, the sense of dependence, long-implanted, ineradicable: these enforce that kiss upon the hand which seems a contradiction of his inmost being: it affronts his self-esteem in no wise, he feels like any knight. True, his old master had caught him in his arms, when on the seventieth birthday the Chancellor had bent to kiss hands; he of to-day accepts the gesture, savoring perhaps the pseudo-victory over his ancient foe with the ultimate vibrations of his failing energy.

But the contest is over; he knows himself to be a flame extinguished, and resigns all power to the dictator, — even extends that power, for his ideas confine themselves to trifles such as the doing-away with epaulettes after the English fashion, and one of his earliest questions is: Whose likeness shall we stamp on the new coins? And when he learns that they cannot be ready before Whitsuntide, it is observed by Lucius that he clasps his hands together with a woeful look, as though feeling that he will not live to see them. The first desires of this Liberal are to make new Barons, Counts, and Princes, so that Bismarck ironizes: "In order to remove the jealousy between the middle-classes and the nobility, the Emperor wanted to ennoble his entire people." When Bismarck himself is offered the title of Duke, and Herbert that of Prince, he urgently begs that this proposal be abandoned, and accounts for his disinclination with all his cynicism: "Why, if I had two million dollars, I would have made myself Pope!"

Beyond this playing at power, the Emperor had no strength to go. To the Minister Friedberg, of Jewish parentage, he gave the Black Eagle; but after at first refusing, he signed the Socialist Degrees, and yielded likewise on a European question. Then his desire was that the Battenberg Prince should come, in pursuance of the old English project, to Berlin for his betrothal to their daughter; Bismarck, however, who just then dared do nothing to offend Russia, wished to postpone the arrangement, and in his mortal weariness the sufferer at once gave in. "The consequence was a frightful scene between the Emperor and Empress."

So full of strife and hatred, so vibrant with convulsive reverberations, was the existence of this family, was the youth of William the Second.

The Old Spell-binder

But the old spell-binder now succeeded in winning over, in mastering, his deadly enemy. "I behave," he told Lucius "to the Empress like an enamored dotard." That is to say, he put so much money in the excited woman's pocket that she never opposed him. Even the earliest days of her home-coming rustled with official papers: first, she made "exorbitant claims for her jointure"; then was enraged because the old Emperor had remembered his grandsons, but not his granddaughters, in his will; and most of all because he had left his entire private fortune, — the twenty-two millions marks he had saved in trust for the family, thus making it ungetatable. Confusion and distraction ruled the day. Bismarck found a way out: the will did not speak of a trust, but of a "Crown-Treasure", as administrating the property. Legal opinion pronounced: "The son has power of disposal." He at once made it over in equal parts to his wife and children. With these eleven millions, which Bismarck, according to other legal

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opinions, could have sequestrated from Victoria, he broke down her opposition.

Thus were her revenues assured. Her honors were less so. There could be no question of a Coronation, and so the Englishwoman revived an Old-Prussian custom — that of the Mourning-Court, at which she presided solely in order to savor for once in her life the homage of the first men and women in the Kingdom. Waldersee "was close to the throne as she approached it . . . she tried to assume a regal bearing, flung her head back, and took the two steps not slowly, but as it were at a leap. Despite the black veil, from my sidelong viewpoint I could get a good look at her face; and reading it, my impression was that she reveled in being the centre of attention."

Bismarck let her have her own way. Although he admired the Emperor's endurance, and reviled the roughness of the English doctors and nurses, he forbore to intervene. "If everything I am told is true, and not exaggerated, it would take a Royal Commission to protect the Emperor against the Empress." With wine and other stimulants she had him strung up to make public appearances, at the conclusion of which he would utterly collapse; when a tent was pronounced needful for the asthmatic man to sleep in, she made him wait until an English pattern came from over the sea. When Mackenzie, who would use only his own tube, one day anxiously summoned Bergmann to Potsdam, the latter found the Emperor suffocating. "In a few minutes the danger was removed by the insertion of the tube I had brought with me." Against the doctor's wishes, Victoria about this time obliged the invalid to drive in state to Berlin; finally, three weeks before his death, he was forced to attend a wedding in Charlottenburg, where those sitting near him in the Chapel could see and hear his piteous gasps for breath. "When he stood up, his tense bearing betrayed a fearful strain . . . then the Emperor left the Chapel in three long strides. About a quarter of an hour later the guests saw him going by in an invalid-chair . . . he was in plain dress, utterly collapsed."

During these Hundred Days the hostility to the son mounted still higher; but this in itself contributed to strengthen his position. When in the early weeks there was again talk of his Regency, the attempt was frustrated, "because the wish to injure their son is clearly evident." But when the father, whom the son was scarcely even allowed to see, was obliged from sheer impotence to capitulate, the heir felt himself strong enough to make conditions. As the Liberal group, which reckoned on Frederick, was a small one, all hopes were increasingly fixed on the Crown Prince; and the consciousness of this liberated in him only too much of the mother's imperiousness and self-will inherited from her own mother, and now active in her son.

After all that he had undergone, and still had to undergo, in his home-life, no one can wholly blame the young man for the cold-heartedness of his anticipation, when walking up and down with his intimates, he merely observed: "It's quite a good thing that my father has reigned for a while before me;" then talked circumstantially of formalities and persons, precisely as his father had just been doing; and when Waldersee, unusually disturbed by such indifference, urged him to implore his father's blessing, the Prince replied: "Oh, I have *that* all right. . . . But my mother will never let me be alone with him."

"It Would Have Been Better"

About this time he said to his mother himself: "It would have been a good thing if Papa had been killed at Worth." (Which was nineteen years ago.)

"But, William, do you think nothing of the happiness he has had all the time, that I, that we all, have had?"

"No, — even so, it would have been better." It is not lovable, but it is comprehensible, in a Prince who had had little happiness from his father in those twenty years, and who moreover liked other people to die in romantic circumstances.

The invalid took a good turn; but the heir to the throne, with power coming ever nearer to his grasp, got haughtier every day. He gave Herbert Bismarck an appointment at the Palace for a quarter to two; when the latter drove in "at two minutes past the three-quarters, the Crown Prince drove past him, saluting," having left a message to say that he had to inspect his Hussars, and would His Excellency be at the Potsdam Station at ten

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minutes past five. So that their business would have had to be transacted in, at the most, three minutes. Then, at the station, to Herbert: "I have no time to read documents." Herbert was not only Secretary of State, but had been for years his intimate friend; never before would the Prince, who had drunk deep with him through many a night, have dismissed him in a minute or two. But now, the Emperor's representative, he was a prey to the old uncertainty, he affected the overdriven young ruler, and with barely a word of apology, went on after a casual salutation.

This avoidance of the son was aimed indirectly at the father; the Crown Prince declared that he would give Bismarck no voice in military matters, "and I think that the good Herbert sets some value on the preservation of my friendship." On the Chancellor's birthday Prince William compared the situation to that of a storming regiment — "Their leader has fallen, the next in command, though severely wounded, yet rides fearlessly on." These words put the invalid beside himself; he wrote his son a savage letter.

All this was in April. In May, when his father was on the point of death, the son went further still, — he began to interfere in foreign affairs as well. Bismarck infuriated him, for when the Crown Prince took to covering the documents with marginal notes, as Frederick the Great had been wont to do, the Chancellor begged him to desist, because such remarks had to be registered, and this obstructed business. Then in an official communication, edited by Waldersee, the Crown Prince warned the Chancellor against Russia: "Doubtless if at Versailles we had deprived France of her fortresses and her fleet we should not now be menaced by this dual danger." "That," continues the writer, administering a judicial censure to the old statesman, "that was, from a military point of view, mistaken, though from a political one . . . at the moment, the right course"; but since then the two neighbors had cherished aggressive intentions against Germany. In this communication, "I consider that I am offering most necessary aid towards the conduct of a pacific policy . . . William, Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia." Over this signature Bismarck's pencil wrote in large letters the five cryptic words: "It would be unfortunate, if —"

Here we have it, issue joined already. The Crown Prince, Regent only in current affairs and not empowered either in this instance or a constitutional one to intervene at all, no longer clothes his communications, as before, in the respectful interrogatories; he designates his aid as "necessary"; yes, but the old statesman appends to the swaggering official signature a dark saying wherein he discloses all that he appears to conceal.

The Emperor, remote from these contentions, was dying daily. Two weeks before the end he went with Victoria to Potsdam, their old home. There he had been born, there their young married life had first flowered; and now, at the end of his course, an emaciated figure, voiceless, his face gone to nothing, his breath febrile; in possession of a crown for which the waiting had been too prolonged, and which he must renounce all hope of wearing — *now* the Emperor Frederick rechristens the New Palace with the name of "Friedrichskron." . . . Shortly before, the old Queen had come over from England, desirous to guard her daughter's rights and look after her own; the son-in-law wrote her his welcome on a sheet of paper; she troubled him but little; he sat at the window and heard the multitudes gather round the Palace gates. His daily written question was of the official reports of his state; he was particularly touched by the sympathetic comments in the French newspapers. Once he had his horses brought into the garden, and tried to feed them.

Up to the last days Victoria played her chosen part; at the end of May she was still denying that it was cancer. Two days before his death, when the Palace and all Germany were expectant of the end, the mother and son had a "violent scene"; she would not suffer him to go near his father.

On the day before the Emperor died, Bismarck appeared at the Palace; Victoria led him into the sick man's room. He knew them both, and with a last effort of will joined their hands and held them closely together with both his own. "To whom in the world," — so felt the dying man, — "shall I entrust her? My life is over; now she will have enmity around her. This

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man here is the most powerful of all, let come what may; upon him she shall build." Not a sign that he wished to see, to bless, or even to admonish the heir to his crown. Bismarck was the last to receive Frederick's confidence, — the only man to whom he would entrust his much-loved consort.

Scarcely had the two left his room before it was the old story: steel upon steel. Victoria declared that she required a castle on the Rhine as her jointure-house, — that her son would have to consent. "But it must be a house," she added, while her husband's dying gasps could be heard through the door, "where I can pull down and build and arrange to my own taste, without consulting the Home Secretary." Bismarck, for his own part, though he was moved, said to an intimate: "I can't go in for sentimental politics just now." He went to the future Emperor, found him "very rational", and made his own principles of action clear to him. When, in the forenoon of the following day, he was communicating all this to the assembled Ministers, there came tidings of the end.

Frederick's Death

For twenty-four hours the Palace had been, — according to an eye-witness, Robert von Dohme, the Emperor Frederick's friend, — filled with hitherto unseen officers, who demanded quarters and rations; then, some hours before the end, the new Master of the Household hastened to promulgate the new ruler's orders: "No one in the Palace, including the doctors, to carry on any correspondence with the outside. . . . If any of the doctors attempts to leave the Palace, he will be arrested." Dohme asked the old Master of the Household, already superseded, if the codicil regarding the Empress' inheritance, and above all the assignment of the sum for the landed property she desired, were in safe hands; "fortunately Seckendorf had them in his desk; otherwise it would have been too late."

Shortly after eleven, death having but just occurred, the scene was thus transformed; it was as though a monarch had been murdered, and his hostile successor, long prepared, had seized upon the newly-acquired authority. "Divisions of militia-battalions approached the Palace at the double; round all the terraces was a regular system of armed guards. Major von Natzmer, one of the intruders of the night before, sat already mounted, and the moment death was announced, he galloped round the palace, giving orders, inspecting guards. Suddenly the Hussars appeared at a trot; divisions established themselves at all the gates of the Park; the Palace was, in the military sense, hermetically sealed." The doctors decided to summon Virchow to a post-mortem, and when the Surgeon-General was about to convey the despatch, the guard on the terrace ordered him to "Halt!" on pain of arrest. Anyone who wished to leave the Palace had to have a permit from the new master's aide-de-camp; telegrams had to bear his visa.

Thus everyone, — the doctors, the brothers and sisters, and even the mother of the new Emperor, — was his prisoner. Vainly did the mother appeal to the young Empress; her son, suspecting that State-papers had for weeks been going to London, now stood sentry over the Palace in whose midst lay the dead Emperor.

For summoning of clergy, for a family-gathering, there was no time that day. "In the dead man's room . . . no ceremonial, no service . . . no thought of the religious aspect." The son, that he might indict his mother and grandmother, ordained the post-mortem; it ratified the German diagnosis of thirteen months before. He himself walked up and down the Park with Waldersee, again conversing of individuals. Soon afterwards he was handed a sealed envelope, which by tradition had to be delivered to every King of Prussia upon his accession; it contained an adjuration from Frederick William IV to all his successors, calling upon them to abrogate at once a form of government which had been wrung from him by force. The new Emperor burnt the document. Was he so profoundly convinced of his duty to protect that form of government that he would fain keep from *his* successors any cognizance of the dead monarch's wish?

Even before the funeral, the son demolished the wish of his father's heart. "In case," that father had written in his will, on the twelfth of April, "in case I am . . . summoned hence, I wish to have set in evidence as my unbiased personal opinion

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that I entirely acquiesce in the betrothal of your second sister to the . . . Prince Alexander of Battenberg. I charge you as a filial duty with the accomplishment of this my desire, which your sister Victoria for so many years has cherished in her heart . . . I count upon your fulfilling your duty as a son by an exact attention to my wishes, and as a brother by not withdrawing your coöperation from your sister. Your affectionate Father." Two days after his father's death, the son not only broke off the engagement, in which proceeding he had Bismarck's veto to appeal to, but in his letter of apology to Battenberg he pointedly alluded to "the profound conviction previously held by my late deceased grandfather and father"; this, solely because the marriage was the wish of his mother's heart.

"With Unprecedented Haste"

"With unprecedented haste" the funeral was organized. The dead man was clad in his uniform; foreign princes were not invited, and while the Chapel was being decorated, the coffin stood among the hammering workmen like a tool-chest. At the entombment, the short path to the church was guarded by troops. "The troops were dignified, the clergy were laughing and chattering. Field-Marshal Blumenthal, with the Standard over his shoulder, staggering about, talking, — it was horrible."

The populace was not allowed to come near. Nor did the new ruler remember his people in his maiden proclamations: on the first day went forth an Army and a Navy Order, long prepared and needing only to have the hour of his father's death filled in; the tone was somewhat overvirile, concluding with: "Thus we belong to each other — I and the Army — we were born for each other and will cleave indissolubly to each other, whether it be the Will of God to send us calm or storm. You will soon swear fealty and submission to me, and I promise ever to bear in mind that from the world above the eyes of my forefathers are upon me, and that I shall have one day to stand accountable to them for the glory and honor of the Army."

Foreign lands were startled: though the new ruler might have warlike intentions, it was surely inconceivable that he would appear in arms on the opening day of his reign! As the situation had for some time been threatening, the tone of foreign newspaper comments was uneasy. But the Emperor was not thinking of war when he wrote all this; he was thinking only of the Guards, the officers, the General Staff; for the thousandth time he was feeling, and more keenly than ever before, the eyes of all his soldiers fixed upon him, — would a critical glance fall on his arm? Would anyone notice how he passed the reins over? And so he was fain to draw on them the tighter, — reins of the horse and reins of the Government; "hard-bitten," that was to be the first impression when that night his earliest Imperial utterance should be discussed in clubs and messes, and next morning be recited in countless barrack-yards to the sound of the trumpet.

Three days later, he did remember his people. All proclamations "he wrote himself, rejecting any one else's suggestions." In that to his people he led off again with his father's glorious victories, but continued: "Summoned to the throne of my fathers, it is with eyes raised to the King of Kings that I assume the sceptre, and I vow before God to be to my people a just and merciful Prince, to do all things in piety and godly fear, to keep the peace, to promote the welfare of the country, to be a succorer of the poor and oppressed, a faithful guardian of the right. . . . Upon this fealty . . . I count, and count well knowing that with all my heart I shall requite it, as the loyal sovereign of a loyal people, both unwavering in their devotion to their common Fatherland."

Germany heard these fine phrases, and was pleased. Many asked: "Is this a religious Prince, with his frequent appeals to God?" He was, in his way; for when here, and in countless future discourses, he appealed to his forefathers in heaven, who were looking down upon him, — that represented his genuine belief. "Take my faith from me, and you take my King," said Bismarck, though his was a much more complex faith than William's, and it was only through the medium of love that he, who had been a pronounced atheist, became a believer. The source is identical to both: Bismarck thus reconciled a subject's loyalty with his personal pride; William thus justified his regal arrogance; Bismarck's kiss upon the hand of his sovereign would have been impossible to

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him without the belief in a divinely-appointed order, wherein he, for all his limitless self-esteem, came only second. William, as a Christian, could interpret that kiss, could interpret the power and the glory that were his, by the same means alone, — that of a God-given order.

Unwittingly he misconstrued Charlemagne's reverential title of Dei Gratia Imperator, reversing its import; and while that Emperor of the past, kneeling to his God, thus read the meaning of his posture before Him to whom he owed all earthly power, this Emperor of the present, beholding men upon their knees before himself held this to be so because he was ruler by the Grace of God. His overweening disposition, inherited from both parents, uncorrected by a sensible education, aggravated by the oppressions of his youth, inborn and ever guilelessly revealed, — this had a double use for God, and one use was a wrong use: God was his shield against the megalomania which might have made him claim equality with pagan deities; but likewise against his people and those fellow-creatures, one and all, who were not born like him to Kingship, and so were not like him endowed with authority by God. His life long, William the Second felt like a king of antiquity, who was High Priest as well, literally mediator between God and People; and from this consciousness he drew the most far-reaching inferences, especially with regard to Kingdom and Republics.

Dazzling as never before in the history of Prussia shone by his orders, a week later, the *Weisser Saal* in the Palace at Berlin. He had had the Palace-Guard dressed in the uniform of Frederick the Great's time; the Knights of the Black Eagle were bidden to appear in the scarlet mantles, so that he could wear one himself. Bismarck, who had refused to don this mantle, marched in his Cuirassier's uniform at the head of the Federal Council (*Bundesrat*), who "followed him like lambs"; and when all were assembled he went himself to summon the Emperor, thus playing Master of the Household for the day. Enter the court-pages in their black knee-breeches, with knots of crape at the knees; then the Insignia of State, then Moltke alone, then the Emperor, in a long flowing crimson mantle, — no soldier, we perceive, but a legendary King.

Most grave he was, his head bent ceremoniously; and soon "he had another very effective gesture when the Chancellor handed him the King's Speech. He grasped it, set his helmet on his head with a vigorous hand, and flung his mantle back; then, from his full height, he scanned the dumbly expectant audience.' That was the great moment; he had been awaiting it through all the week. Now he began to read, at first indistinctly, delivering the phrases jerkily and laboriously: "though the silence was like death he could scarcely be heard." But gradually his voice obeyed him, he was speaking more fluently when he came to the most important passage, that in which Bismarck sought to redeem the rhodomontade of the first army order by a doubly emphasized pacific tone.

"Me"

In this first of ceremonial hours his opposition to Bismarck was unmistakably made clear, though they were Bismarck's own words that he was reciting, for, records the younger Moltke, "when he came to the passage: 'I am resolved to keep the peace with everyone, so far as in *me* lies' he uttered the word 'Me' on a note of such resonant beauty that it ran over the entire audience like an electric spark: there was so much in it, — the full consciousness of sovereignty, and with that ring as it were of warning: 'But woe to him who shall dare to offend me,' an extraordinary sense of power and self-reliance made itself felt in that single word, so that there was a general shout of rapturous applause." The only skeptic at this moment was the author of the phrase, for Bismarck had made the speaker continue: "My love for the German Army . . . shall never tempt me to disturb the tranquillity of the country, unless war is irremediably forced upon us by aggression. . . . Far be it from me to use this strength for aggressive purposes. Germany needs neither warlike glory nor acquisitions in any part of the globe, now that she has finally established her right to be a united and independent nation."

Though Bismarck wished in this way to leave no doubt of the desire for peace, unattended by any menace or admonition, he had hoped that the Press would not accentuate the passage. And, accustomed

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a strict decorum at such inaugurative ceremonies, he was taken by surprise when, against all precedent, the Emperor turned to shake hands with him after the Speech; but the logical chain of his emotions forged itself in the same moment, and for the first, and the last time, he kissed the hand of the third and youngest of his sovereigns. At this spectacle, applause again broke out.

The Constitution

What had William solemnly sworn as Emperor, and immediately afterwards as King? What bounds were set to his authority by the Constitution of the Empire and the State? To whom was he responsible?

When he was twenty-three there had been promulgated an edict of his grandfather's, wherein Bismarck caused the King to say: "It is My determination that in Prussia no less than in the legislative bodies of My realm there shall be no question of the constitutional right possessed by Me and My successors to the personal direction of the policy of My Government, and that no color shall be given to the opposite opinion, which holds that the . . . inviolability of the King's person, or the counter-signature required by My Royal Ordinances, has any bearing upon the independent nature of the Royal decisions."

Avidly had the Prince drunk in these phrases, to which he was only too quickly to appeal; and his approbation of Bismarck had naturally been increased, when soon afterwards in Parliament he heard him hold forth upon this edict: "If the Emperor has a Chancellor who feels unable to countersign whatever represents the Imperial policy, he can dismiss him any day. The Emperor has a much freer hand than the Chancellor, who is dependent on the Imperial will, and can take no step without the Imperial sanction. . . . In this place I can put forth no expression of opinion in which I do not know the Emperor to agree, and for which I have not his authority. . . . In the Constitution, the Minister is merely an almost negligible stop-gap. Whether this is in accordance with constitutional theory, or not, is entirely indifferent to me. In principle the King decides upon the deep, smooth grooves in which alone the policy of Prussia, as part of the German Empire, can proceed. He ordains, by the light of his own convictions, how things are to be instructed; the part of the Minister is merely executive, formulative. The Royal Will is and remains alone decisive. The real, the actual, Prime Minister in Prussia is and remains His Majesty the King."

Before he now proceeded to swear allegiance to the two Constitutions, we may be sure that the young ruler perused them, or at any rate those portions which concerned himself; though he afterwards maintained that he was not acquainted with them at all. What did he find in these "Constitutional" documents, of one of which Bismarck was the author, while the other he had not failed to interpret in the sense most pleasing to the King? A tissue of contradictions, whereby the responsibility was perpetually shifted from the King to the Chancellor and Premier, and by him shifted back to the King, until in the inextricable meshes it expired once for all.

De facto responsible in the democratic sense, which to-day prevails in all European countries, in Prussia and Germany no one was. In truth, the Emperor-King was absolute; the only limitation to his authority was the right of the Houses to grant or refuse moneys; but even this had been set aside by Bismarck, who desired no "shadow-king". True, the Chancellor's counter-signature, which was necessary to the validity of the Imperial decrees, did make him responsible to the Parliament, but only on paper; no Parliament was empowered to remove from office, or even to censure, a Chancellor or Premier. "I shall stand in this place so long as I enjoy His Majesty's confidence:" all the Imperial Chancellors and State-Secretaries, all the Ministers in Prussia so spoke from the tribunes, — and spoke no more than the truth. It was true that the Reichstag, together with the Confederated States, had legislative rights, but the Emperor had the "Imperial-Competence", and invariably found a pliant Chancellor to counter-sign his decrees.

Blindman's Buff

That this latter had to counter-sign his own appointment was the finishing touch to the blindman's-buff of responsibilities. Armed with a counter-signature, more

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easily and unconditionally obtained than one could have been obtained by the chief executive of a great business house, the Emperor could appoint and dismiss all State-officials, could summon, open, prorogue, shut and dissolve the Reichstag at his pleasure. The direction of international policy was entrusted to him alone: there was no Imperial Cabinet to be consulted; the Chancellor and the Foreign Secretary alone might advise, but must ultimately obey or see themselves replaced by one or other of their colleagues; the Federative Council was practically without influence, its sessional committees were well-nigh an empty form.

Even that responsibility of the Chancellor's was confined to seeing that the Imperial decrees were in accordance with the Constitution and the Law; to introducing the measures, and taking all criticism on himself. Relying only on himself, uncounselled if he so desired, fearing no contradiction, no impeachment, the Emperor declared war, concluded peace, held the supreme command in army and fleet, and thus could, his single self, compel the whole of his able-bodied subjects to take the field. True, it was necessary to have the sanction of the ever-pliant Confederation, but not if there ensued a "question as to the Federative powers of jurisdiction", to which almost every instance lent itself; that the sovereign could make war even without money, in the refusal to grant which the rights of the Reichstag alone consisted, had been demonstrated by Bismarck.

On two important points the Emperor was even formally absolved from any counter-signature: personal expressions of opinion, and Army Orders, were signed by him alone. And so the Emperor-King, in his oath, had sworn only to his own actual authority to decide all vital national questions "to the best of his ability,"— and on what other principle does any reasonable human being proceed? None the less, he remained, whatever the consequences, inviolable, unindictable, or, as it was expressed in other German National Constitutions, hallowed. At the beginning of the twentieth century, in the Old and the New Worlds, there was,— besides the Tsar and the Sultan,— no one possessed of such great authority as there was William the Second.

The Emperor-King

He who had given it him must indeed have been persuaded of the personal weakness of his King, but as well of his own position and power, when he risked calling himself a stop-gap. This anti-democratic idea was congenial to Bismarck only so long as he could conceal his own authority behind it; were a self-willed King to arrive, such theories were bound to recoil with tragic retribution, on their propounder. Bismarck had not only, as has often been said, cut the constitution to his own figure, but still more to the tractability of the monarch whom his formula had endowed with such might.

Frederick the Great, as the young Fritz, was in a similar position: he too disabled, he too over-soon empowered victim of like perils, rushed into his first war out of vanity and thirst of fame; and only long afterwards began, through sufferings and defeats, to be a man,— and later still, with whitening head, to be great man. When on his accession, the most courageous counsellor and friend his father had had, the old Dessauer, begged that place and authority, and in the impending war supreme command, might be left to him, the youthful Frederick rejected the petition in the arrogant words "Authority in My land is possessed by the King of Prussia alone. . . . I reserve to Myself the appointment in question that the world may not suppose that the King of Prussia enters the field with his preceptor at his side.

But now, in the new ruler, the consciousness of documentary rights was united with a prodigious self-esteem; and thus, possessed by the idea that he was the instrument of God, too suddenly and much too early called to supreme power, a man of thirty was yielded as a prey to all the dangers of infatuation, of delusion. William was driven to an ostentatious display of his authority by the wish,— perpetual still, even though perhaps unconscious,— to betray no sign of physical weakness.

TO BE CONTINUED

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High Silver

A Novel in Six Instalments — IV

ANTHONY RICHARDSON

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

TRISTRAM, like his Aunt Erica, was an idealist; Colonel Rivington, his grandfather, not only a realist but the most cynical sort of iconoclast. The three made their home together at High Silver, a rural estate not far from London. Tristram, like many small boys of eleven, found comfort in the fantasy of King Arthur's Tales. It was not hard to understand, therefore, why Bolty Loftus and his "gang" at Mostyn Haven, preparatory school for boys, called Tristram Lauderdale "Galahad".

But righting wrongs was no easy task, either at High Silver or at Mostyn Haven. Tristram and his grandfather had more than one battle, as when the boy rushed to Aunt Erica's defense in face of the old man's bullying. The Colonel, however, began to respect his grandson when the latter rode his high-spirited horse to the stables: he lost it when he learned that Tristram failed to win the tournanent for his cricket-team because he had let his Aunt Erica kiss him in front of the grandstand, thus upsetting his nerve. Conversation on this episode in the boy's career at school brought about a reconciliation between Erica Rivington and her long-suffering suitor, Mr. Bond — the village vicar.

"Everything comes to him who waits" had been Mr. Bond's motto for many months. At length it seemed that events were shaping themselves so that marriage might be more than a day dream. And then, on a summer morning, High Silver was thrown into chaos: the Colonel had been thrown from his horse while hunting. Looking back upon that scene years later, Tristram could still see Aunt Erica staring straight before her with blind, agonized eyes, saying in a whisper to nobody in particular: "I can't leave him now! I can't leave him now!"

IT was August and extremely hot. The pavements burned through shoe leather to tired soles. The grass in Hyde Park was gray, the shadows beneath the trees almost black because it was three o'clock and grilling. The lower slopes of the sky were rose-misty, but directly above the dome was blue and cloudless. Petrol smelt strongly with a hint of tar. Portobello Square was dusty-white and desolate. Yet the heat, in no way lessening by night, did not prevent the dance halls in Queens Road, Notting Hill, Holland Park, and other places opening nightly. Was it not nineteen hundred and nineteen, the year of peace, of prosperity to come, with proud Germany beaten and the world to begin anew?

From Lancaster Gate tube-station toward Portobello Square a young man was walking rapidly. He was tall and rosy-cheeked with a fair moustache that covered his upper lip. He kept his hands out of his pockets because he could not quite rid himself of an idea that his felt hat was not khaki and peaked, and that the shoulders of his blue suit bore no insignia of rank.

He glanced inquiringly at the numbers of the houses and at length stopped before the glass doors of the Matadore Hotel. He entered and stood irresolute till a page-boy approached him.

"Is Mr. Lauderdale in?" he asked.

"What name, sir?"

"Captain Tristram Lauderdale."

Tristram threaded his way between three chairs and two elderly ladies who resented the end of the war because there remained no incentive to knitting. He

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sank down into a chair by the window, glad of the coolness of the room after the heat. He wished the ladies would continue their chatter instead of retiring so hastily into themselves. Somehow it was all so different from what he had expected: he felt a slight resentment against an indeterminable attitude which later he came to understand and respect.

Tristram sprang to his feet as Frank Lauderdale entered the lounge. He thought, Uncle hasn't changed much. His legs are still bowed and his shoulders a bit humped.

Frank peered into the shadow, then seeing his nephew, walked briskly toward him.

"Hullo," said Tristram, "hullo, Uncle Frank. It's good to see you again." He wrung the limp fingers extended towards him.

"You've grown," said Frank and dropped into a chair. It was a strange greeting after two years in France and "Mespot". "You've grown." Well, naturally enough. He was twenty now.

"And how's Aunt Edna?"

"Oh, well enough. You can't expect her to be very well." Tristram supposed you couldn't, though for what reason he couldn't be sure.

"Business," explained Frank. "No business at all, my dear boy. We're all ruined." And then, almost in a tone of rebuke, "You're well, I suppose?"

"Very fit, thanks," said Tristram.

Conversation flagged. He began to wonder if they'd ever get to the point, to the sole reason of his visit. Frank's utter lack of sensibility not only irritated him but cut the ground from under his feet. If Uncle Frank was really ruined there was little help to be expected from that quarter.

"Couldn't you have stayed on?"

The question was shot at him suddenly.

"Yes, if I'd wanted to."

"Well, why not? It's supposed to be a good life the Army leads in peace time. You're a Captain, aren't you? You're young, what?"

A great indignation swept through Tristram.

"I hate the idea of it. One had to do one's bit, so one did it. That was all. How could I stay on, living on the — on the position I've obtained by luck? Because it was luck, luck for everybody. But now there's so much to do, don't you see? If I'd stayed on I should have been wasting myself. We can't have been through all this for nothing. Everybody's got to do his damnedest to put things straight again. That's why I left, because I can do more outside the Army than wasting time on a parade ground."

Frank shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"That's what I came to ask you," said Tristram.

His Uncle screwed around in his chair and regarded him with astonishment.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed. Then with bitter sarcasm, "You expect *me* to find you a job?"

Such an unexpected attack left Tristram in mid air.

"Well, Uncle Frank — "

"My dear boy, I can't see why I should take on everybody else's responsibilities." How exasperated that voice! "Why don't you go to your Grandfather?"

"I am going. I'm off to-night. But because I was in London, I thought I'd come and see you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Frank. "Nice of you, but — " He shrugged his shoulders again and waved his hands despairingly in the air. "*I* can't do anything."

There came into Tristram's mind a thousand things to say, a thousand explanations to make, but no words could he find to frame them. Only a week before he had been glad it was all over, glad because he'd soon be free with the world at his feet and Claire in his heart. He thought to himself, it's a bit of a nightmare here. Claire wouldn't believe this. She's pleased I've left. I'll have to tell them about Claire sometime. I think I'll go out in the sunshine again till it's time to meet her. I can't bear this place. I'll go.

He reached for his hat.

And then Edna came into the lounge.

"My dear," she said and took his face in her hands, and kissed him. "But Tristram grown up!"

There was no offense in *her* use of the term. He looked into her face and with a sense of pity saw the little furrows about her eyes and the faint puckerings around her mouth.

She made a little grimace at him.

"What do you think I do?"

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"I haven't the vaguest."

She laughed, a lovely sound in that hollow place.

"I work at the Ministry of Pensions and get three pounds a week!"

Tristram went crimson.

"Oh, I say!"

She sat down on the edge of the sofa and patted a cushion beside her.

"I wish you'd come in uniform, Captain Lauderdale," she mocked prettily. "Erica sent me a photo of you but you were only a subaltern then. How amazing, Tristram, and you're only twenty."

He sat beside her feeling acutely miserable. Aunt Edna at the Ministry on three pounds a week! And yet looking at her one would never guess she worked for her living.

"Tell me, Tristram, all about everything."

He started off, relating a jumble of facts, but his mind all the time elsewhere. So *they* were done for! Uncle Frank hadn't been exaggerating. How could she bear this after their former prosperity? It must be much harder for her than for other people who'd never tasted the delights. For a moment his admiration had no bounds.

She interrupted his thoughts.

"And any young women, Tristram?" She mocked him with the inflection of her voice.

He hesitated and she laughed again.

"Well, Tristram?"

"Yes," he said. "There's — one."

"Serious?"

"Oh, well."

For the first time since his wife's entry Frank spoke.

"Good Lord, Edna, he's only twenty."

She changed the subject abruptly. "What are you going to do now, Tristram?"

And again Frank cut in. "That's what I've been asking him. He tells me he came here to ask me." He snickered.

She winced at the sound, but at the same time Tristram saw her eyelids droop a little. He felt she was watching him covertly behind her long lashes. The suggestion of calculation on her part chilled him once again. Was everyone suspicious where money was concerned?

"You see," he said. "I've got my gratuity."

She smiled a trifle woodenly, he thought.

"That'll be useful, Tristram."

"Won't go far nowadays," said Frank.

She frowned. "Tea?"

Tristram shook his head.

"Thanks awfully, no. I've got to go."

"So soon?"

"I'm afraid so."

Sooner than that, he thought. The atmosphere was intolerable. They were both afraid of something, of each other, of him.

She made no further effort to press him to stay, but saw him through the swing doors. "Let's hear how you get on."

"Oh, rather. Goodbye — and thanks so much."

"Goodbye, dear."

He walked very quickly down the street in the blinding sunlight. He whistled a rag-time song softly to himself to keep his mind from returning to the lounge of the Matadore Hotel. It was four o'clock. At six he must meet Claire. He crossed the Baywater Road and entered the Park.

He felt inexcusably miserable. He lay on the grass for some time drowsily unthinking, watching distantly the children playing around their nurses, seated too beneath the trees; now and again khaki figures could be seen. He was very much the same Tristram of Mostyn Haven, his philosophy more definite and its processes quickened up by the latter years. It seemed now that this moment was the first pause for several years, an interval between two lives. So successful had been the first that he felt he should anticipate what was to come with greater relish, but the lines and puckers of Edna's weary, brave face continually returned to him. He knew too that now quite definitely he hated his uncle. But that was not all. Edna's welcome had become artificial and shallow the moment she too had decided he had come to ask for help. He tried to deny his reason which told him she was but a ghost of generosity; and because his romanticism rebelled he turned to thoughts of Claire.

She stepped into his mind with an airy, impertinent little gesture, her head tilted up at him. Elfin-like she danced in his brain till he could almost hear her saying, "Old silly! Let's go out and forget."

She and the thoughts of a future means of livelihood were his chief concern. They were, he considered, one and the same thing.

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He had met her when on leave a year ago. Claire had at first been one of a dozen girls staying in the same hotel. Within three days she had become Claire only. They knew all about one another quite soon: days were months on the exchange of wartime love. She lived in Earl's Court with her mother. She loathed Earl's Court, she loathed her mother. Indeed Mrs. Swinton was overpowering. Whereas Claire was small and fair, Mrs. Swinton was tall and dark. Claire was shy; Mrs. Swinton was sophisticated. She was one of those unattached, mysterious women with pretty daughters who are to be found in every hotel from Pimlico to Budapest. There was not the slightest doubt she bullied Claire, nor any doubt that the pity of it wrought havoc with Tristram. At the end of the second day he'd told Erica Rivington,

"That old hag ought to be shot!"

Aunt Erica, bewildered at such a sudden and intense attack on a person almost unknown to her had exclaimed, "Good gracious, Tristram, what has she done?"

"She simply swamps that poor little girl. I call it damnable."

Aunt Erica smiled to think of her nephew's rather obvious knight-errantry, and had then dismissed the matter from her mind for good. But not so Tristram.

He swept into Claire's life as a very eager, handsome young man, the first to give battle to her mother. He arranged an introduction. By the end of the first evening he'd won the preliminary skirmish. At twelve-thirty Mrs. Swinton with what Tristram had later termed "a touch of whiskey about the gills" had appeared with the staff captain. Tristram saw her before she saw Claire and himself in a far corner.

"Come on," said Tristram. "We'll dance."

Claire, with the knowledge of mother's presence nearby, had said, "I'm rather tired. I think — "

She wasn't tired and he knew it. He leaned toward her.

"Really, truly?"

"Mother — " she began.

"Let's go and meet her," he said.

Two little crimson spots had burned in Claire's cheeks.

He'd been so charming in two minutes to Mrs. Swinton that Claire had danced with him till one-thirty and Mrs. Swinton had put herself to bed.

When he'd returned to France Claire had been with Erica Rivington at Victoria. But it wasn't memory of Aunt Erica's tears he carried with him. It was Claire's hot, unhappy eyes.

After that they'd covered many sheets writing. He seemed to get to know her better through absence than when he'd been with her. Fantasy was given fair scope. Claire wanted to become a V.A.D. Mrs. Swinton said no. Claire wanted freedom. Mrs. Swinton said more than no. Galahad of Mostyn Haven waxed indignant. He confided in a friend: "She's adorable."

The friend, a solicitor of thirty-nine, changed ridiculously into an inefficient subaltern, had said.

"What's her mother like?"

"That's just it," had been Tristram's reply.

"It always is," the other man had said cryptically. "Look at mama and see what the daughter will become."

"Oh, tripe!" And the confidences had ceased.

One other leave, three months later, for two flying days, he'd seen her again. He ought to have gone down to High Silver, he'd known that. But Claire hadn't been just Claire then, nor was she now. He lived by the words he put into her mouth, by the image of herself which he'd created unknown to her, unknown even to himself. He told himself that he knew now the secret of loving — "Be kind to women."

A keeper passed by and Tristram asked him the time. It was five o'clock. He jumped to his feet. He cleared his mind of cares: there were important things to be considered. It was too hot to dance; dinner anywhere would be stuffy. There was only one place — the river. Tristram left the Gardens and entered the Keith Prowse in Kensington High Street. They could phone down to Egham and get him a punt? Yes, it had better be a large one. And he'd want some dinner. In a hamper? Yes. He'd be there by eight o'clock.

Waiting for Claire, on a seat inside the gates, he wondered why he'd been so depressed. Claire would soon be with him.

He saw her before she crossed the road, a small white-clad figure amidst the crowd on the pavement. Her skirt was short and

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pleated, her white shoes twinkled over the intervening asphalt.

She looked up at him shy and breathless.

"I didn't recognize you at first without your uniform," she said.

Now that she was actually before him he felt strangely embarrassed and tongue-tied. He thought she looked prettier than ever, so small and fragile a creature.

"Mother sent her love," she said.

"Oh, thanks awfully." And then, "I thought we'd like to go on the river, would you?"

She was very pleased with that and slipped her hand through his arm as they made their way to the tube. The Underground was too noisy for conversation and he spent his time examining her from the corner of his eye. She looked radiant and impish, excitement bringing a touch of color to her cheeks. Yet with all that she was demure. He noticed that other men looked at her frequently and he enjoyed glaring back at them because he thought he had the right to.

Within the hour they were on the river. They dined from the hamper as the evening slipped into the sunset. The far bank was rapidly becoming a hazy wall of trees, the water broad and glowing in the half-light. The occupants of other boats were hidden by a screen of dusk and moored beneath a willow, their own solitude seemed complete. Claire came and sat beside him at his end of the punt and shoulder to shoulder they smoked a cigarette apiece in silence. She sighed with contentment and took off her hat, her pale short hair misty-golden tempting him. He bent and kissed the crown of her head and she leaned against him. While she lay quiet and full of peace his nerves tingled with desire, and the fingers that lifted the cigarette to his lips trembled. He broke the silence to ease the strain which he thought she shared.

"Thank you for writing to me so often, darling Claire."

She patted his knee in answer.

"How are things at home?" he asked.

She tossed her cigarette into the water before she replied. She would have preferred to leave that question unanswered.

"Oh, much the same, Tristram."

She felt his arm tighten around her.

"Oh, I wish — " he broke out, and then, "Claire, dear, you don't have much fun in life, do you?"

She shook her head. "Not much."

"I wish I could give you all the good times you want. Sometimes, Claire dear, I think of you as a prisoner."

She laughed. "But I'm not really!"

"Yes you are, really."

She paused before replying. It was no good arguing, and for that matter it was best not to. It benefited her. But if she had not very much to give, she was at least at this point, honest.

"Dear old silly! You know all about poetry and things and I don't, but don't you remember the poet who wrote a lot of stuff about a lovely lady in a tower in the middle of a lake and how when he finished it he found she was ugly as anything?"

"Yes, Shelley."

"Well?"

"But you aren't ugly," he said emphatically.

It was her bid for honesty; she could do no more. If he persisted in building castles why should she make it her business to be pulling them down? Nor was that all: because she was deathly tired of her present life, and longed most desperately for wings of any sort, she let commonsense pass by, and stretched out toward the inaccessible star.

"But you aren't ugly," he repeated. "You're beautiful, Claire. You love beautiful things. Look, — all this."

His hand pointed to the solemn sweep of water, dark and glistening now, the wide arch of the sky pricked with stars, and beyond the ebony trees the vanguard of silver light betraying the rising moon.

Yes, she thought, he's right: it is lovely, it's peace, and very, very far from Earl's Court, from mother's dressing-table and wardrobe, from getting up early in the morning to make a cup of tea in the frowsy little kitchen, from clearing away breakfast and dusting the sitting room.

"Claire," he was saying, "Claire, dear, I'm going down to Devon to-morrow to see my Grandfather and decide what I'm going to do now the war's over. And there's such a lot to do. Such an opportunity. When I'm settled, Claire — I don't know what it'll be — but when I am, if I asked you to marry me, darling Claire?"

She turned her face to his and he saw how bright her eyes were in the moonlight.

"Tristram darling."

And while he held her close it seemed to

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him as if the very sky opened and he could see the hidden mysteries behind the stars. She clung to him in a desperation of hope and despair. Earl's Court and Paradise — Paradise and Earl's Court.

Brinton met him the next morning at the station with the dog-cart. Brinton was pleased to see him.

"And how are you, Brinton? When did you get out?"

"Very well, Captain Tristram, thank you, sir. A month ago, sir."

And how were they all at High Silver, Tristram asked. Pretty fair and thank you. Miss Erica had had a bit of a cold but it was getting better. Mr. Bond was just the same notwithstanding his time over the water as a padre. The Colonel, though, had had a baddish bout this last week. They feared he'd never get the strength back to his legs.

At Deepy Lane they got out of the trap and walked beside the horse's head. The leaves of the trees were dusty white, there sounded the humming of bees and insects amidst the thorn and tall grass of the hedge. The sky was serene, and a mellow light varnished the hills and fields around. As they walked slowly up the hill Tristram wondered if down here they'd ever known there had been a war. It was inconceivable to think of the terror by night and day in the midst of this faerie country.

As they passed through the gates Erica Rivington ran to greet them.

"Dear boy! And was the journey down too awful for words? But then you'd travel first, being an officer. Or aren't you now? Thank goodness, it's all over and you're safe. My dear, I hardly know you."

Tristram embraced her mightily. She was beside herself with joy and relief. How different, he thought, from Frank and Edna, and how exhilerating to be welcomed like this. She insisted on helping him in with his portmanteau, talking all the time, very flurried and excited.

And there was Emily standing in the doorway, waiting to be recognized, rubbing her hands on her apron, her country face smiling at him like the sun. They both grabbed his portmanteau.

"This way, dear. It's the same room, just as you left it. We haven't moved anything, have we Emily?"

Tristram followed them upstairs, all the memories of the house running out to greet him in their turn at every step. The landing was still ill-lit as it always had been: the same old Turkey carpeting, a little more threadbare, was still laid on the stairs: the door of his room still had the chip of paint off above the handle.

"There you are, dear. You must want a wash. And then your Grandfather will see you."

He washed his hands and went out to the landing where Erica awaited him. She kissed him again, and then with her finger to her lips led the way to the room at the end of the landing. She tapped on the door

"Yes?"

So the old man still called "yes" in that abrupt, impatient way when anyone sought entry!

"Tristram, father dear." And then to her nephew, "In you go. Come down soon."

He went in. Even before he saw his grandfather he saw the monocle. He kept his eyes on that glinting disc to avoid seeing the long motionless body beneath the bed-clothes. There was something so terrible and silent about the room that he almost felt he was back again at the Matadore Hotel, and the same misgivings came to him.

Then a voice from the bed said.

"Ah, so the warrior returns!"

He approached his grandfather.

"Good evening, Grandfather, how are you?"

The old man smiled to see his hesitation in shaking hands.

"I can still use my arms," said Stuart Rivington. "It's the legs and lower part of the body. How are you, he'r?"

"I'm glad to be back," said Tristram.

The situation amused Stuart Rivington. It always brought him some perverted pleasure in seeing the embarrassment of his visitors. There lying in the neat bed, haloed in the candle light, vital even while the angel of death at the foot seemed to fold dark wings against the hour of ultimate approach, his mind alert while the thin blood crawled through his veins, his indomitable eyes still burning with a pitiful heroism, he seemed to Tristram almost unearthly even now, savoring still of magic and powers of darkness.

Tristram on his side, would have liked to take the wasted hands in his, and to have told that almost disembodied mind

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of iron how truly tragic all this was, how much he cried inwardly at the pathos of it all, how fine it was, how he admired it. But that wintry smile, those guarded eyes forbade such a step, and he dared not risk the rebuke.

"I'm glad to be back," he repeated, and winced at the platitude.

The Colonel raised himself and put his hands behind his head.

"I daresay you are," he said. "I daresay you are. It wasn't a gentleman's war."

"No!" He was glad Grandfather could see that. It was so true and it was so typical of the old man to put it that way.

"It ought to teach us a lesson, but it won't. You'll never cure humanity of conceit. I've heard it all before. Now there's this Wilson and his League of Nations. League of Balderdash, I call it. It's another sop. I'd put Wilson and Rudyard Kipling in a bag together and sink 'em. I suppose *you* think this brotherhood of man's going to work, he'r?" The flame of the candle shook, the shadows danced around the bed.

"Well, if it doesn't — You know, Grandfather, we can't have been through all this for nothing."

"H'mph! 'Daily Mail'! I buy the paper every day to have the pleasure of burning it. I like Northcliffe, though. He's no fool."

It was the same old conflict: the same old argument of doubts.

"It seems to me the world's at our feet," said Tristram.

"Well," — another chuckle — "well, don't trip over it, young man."

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I don't really know."

"Start a Home for Prostitutes, you ought to know something about them by now, — or a Fund for Humanity? I can give you a motto for the first — *Recte ad Finem*. Well, what's it going to be?"

"I've got my gratuity."

"You didn't stay long in London, then?"

"I'd better be going down to dinner, I think. Aunt Erica asked me to be as quick as I could."

The Colonel peered over the sheets, his smiling mouth hidden.

"She asked you to be quick, he'r? Well, well, that's just like Erica. Always considerate. Do you know, Tristram, she doesn't like coming up here to see me? I'm afraid she's a very disappointed woman. I've told her plenty of times not to be a fool. She won't listen to me. Erica, I've said, if old Bond wants to marry you, run along. It doesn't matter to me. Don't spoil your life for an old husk. But will she go? She won't, my boy. She says it's her duty to stay with me. It's devilish funny, Tristram."

A hand appeared, and groped on the chair by the bed.

"There's a little bell there, Tristram. No, don't touch it. But when I want anything I just give it a little ring. Then up she comes. I always count the time she takes. I know just how many steps there are on the stairs, not forgetting the three outside my door. Sometimes she comes up, bump, bump, bump. Sometimes, — it's generally latish — she goes slither, slither, as if she didn't want to come up and see me. And yet she *says* she does. She's a funny woman is your Aunt Erica."

How slow and soft those words, sing song, hesitant as if their maker pondered the implication of each. No further sound came from the bed. Very still lay the old man, and then suddenly,

"Good-night, my boy. We'll see each other to-morrow and discuss ways and means."

"Good-night, Grandfather."

From downstairs he heard his aunt calling:

"Dinner's ready, dear. Dinner's ready."

The meal was an anti-climax to his home coming. In vain he sought to recapture some fantasy of past days, asking if she remembered this or that, trying to keep alive the first glow of his reception. But with the later evening an atmosphere of uneasiness had settled over High Silver. Erica sewed, but he knew her mind was not with her busy fingers. She seemed all the time listening for something, waiting.

He tried to think of Claire but her ghost was ousted by a multitude of other ghosts that roamed the big house. Every now and then Erica would raise her head, and once she tip-toed to the door and left it ajar. She caught him looking at her and colored up, breaking into speech at once.

"Mr. Bond suggested to me something which might do for you, dear."

"Old Bond. How is he?"

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"Very well on the whole. Rather different, I think. He's been away at the war too."

"Yes, I heard."

He left the delicate subject at that.

"What's the idea?"

She dropped her sewing on her lap, her lands folded before her.

"It's for you to say of course, dear, but it might suit. All the land is let except Barn Park which father has always kept. You've a little capital; don't you think, there's another young man who's begun and doing very well — a chicken farm, Tristram."

The suggestion came as a shock. A chicken farm! It hardly sounded like a man's job and wouldn't do much to put the world to rights.

"You're not keen?"

He hedged. "I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, it might do if nothing else turns up."

She picked up her sewing. Tristram rose and wandered about the room, searching for a book. He picked up *Alan Quartermaine* and turned the pages listlessly. Over the book he watched his aunt sewing, her head bent, the needle flicking in and out of the material. She was embroidering a table-centre, and on a fold across her knee, nearest to him, he could see the finished flowers and scalloped edges. It seemed a useless thing to make, a futile attempt to introduce a cheerful note into a desolate household. He turned over the idea of the chicken farm in his mind. Perhaps it wasn't so bad a suggestion. It was practical. Barn Park would be rent free and he could start in a small way. The thing might grow, indeed should grow if he had anything to do with it. Suppose it eventuated into something big, it would mean money, and money would mean Claire. He must tell Aunt Erica about her, ask her if she remembered that leave in London when he'd met her.

The stitching had stopped; the words formed on his lips. And at that moment distant and small came the tinkling of a bell.

"If you don't mind, dear, for just a moment. Father's calling."

He watched her shuffle out of the room, heard her tramp across the hall, mount the stairs. Immediately came to him a voice at the back of his mind. "Sometimes she comes up, bump, bump, bump; sometimes she goes slither, slither." He saw a long motionless body in a white, clean bed, two baleful blue eyes.

From upstairs came the faint murmuring of conversation, somebody moving about. It was as if High Silver was haunted. Every shadow held a grimace; a deathly breath of malice swept down the corridors and brushed against each door. All Tristram's old antagonism returned. Again he burned with indignation. Dear God! Erica alone with him, day in, day out, denying herself, casting aside all her hopes because she was kind and foolish. Brave, pitiful Aunt Erica.

"My God! He ought to die!"

The words were still in the air as she came in. She glanced at him in a furtive, horrified way, then shut the door and began to gather up her work. He must break down this barrier of silence and learn her misery.

"Is he getting any better?"

She was very busy with the table-centre. She said at length.

"I'm afraid not, dear. It's hopeless."

He attacked directly.

"How long do — do they give him?"

There was no element of surprise in this sudden opening of the conversation. Both of them had known it was bound to come.

"They don't know."

He took a seat beside her on the sofa. He was conscious of all this having happened before, the same tangled situation, the same courageous contradiction, the old despair.

"Then he may go on — for years?"

"Yes, dear."

Tristram could tolerate this no longer.

"Aunt Erica," he rose to his feet, standing above her; "Aunt Erica, dear, tell me. Are you always going to stay with him, like this?"

She feigned surprise.

"Of course, dear boy. Somebody must. I'm his daughter, you know."

He wanted to shake her.

"And what about Mr. Bond?"

She shrank from him as if he had made to strike her. The table-centre fluttered to the floor. Her mouth drooped at the corners and a dull set expression came into her eyes, reminding him most cruelly of that fearful moment ages gone by when,

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standing in the sunlight at the foot of the stairs she had said to no one in particular, "I cant leave him now. I can't leave him now!"

She said in a weary, flat voice,

"That's all over and done with, dear. It wasn't really serious. I don't like talking about it. Don't, please."

Tristram cursed himself for a clumsy fool. He'd hurt her. He'd only meant to be kind.

She bent and groped blindly for the table-centre. When she sat up again he saw that she was composed and quite steady, though she fumbled with the needle.

He put an arm around her shoulders, and with his lips against her soft cheek whispered,

"Good-night."

He heard her saying, "*You* couldn't, you know, dear." And then she was gone to her room.

Tristram sat on the edge of his bed, gazing at the painted knight on the wall. She was right. He couldn't. If he was in her place, he couldn't play traitor to duty. Not that way lay peace. "What would you do?" he asked the picture.

Once in the night he awoke, thinking he heard the tinkling of a bell. Then silence only in possession he fell again into troubled sleep.

With morning radiance, however, the pitifulness and brooding horror of the evening almost disappeared. The Colonel became merely an invalid with idiosyncrasies; his room merely a sick-room. Tristram spent the hours before lunch exploring. He set out after breakfast to rediscover old friends. He let all thought of other things slip from his mind, intent only in recapturing old fantasies.

It was ten o'clock as he left the house and made his way down the slope to Smeries. The bracken and thickets were high, the twisted paths near little Silver Wood overgrown and in places lost in the tangle of briar and undergrowth. Blackberries were ripening, leaves becoming a duller and deeper green. To the east a mountain of purple cloud moved towards him, fringed white, frilled with sunlight. Thunder rumbled miles away and the first sullen shadow crept over the horizon. The shadow touched Barn Park and began to cross it like dark tidal waters creeping over bright sands. There could never have been rumors of wars here, nor ever could be. Here were only peace and lovely silence. Here he could stay if he wished.

I've more than half a mind, he thought, to try that chicken stunt. And then smiled at the descent of his thoughts.

He turned his head at the sound of approaching footsteps. Somebody was walking in his direction along the border of the wood. A pheasant screeched and whirred through the trees. A moment later he saw Mr. Bond plodding along and side-stepping the thistles. He sprang to his feet.

"Good morning!"

Mr. Bond stopped short, jerked his head this way, that way, saw Tristram, and gave a mighty bellow.

"How are you? How are you, my dear Tristram?"

They shook hands extravagantly.

"Dear me, dear me! I'd never have thought it. I knew you were coming back of course. Miss Rivington told me. Dear me! How time flies!"

Very much the same was Mr. Bond, still tubby, still with a face like a moon, seamed with smiles, but browner, and his eyebrows with a touch of gray in them.

"I've been out, you know," he said. "Not doing work like you of course, but still the best one could."

Tristram eyed him with admiration. Old Glossy-Top had been a success, he'd bet. He wondered what the men had thought of him, how he'd taken multitudinous episodes which must have shocked him.

"I expect the war's affected you, eh?" asked Mr. Bond, and then without waiting for an answer, continued: "It's taught me a lot, Tristram. I think it's cleared one's mind. There was no chance of doing the ostrich trick."

They crossed Barn Park. By the gate he turned to the boy and asked, "Did Miss Rivington say anything about my idea?"

"Yes. I've been thinking it over."

The floodgates of enthusiasm were open.

"Now it's like this," said Mr. Bond. "You can get an Army hut for a hundred pounds. And netting." They talked on for twenty minutes.

"You can't beat them. Buff Orpingtons. No, your Blue Wyandotte on this soil. Meal and maize — and then there's the freightage."

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"Incubators be damned, I beg your pardon — with a broody hen."

"It's a sound proposition," said Mr. Bond in conclusion. "And don't forget the rings to put round their legs."

A week later because there seemed nothing else for it, because prospects were excellent, Tristram drove into Torrington with Erica Rivington, bought fifty yards of wire netting, size seven; three dozen Buff Orpington chickens; waterproof felt roofing; nails, and wire. From Little Appleton he fetched planks and beaver board. The chicken house which he and Brinton constructed was admirable. The thirty-six chickens took fresh heart.

Stuart Rivington's only comment was, "Chickens! Good God!"

Tristram reached West Cromwell Road at five thirty. He was late and hoped Claire, would forgive him when she understood the reason. It had taken him longer than he'd thought it would to choose between the Foster Mother with the cunning central heating and the Incubator. She knew he was coming because he'd written and told her so several times, adding that news was good and he'd keep it till they met. Truth was business was looking up and if, he thought, I can carry on for another six months with the same success, I don't see why Claire and I shouldn't get engaged. The object of this visit was to make that suggestion. Life was running smoothly, and he had mapped out his schedule. First the establishment of the farm; secondly his engagement to Claire; thirdly at the end of the year a totaling-up of his profit; fourthly, depending on item number three, marriage.

Claire had promised to leave the curtain undrawn and watch out for him. There was nobody else in the street so he knew she would recognize him at once. Opposite number Thirty he stood beneath the solitary lamp and gazed up. All the windows of number Thirty were inky black. It was very queer. Anyway — He rang the bell of the top flat. He waited for several minutes before he rang again. Still there was no answer. Another minute passed, then at last he heard a shuffling and the fanlight over the door sprang into being. The lock clicked. An old lady with white hair and a black shawl round her shoulders peered up at him.

"I saw you," she said, "from my window. I live on the ground floor. Can't you make anybody hear?"

"I've rung and rung," said Tristram.

"I don't know whether I ought to —" she opened the door a trifle wider. "But they're in. It's Mrs. Swinton?"

"Yes, that's it. They expect me."

She edged aside to let him pass. "You know the way? It's right up."

The staircase was in darkness and Tristram mounted slowly. When he reached the short flight just beneath the flat he heard the sound of voices, one of which was pitched high, and even as he listened rose and cracked into a wail. It was a horrible sound greeting him in the pitch darkness, and he gave a gasp of astonishment. Something bumped on the floor above, then again. He didn't know whether to go on or to run back downstairs. He was alarmed and amazed. Now there was only a dead silence. Something was very wrong up there. It was a lonely house and they were only two women. And he'd been standing there like a fool while the very devil might be at work above. He started forward, stumbled, clattered up the flight. As he reached the top step the electric light of the landing was switched on with blinding suddenness.

Claire faced him across the intervening space, her eyes startled, her hair ruffled. For several seconds neither of them spoke. She kept her hand on the door knob as if to prevent entry into the room behind her. She was white and trembling, whereas Tristram was crimson with embarrassment. He was just about to stutter out apologies for no reason, when she said in a choking little voice, meant to be commonplace, "Oh, there you are!"

He smiled back at her sheepishly. "Yes, here I am." He didn't know which way to look.

With her back still against the door she said, "Oh, come on in. Put your things down here. You know the sitting-room?"

He crossed the landing and entered a small room which he'd only been in twice before. He heard Claire switch off the light on the landing and then she followed him in. He held out his hand and drew her towards him. He had no more than a chance to peck at her cheek for she jerked herself free from him, and taking a yellow packet from the mantlepiece offered him

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cigarette. He took it clumsily with fumbling fingers.

"I couldn't look out for you, Tristram, because I'd only just come in. I'm awfully sorry."

She was lying; she'd been upstairs all the time. Tristram was bewildered and miserable.

She bent to adjust the gas fire, and said over her shoulder, "That doesn't matter — we've got the place to ourselves."

It was such a palpable lie that Tristram caught his breath. He nearly stepped forward and seized her by the shoulders to ask, "What the dickens *is* the matter, Claire?" Instead he sat down heavily on the sofa, with, "Oh, that's good!"

There was somebody else in the next room, unless it had been Claire's voice raised in that piteous and horrid wail which he'd heard on the stairs. Even so it was unrecognizable. He'd never heard the voice before. Now the whole place was utterly quiet, except for the humming of the gas fire.

Claire came and sat beside him on the sofa, trying desperately hard to be normal and controlled. He helped her out to the best of his ability.

"Now tell me everything about everything. I'm so longing to hear, Tristram."

She leaned toward him, almost the real Claire that he'd always known. And because there was nothing else to do, he launched into a description of his plans.

"The chicken farm is going great guns. It really is. If it keeps on at such a rate, we can get married, Claire."

She caught at the lapels of his coat. "Really, really, Tristram?"

He laughed softly at her excitement. Of course before he'd known how keen she was for this, but not so wildly eager. It reacted on him, and he caught her wrist with hot fingers.

"It ought to be very soon," he said.

She flung her arms round his neck, surprising him with the passion of her embrace. Her face was pressed against his neck and he could feel her small body trembling. Compassion swept through him, stilling his senses, bringing only a great desire to love and protect her. Gradually her trembling subsided, she went limp almost as if asleep. He shifted an aching arm and with his lips against her ear, whispered,

"Not very long now, Claire. I'll get you away from all this. I'll take you down to Devon and show you all my secrets. I've told you about Libsters, haven't I? My dear, when I got back first of all it was too wonderful. It was all so very much the same. I can hardly believe sometimes that the place is fastened to earth. I think it's like Heaven, Claire, or as Heaven must be, remote and aloof, and yet containing all the blessed things of this planet. And with you there, Claire, it will be Heaven most surely. I know chicken farming isn't very spectacular, but —" He stopped short, aware suddenly that she was sobbing.

"Claire, what is it, dear? What is it?"

"Only — only because — because I'm so happy."

Between laughter and tears himself, he said, "Oh, there'll be no more tears *then*."

She sat up suddenly, her small hands clenched, the tears undried on her cheeks, a desperate hunted look in her eyes, like a little scared rabbit, he thought.

"Tristram! Make it soon."

Her vehemence almost shocked him. Even at twenty the hunter dislikes turning quarry. "As soon as possible," he said.

"You won't fail me? Tristram, promise."

Her insistence irritated him. "But I have, dear."

"Oh, I know — " She glanced round the room with stricken and fearful eyes.

"Claire, what's wrong with you?" He was for the moment exasperated. And then he saw her shudder and his anger fled. He was all pity once more. Poor Claire, poor lonely Claire.

"Let's go out and get some dinner."

"No. No, I can't."

"Why not?"

"I don't want any dinner, Tristram."

"Well come and sit down again."

She advanced towards the middle of the room, stopped, shook her head.

"When's your mother coming in?"

The expression on her face was entirely blank, a strange secretive look.

"Oh, latish."

"Well then, we can go out. Oh! Come on."

She rounded on him.

"How can I? I mean, I don't *want* to."

In her desperation he thought her angry. He was hurt, and turned his face away. All this was getting beyond a joke.

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"Do you want me to go?"

Her answer dumbfounded him.

"I think you'd better," and then in an hysterical high note — "I just — can't *stand* it."

Both hands were outstretched before her as if to ward off a ghostly attack. He noticed a deep crimson mark above her elbow as her sleeve fell back. He gazed at it with horror.

"Your arm! Claire, you've hurt yourself."

Still she stood with crooked, arms before the grill of the gas-fire. She swayed a little and he could hear the sob of her indrawn breath. He could stand it no longer.

"Who's in the next room?" he asked.

She seemed not to have heard, and with a startling rapidity the answer came. A door on the landing crashed open, there was a scuffling, and a second later Mrs. Swinton stood in the doorway of the sitting-room.

He leaped to his feet. The lamp lit the threshold. Mrs. Swinton stood there, a kimono wrapped tightly round her ample figure, her dark hair hanging down, moist and tangled, her arms folded and her face . . . .

He could have cried aloud at the horror of it. It was white and shiny with perspiration, and where her mouth should have been was a raw and glaring cavity. He could think of nothing but: My God, she's cut her throat! He heard Claire scream and he ran forward to Mrs. Swinton. Her eyes were glazed and unseeing.

"This bloody lipstick," she gulped, "how the Hell can anyone do up their face — " she giggled — "in the dark. How can they?"

Over her chin, up to her nose the grease-paint was smeared. A grotesque, degraded, and most terrible sight. She leaned against the door post, and the taint of her breath stung his nostrils. She was completely drunk.

She leered at Tristram.

"Hullo! Hullo, l'il Tristram."

He turned to Claire who was now beside the sofa, a hand held before her eyes.

"It's all right," he said. "She's only covered her face with muck. We'd better get her back to bed."

He took the wretched woman by the shoulder.

"Get back," he said, "get into your room."

She waved a fat hand at him.

"I'll go, if you'll come," and then in a drawling voice: "I say, I'm rotten drunk."

"You get back," he said.

He pushed her out of the room. She began to cry.

"Where's my l'il Claire? Claire, Mother's dreadfully ill."

He bundled her across the landing, thrust her into her room and slammed the door. He was as white as a sheet, but his mind was made up. So this was the thing that had made Claire so strange. No wonder, Oh my God, he thought, no wonder!

"Claire," he said. "Get your things. We're going. You understand, you and I are going. And we're not coming back."

She gazed at him dumbly.

"Yes, Tristram."

"Get your things. Get a portmanteau."

"Yes, Tristram."

She obeyed mechanically, while he stood over her. At length dressed, and what clothes she could lay hands on packed, she stood at the top of the stairs. She glanced towards the door of her mother's room.

"Come along," he said almost roughly. "I don't want to commit murder."

A second later they were in the street. The air seemed to bring her to her senses.

"Tristram, I can't leave her. How can I? Where are we going?"

His voice shook:

"Going, my poor darling? Anywhere out of this for to-night and to-morrow to High Silver."

She hesitated for one second. Paradise and Earl's Court. . . . Earl's Court and — Paradise?

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Mexico We Have Ever Near Us

There are rights and wrongs in Mexico. There exists a pressing need for unbiased esearch which will give to the public of our ountry a full, disinterested, and accurate ccount of them.

I

We hear that the present Government of Mexico is engaged in a campaign of religious ersecution. What is the evidence?

Editor of THE FORUM:

In defense of the campaign waging in Mexico against freedom of education and of worship, the claim is advanced that this movement cannot fairly be condemned as a war on religion. The attempt is made to create the impression that Calles and his followers are but defending Mexico against an unjust usurpation of civil authority by the Church.

The religious controversy in Mexico will never be solved by charges and counter-charges which are vague or without definite foundation in facts. We search in vain through the voluminous statements emanating from the agencies of the Mexican Government or from the unofficial defenders of President Calles and his Ministers for any statement of facts, for anything concrete which can be said to justify the line of conduct they have adopted. The case against the Church has never been definitely stated, much less has it been proved by those who advance it.

No convincing evidence has been produced to prove that the Mexican people are united in the attack on the Church, nor even that a majority of them approve the action of the Mexican Government. The Bishop of Huejutla was not engaging in an empty gesture when, in his Pastoral of March 10, 1926, he defied the Government to lay the matter before the people. It required courage and conviction to make such an appeal in Mexico. The flood of protests, the rioting, and even bloodshed, occasioned in all parts of Mexico by the assault on religion demonstrate beyond the possibility of any doubt that the Bishop had good grounds for the faith he placed in the people of his country.

If we turn to the defenders of the Church, we find them not only defending their position, but even establishing a case with definite specifications supported by facts which are indisputable.

The Church is charged with having defied the law and with having stirred the people to rebellion against the Constitution. Without exception, the Bishops and clergy of Mexico have protested against certain clauses of the Mexican Constitution of 1917. They protested at the time the Constitution was enacted and their protest at that time was so well founded that, far from looking upon it as unjustifiable or intemperate, Venustiano Carranza took upon himself the initiative of pressing their claim for the amendment of those clauses which deny freedom of education and freedom of worship. In two well-reasoned Messages to the Mexican Congress, he pointed out, in 1918, that these provisions of the Mexican Constitution were but the manifestation of revolu-

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tionary exaltation and had no place in the permanent law of any country.

Neither in the protest of 1917, nor in any subsequent protest made against these clauses of the Constitution, nor against specific enforcement statutes enacted under them, do we find any evidence that either the Catholic clergy or the people of Mexico have at any time had in mind any but such orderly and peaceful action as is possible under the law to bring about the repeal and amendment of the laws which they find intolerable. Even the Mexican law grants to the citizens of that Republic the right of petition. The Constitution itself contains provision for its own amendment.

No American can know the Constitution of Mexico and the laws being enacted under it, and, much less, the violence and lawlessness of the agencies set up to enforce them, and fail to understand that the tragedy being enacted in that country is, in reality, an assault upon freedom and the rights of free men.

Article Three of that Constitution, after declaring that all "instruction is free", prescribes that all "primary instruction, whether higher or lower, given in private institutions, shall be secular," and, "no religious corporation nor minister of any religious creed shall establish or direct schools of primary instruction." Is this not indeed an attempt to make of public education a tyrannical instrument for the denial to future generations of all training in religion? Acting under this law, an effort is made to compel even the private schools to give instruction not only in the civil subjects prescribed but even in ethics based on a materialistic naturalism, which is the denial of Christianity. The regulations issued under this Constitutional provision have been such that the Catholic teachers of Mexico could not accept them.

The teachers of one hundred and fifty private schools in Mexico City and the Federal District protested against the regulation issued on February 22, 1926, by the Secretary of Public Instruction. To overcome this opposition, the Secretary appointed a commission to study the matter with final power to act. The commission is composed of three representatives of the Secretary and two of the private schools. There can be little doubt as to what the majority report of this commission will be. Knowing that justice could not be expected, the teaching brotherhoods and sisterhoods have, for the most part, closed their schools, unable to justify before their own consciences the hypocrisy of even a semblance of compliance with the regulations.

Bad as the Constitution of 1917 is, even its provisions are clearly violated by many of the laws and regulations that are being enforced.

Article 27, for example, declares that all episcopal residences and theological seminaries are the property of the State, to be devoted to the public service. Acting under this Article, Bishops have, in some cases, been expelled from the homes which the people had provided for their residence, and theological seminaries have been arbitrarily closed on the pretext that the buildings were needed by the Government for some public service other than that to which they had been dedicated by the Catholic people who had built them.

Article 130 contains the strange provision that the State Legislatures may fix the maximum number of priests who may function in the State "according to the needs of each locality". Acting under this authority, the State of Potosi denied the right to function to more than one priest for every twenty-five thousand of the population, and reduced the number of priests from ninety-five to twenty-five. In several States but one priest is allowed in each township and, in eleven States for which exact figures are at hand, the number of Catholic priests has, by legislation been reduced from 2,335 to 875. It is evident that the Legislators in them unreasonably reducing the number of priests have had no regard to that limitation of the Constitution itself which commands them to take into account "the needs of each community". The State of Vera Cruz stretched this provision even further and decreed that but one of the three Bishops residing in the State would be permitted to function. The State of Tabasco went further still and ordered all the Bishops and priests in that State to marry, a thing which no civilized government has ever required of any man.

Only a year ago, under the leadership of Luis Morones, the present Secretary of Trade and Industry, an absurd attempt

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was made to organize a schismatic church to be known as the National Church of Mexico. The people of Mexico repudiated this attempt to turn them away from their faith. There can be no doubt but that the laws denying to thousands of priests the right to function as Catholic priests, the closing of hundreds of Catholic Churches, the denial of an opportunity to attend religious services to thousands of Catholics, the denial to the Catholic Church the right to engage in works of education and benevolence, is a deliberate attempt to drive the Catholics of Mexico into the creation of an independent church.

Notwithstanding the pressure which has been brought to bear upon them by President Calles and his Minister of Government, less than half the States of Mexico have voted laws against the clergy, — another striking evidence that the persecution does not have the unanimous support of the Mexican people.

The pen revolts against the task of setting down a full account of the tragedy which, under the semblance of Government is being enacted in Mexico. Benevolent institutions, orphanages, homes for the aged and infirm, hospitals, asylums, have been closed and no provision made to care for the inmates, all on the plea that law must be obeyed.

To know those provisions of the Mexican Constitution, and the acts of the Mexican Government and its agents, is to know that they are absolutely irreconcilable with justice and the rights of man. They tell of a warfare against religion, a deliberate endeavor to destroy its growth; to pull out its roots. Our whole national life has been a protest against such iniquity. It is abhorrent to every human instinct of fair play.

JOHN J. BURKE,
General Secretary
National Catholic Welfare Conference.
Washington, D. C.

II

What is the other side of the question? Archbishop Michael J. Curley in an article on the Catholic situation in Mexico, published in the April issue of the Baltimore "Catholic Review", denounced the present hostilities of the Mexican Government toward religious orders and the expulsion of Catholic nuns and priests. Earle K. James, a Chilean of twenty-nine, educated in Chile and now instructor of Spanish and English in a prominent boys' school in New York City, addresses the following "open letter" to Archbishop Curley:

Dear Archbishop Curley:

Difficulties with Mexico have taken on a new phase, a phase that will bring joy to the hearts of many who have long striven to deny that oil has been at the root of most of the complications between that country and the United States. Tia Juana and Mexican church legislation have temporarily overshadowed the commotion over the land laws. According to the daily press, you are among the first of Catholic churchmen to raise your voice in protest against the reported discrimination against American priests, ministers, and nuns. You are quoted as stating that conditions in Mexico are the fault of "inarticulate Catholicism" which seems now to have found voice in certain resolutions by members of Congress and protests on the part of the Knights of Columbus of Washington.

Yes, Archbishop Curley, the fault *does* lie with an "inarticulate Catholicism", but not because the Catholic Church of America remains silent when her voice should be raised in protest, but because the Catholic Church of America has stilled her voice while Latin America has been slowly eaten by the putrid, cancerous institution that masquerades as an institution of God. The American Catholic Church, which I admire, whose places of worship I visit frequently, to whose labors of good I contribute what small mite I can, has remained on the far side of the pathway, aloofly watching a brother's soul being eaten by the devil. This, Archbishop Curley, is the "inarticulate Catholicism" you should deplore. This, Archbishop Curley, is what should arouse your spiritual and physical indignation, and make you throw your energies into a work that will bring you the Master's fervent "Well done", and the blessings of thousands living in a spiritually Cimmerean land. To make use of your energies to bring about strife after the mischief is done is the most thoroughly un-Christian thing you can do.

Have you ever visited Latin America? Have you read anything on Latin America?

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If you have, you cannot have failed to observe that there is a vast, vast gulf lying between the American Catholic Church and the Latin American Catholic Church; that the former is a noble institution while the latter is rotten to the core and whose stench rises to heaven. Raising your voice on the Mexican difficulties would seem to imply knowledge of conditons down there, — at least, knowledge of the provisions of Article 130 of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 regarding religious worship and education. Did you raise your voice in protest then? These provisions should speak to you as a patient's symptoms speak to a doctor. The Constitution of my own country, Chile, framed last year, should speak to you. Probably they do, but the inarticulate Catholicism refuses to answer or to take cognizance of the malignant disease that is gnawing at the spiritual vitals of Latin America.

If you have visited Latin America, or if you have read any books on Latin America, these evils should be well-known to you. For me to amass facts to prove to a Latin American that the Roman Catholic Church in Latin America is diseased, would be like amassing facts to prove to an American Catholic that the Catholic Church of America is a good institution. In either case we are to prove what is axiomatic, obvious, taken for granted. I should have to quote to you from almost every book written on Latin America in which the moral or religious problem is touched. I should have to quote the words of any intelligent Latin American who has given thought to the problems of his country. I should have to bring before you the literature of the Latin Americans to show you with what levity and disrespect Church and priests are treated.

Señor F. Garcia Calderon, probably the best known of all Latin American writers, says: "From Mexico to Chile the religion is the same; the intolerance of alien cults is the same; so are the clericalism, the anticlericalism, the fanaticism, and the superficial free-thought; the influence of the clergy in the State upon women and the schools; the lack of true religious feeling under the appearance of general belief." (*Latin America*, page 337.)

Ruy Barbosa, great Brazilian statesman, described the Catholic Church as: "A new paganism, as full of superstition and all unrighteousness as the mythology of the ancients, — a new paganism organized at the expense of evangelical traditions, shamelessly falsified and travestied."

These extracts could be multiplied indefinitely. Probably nothing has been so detrimental to the Latin American Church as the amalgamation between Catholic and pagan religions. Dr. Manuel Gamio, the archaeologist, has shown what effect this has had in Mexico. The God of the Mexicans is the Virgin of Guadalupe which is nothing but a substitute for the Aztec goddess Tonatzin, worshipped to-day on the very hill of Tepeyac where the Aztec deity was worshipped. Somewhat similar is the case of the Black Christ of Esquipulas in Guatemala (although Mexico City also possesses a "Black Christ". The same thing is found in other parts of the continent (*Nuestra Señora de Andacollo*, in Chile). Wherever the autochthonous religions have been strongest there the adaptation of the tenets of the Catholic Church to the practices and beliefs of the Indians has been most perfect. The result is that thinking, intelligent people have revolted from the Church, as they would in this country were the Catholic Church to amalgamate with the pagan beliefs of the Redskins.

These, Archbishop Curley, are my principal arraignments of the Church in Latin America:

1. Latin America is a land of blasphemy. The Church makes no effort to stop this. "I honor the Roman Catholic Church for one thing — for her Holy Name societies," said an American business man. He did not know Latin America. There he will find the name of God used constantly as an ejaculation of the mildest surprise. Children, shops, streets, bear the name of Christ, and one need not be surprised to see a sign "Saloon of the Holy Saviour".

2. The Church has opposed education. The most bitter opponent of Chile's law of compulsory primary education was the Church. Priests in rural districts have ever opposed the work of medical science. The Church has opposed prohibition because it is the owner of extensive and profitable vineyards.

3. The Church has increased the curse of illegitimacy by declaring civil marriage

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a "shameful and pestilent concubinage" (*turpis et exitialis concubinatus*), and opposing efforts of the Governments to make civil marriage compulsory.

4. The Church has been the arch-extortioner of Latin America, worse than any foreign capitalist. Thousands of Indians are robbed of their hard-earned mites and no assistance is given them to better their social position.

5. The churches of Latin America have been turned from houses of prayer into dens of robbers. Never have I seen in this country a Catholic Church whose entrance is filled with stalls as in any market place, and thronged with beggars and sellers of lottery tickets. Church festivals in Latin America are commercial fairs.

6. Sunday has been desecrated by making of it the day for horse-racing and other social evils.

7. The priesthood is too largely made up of uneducated, irreligious, utilitarian, and immoral men.

8. The finest qualities of Christianity have been prostituted by an idolatry worse than that of the indigenous religions.

9. To sum up: The Church has discredited religion. It has made the intellectual class indifferent towards the spiritual and moral values.

It is a grave misfortune for Latin America, and that is why, Archbishop Curley, I have long wanted to ask the Catholic Church of the United States why it persists in its "inarticulate Catholicism".

The benefits that I see in the work of Protestant missions in Latin America are two: First, the social work the missionaries are doing, and, second, the stimulation their competition provides. Where Protestant work has been most intense, there usually the Catholic Church has awakened to the fact that her influence was dying. The Protestant church, I believe, will never fully satisfy that mystical spirit of the Latin. Nor is the Catholic Church my ultimate ideal. But the Catholic Church at present has the only organization or machinery in Latin America that can, if the Church is reformed, reach the majority of the people and instil in them those spiritual and moral values without which their future greatness will be builded on sand. But the need is pressing. You must hurry for everywhere are signs that the great structure is rapidly decaying and crumbling. And when that is gone, what will endure?

EARLE K. JAMES.

New York.

III

From the economic standpoint, too, there are difficulties. The following letter, according to its author, was based on interviews with President Calles, with American and British business men in Mexico, with Frank Tannenbaum, Ambassador Sheffield, Secretary of Agriculture Leon, and upon observations made on a visit to an American-owned hacienda:

Editor of THE FORUM:

The American citizens who own property in Mexico have a grievance against the Mexican government. The Mexican government also has a grievance against the American investors. As to the facts upon which these mutual grievances rest, there is a small margin of disagreement, but when we come to the ethical principles in the light of which these facts are to be interpreted, the chasm is great indeed. Behind the Mexican question lies the larger issue of what is right and what is wrong. The ethical issue raised is most interesting.

The American position is exceedingly simple. By one means or another a considerable number of American citizens have come into possession of certain legal documents purporting to give them title to certain mines, oil wells, and real estate in the Republic of Mexico. From the legal point of view these documents are properly drawn and should be binding. Presumably a price was paid for the rights conferred, although the tendency is to stress the rights received rather than the compensation given in return.

The Mexican government has impugned the force and thereby diminished the worth of these documents in a variety of ways. The conditions under which oil may be pumped and ore extracted have been modified. Apparently the mineral wealth already staked out can be kept, but in the future the game must be played according to new rules. Grudgingly the American investor is accepting these terms. They diminish the values of his documents, but

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he has difficulty in finding a basis for legal action. But in regard to the land laws the American in Mexico feels that he has a clear case of right and wrong. The Mexican Constitution provides for the granting of land formerly held in large estates to the people of the adjoining villages. In theory, this land is to be parcelled out by the Government, and payment made to the owners on the basis of the tax valuation plus ten per cent. Practically, the American owners claim that the villagers come and take the land. The Mexican Government says, "Bring in a petition, and we will give you in payment a small cash payment and bonds payable in twenty annual instalments." The American owner adopts the attitude, "You have stolen my land. Come and make a settlement with me, or else I will press my claim through the American Embassy."

The American looks at his title deeds, meditates on the land which has been taken from him, and says that a legal right is a legal right, quotes the familiar commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," and urges the American Ambassador at Mexico City and the State Department at Washington to call the Mexican Government strictly to time in the interests of international morality. From the point of view of his legal documents, the American investor has a good case.

But from another point of view these American rights are regarded as Mexican wrongs.

The Mexican people feel that they have an inherent right to their own land and resources. In their eyes, the rights of the natives are more important than those of the foreigners. They also feel that their country has been sold out for a song to various adventurers. After the conquest, the wealth of Mexico was distributed in accordance with the whims of the Spanish king. During the days of Porfirio Diaz Mexican lands and minerals were granted to American capitalists in return for exceedingly scant compensation. This was due in part to the atmosphere in which Diaz lived and in part to a lack of understanding of the value of these grants. An American business man who is in a position to know states that if the Diaz régime had continued, by this time ninety per cent of the wealth of Mexico would be in American hands! Now these Americans who own land in Mexico practically never become citizens. They remain as alien in Mexico as the orientals in California. The Mexican judgment of the American in Mexico can be aptly put in the words of President Calles, "They come here and make money, they go home and take their money with them, and then they tell lies about the country!" Under American exploitation the Mexican feels that the natural wealth of his country is being carried off to other lands with scant profit to Mexico. These legal documents which the American thinks should be regarded as most sacred the Mexican regards as nothing more than the evidence that his land has been betrayed to the foreigner.

The Mexican further argues that these legal documents held by Americans do not represent a great investment of real money. Reducing the size of an American owned hacienda may destroy a certain amount of paper value, but the Mexican suspects that the 1200 acres which each haciendado is guaranteed under the Constitution is probably worth more than the original price of the entire holding. The American emphasizes legal documents; the Mexican the actual investment made and the conditions under which the land was gotten. He also stresses the fact that these large holdings in the past have never paid their fair share of the taxes. In view of all these considerations, the Mexican feels that the Government has a moral right to diminish these large holdings on the basis of admittedly scant compensation.

Or perhaps the matter might be put in another way. The Mexican sees on one hand an American, who is assumed to be wealthy, holding large tracts of land by grace of a legal document obtained in a more or less doubtful fashion. On the other hand he sees thirteen million Mexican peons, who in the past have been in virtual slavery for debt, now seeking to better their condition by claiming for themselves small tracts of land taken from these vast haciendas. He believes that Mexico cannot know peace nor the people rise above brute existence until the land is divided more equitably. He admits that this may involve some injustice to the American owners, but he argues that this bit of financial privation is as nothing

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compared with the injustices which the Mexican peon has suffered in the past. He sets human rights above legal rights.

If legal documents are the final basis of right and wrong, then Mexico is a moral offender. If right and wrong are a matter of the greatest good to the greatest number, then the Americans who are pressing their legal claims are offenders against the Mexican people. Admittedly the situation is so muddled that full justice cannot be done to every interest involved. If there is to be lasting peace in Mexico, some of the rights inherited from the past must go by the board. The people cannot have the privileges which they claim and the owners keep all the rights which have come down to them out of the past. There must be some adjustment, and some loss. Where we think the loss should fall will depend very largely upon our education and temperament, upon the relative value which we attach to legal and human rights.

The Mexican Government is approaching this problem in a practical rather than a doctrinnaire fashion. The Mexican revolution was fought and the present administration came into power on the proposition that the people should have 'land and liberty". The Government cannot go back on its pledge to the people without endangering its existence. If the Government should accept all American claims at their face value it would at once plunge the country into revolution once more. On the other hand, if the Government repudiates these claims it will find itself in difficulties with the United States. It is under the necessity of conciliating its neighbor to the north. It also feels the direct need of outside capital for the development of the country. It cannot afford to pitch the capitalistic system out, even if it so desired. A middle course is the only possible one for the Mexican Government to pursue. On the one hand, it must meet its promise to the people in regard to the division of the land; on the other it must make the best bargain which it can with the Americans who are presenting legal claims against it.

The situation bristles with difficulties on every hand. Great would be the gain if the American public would view the problem in a more sympathetic light.

JOHN R. SCOTFORD.

Cleveland, Ohio.

IV

"What is a Constitution among friends?" asks a fourth contributor, who discusses this controversial constitution of Mexico, "latest issue, style of 1917".

Editor of THE FORUM:

The attitude of the Latin mind toward a Constitution is engaging. The present Mexican instrument supersedes that of 1857. Both are products of liberal sentiment, with a strong infusion of anti-clericalism. The document which President Calles is now seeking to put into active operation, after nine years of quasi desuetude, is, among other things, a proclamation. It sets forth ideals for which much blood was shed. Some of them are uttered frankly as ideals, — to be realized in practice if that is possible, but in any event to be proclaimed. This use of a Constitution is so novel to the Saxon mind, so alien to any usage of ours, that it furnishes a clue to the difficulty which the people of the United States so often have in coming to an understanding with the people of Mexico.

Two matters under the present régime of President Calles have pressed for attention — oil and land. The oil men, Mexican as well as foreign, though the aliens have led, so soon as the Constitution was promulgated, raised a loud cry. Our American press rang with their complaints. They organized in Washington an elaborate propaganda office. The machinations of that group of propagandists, incidentally, more than once had this country by the ears with Mexico and on the verge of war. But at last the thing has been done. The present Congress succeeded in framing a statute, and a few months ago it was signed and promulgated. It has ever since been the subject of rather heated interchanges between our Government and that of Mexico.

Along with the constitutional article it is denounced by those whose interests are affected as new, revolutionary, confiscatory, retroactive, and what not. I turn to the Constitution. In Article 27 petroleum and its products appear as added to the list of those subterranean valuables — *tesoros del subsuelo* — the ownership of which inheres in the nation, independently of private surface rights. The only thing new about this is the inclusion of oil. About

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1900 came the development of Mexico's oil fields. Now the oil came from deep below the surface, from the subsoil, and clearly it was a "treasure". Facing that, the Constitutional Convention of 1916–1917, made up chiefly of young and rather headlong men, boldly assumed that the statute conferring rights of the oil upon the owners of the surface was unconstitutional and void. Petroleum belonged among the subsoil treasures, and there they placed it. To the instant and loud protests of the oil men they said, privately, "This law is not going to be retroactive. The Constitution forbids that. Wells that are now yours, producing wells, will continue to be yours. But the Government will claim any brought in hereafter. We can easily come to an agreement with you as to royalties. That is just another form of tax. The silver and gold mining people don't mind that law, why should you?"

But the oil people were not pacified. "What about the land which we have bought and leased?" they inquired. "We are only interested in the oil which it may produce; if you take that, it is worthless. You have confiscated our property." "But an oil well that does not exist is not property, is it?" blandly retorts the spokesman for the Government. Apparently the petroleum interests are not yet satisfied, but there is every reason to believe that the Mexican Government will go as far as it is possible to go in the way of a compromise, and will be abetted by the Mexican courts. They will not surrender their main contention, but despite all suggestions to the contrary, Mexico wishes no quarrel with us.

Next to the oil question, in the minds of our investors, is that of the ownership of land. We are here dealing with land for agricultural and grazing purposes. A paragraph of this same Article 27, mentioned above, provides that each State in the Federation shall declare by statute what is the maximum acreage of land that any individual shall own therein. No distinction is made between citizens and aliens. The matter was passed on to the States because land values vary. In some sections the lands are only good for grazing. Here a comparatively large acreage must be allowed. In other States agriculture is intensive, and the unit is properly much smaller. All this is simple enough, and seemingly not unfair. But the business has already become complicated in practice. Legislatures have been slow to act, subjected to pressure in contrary directions. The tenant farmers and peon hirelings, frenzied with land hunger, have organized themselves into agrarian societies, a kind of grange. Irritated by delays they are growing impatient, and in some instances are resorting to "direct action", squatting upon desirable tracts. American land owners add complaints of their own. Take the bonds of a Mexican State in payment for their land? Why, they will tell you, the securities of the Federal Government itself are scarcely worth the paper they are written on. "State bonds, indeed!"

It may be, after all, that this Constitution, issue of 1917, can never be wholly put into effect. Constitutions do not always march. But this one at least stands as a sign board. It points the direction in which Mexico is now blithely going. Probably not its best friends, not even its framers, hold it perfect. In parts it is a counsel of perfection. But the perfect is hard of achievement. Mexico will have to wait. She is used to that. Meantime if somebody, some foreigner especially, finds an angle of it prodding him uncomfortably, a Mexican friend is likely to say to him in substance, with that disarming smile which is a sort of national asset, "What is a Constitution among friends?"

G. B. WINTON.

Nashville, Tenn.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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A Beloved Dean

He himself admits, — and perhaps with justice, — that he is not a great scholar. As a college administrator he has not been efficient in the business man's sense of the word. He is homely, awkward, careless of his appearance. Those who studied under him recall him as an almost ridiculous figure in the classroom, — draping himself over the desk, leaning against the chalky blackboard, oblivious of the chalk on his clothes and of everything else except the men before him and the subject under discussion. His self-effacing modesty would gravely displease those modern apostles of success who hold that no man can get to the top without "selling himself". Yet he is known as a great teacher from one end of the country to the other; it has been said of him that he holds the Harvard alumni in the hollow of his hand; he is beloved by thousands.

To write such a biography as DEAN BRIGGS by Rollo Walter Brown (Harpers, $3.50), is not an easy task. Dean Briggs's life has not been outwardly eventful. It has been spent in academic routine. The greatness of his achievement has been the result of innumerable personal contacts with students. There is little documentary evidence of these contacts; his biographer could never hope to uncover half of them. Yet despite these handicaps Mr. Brown has produced not merely a competent book but an illuminating one. He has adopted the device of arranging his material not chronologically but according to the Dean's diverse interests and activities: there are successive chapters on "What He Brought from His Youth", on his fifty years of teaching ("A Variant in the Professor's Chair"), his unconventional administration of college discipline ("A Friend in the Dean's Office"), his crusade for intercollegiate sportsmanship ("An Idealist in Athletics"), his presidency of Radcliffe ("Among College Women"), his ventures into authorship, his avocations and hobbies, and finally "The Reach of His Power". Mr. Brown has somewhere and somehow gathered sheafs of Briggsian anecdotes to enliven these chapters; he has written the story, if not brilliantly, at least with dignity and restraint, rising at times to genuine power; he has set the Dean before us in the

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round, with all his eccentricities, his Lincolnesque uncouthness, his sweetness of spirit.

To those of our skeptical generation who hold man to be incorrigible, progress a delusion, and idealism a form of sentimental self-deceit, it may seem that Dean Briggs was right when he said at the last meeting of his English class before his retirement, "I am a Victorian;" for certainly his whole career has been founded on a faith in the innate decency and honor of the average man. But if the simplicity and selflessness of Dean Briggs were merely Victorian qualities, the modern world would be losing something which it can ill afford to lose. In any case, it is good to have preserved the adequate record of such a life.

FREDERICK L. ALLEN.

A Calendar of Philosophy

John Dewey has become the dean of American philosophers not by the persistency and consistency of his contributions over a considerable period, but by the intrinsic merit of his clarifying and illuminating ministrations. He is in the best sense a modernist, a realist, and a humanist, by virtue of varied contacts all richly absorbed, of a rare penetration that is his kinship with the philosophic heritage, of sympathy that protects from the sterility of dialectic. In him "experience and nature" have well combined to mature a leadership responsible to time-tried values as well as directive for progressive thinking in an age crowded with far-reaching discoveries and radical reconstructions. And the present volume (EXPERIENCE AND NATURE, The Open Court Publishing Co., $3.00), is consummatory, — to use a favorite word of his, — of his contribution to the interpretation of the intellectual world in which we live.

All of which comment, as a critical appraisal, is suggestive of the spirit of the approach, — of the lobby leading to the theatre where is staged the plot and substance of his dramatic mission. That it is not easy to condense to summary statement, to solidify without congealing the rapid, deep, varied, scenic flow of his argument. In content it deals with the enduring problems that make the philosophic occupations of all ages akin, yet as we approach our immediate generation, with such momentous differences of outlook: experience, nature, life, things, ends, body, mind, art, ideas, values. What are they and how do they derive their meaning and attain a practical significance in this riddle of a universe? Revering science but with no idolatry; loyal to logic so long as it itself retains its loyalty to nature; convinced that the deepest and thus the truest realities of life are rooted, and with strong emotional fibres, to the greatest common sources and expressions of human needs, he proceeds with the mastery of poise and insight to set forth, — albeit at times platform-wise, — the net issues of his conclusions. Positively the most constant touch is the insistence that actual, experienced, vital living is the clue and the telic end and guide of significance. In this sense the anthropological products of the race are authentic philosophical documents. Negatively, the avoidance of dialectic, nominalism, and all the elaborate artifacts of the scholastic, still surviving in the academic-routinist mind, will alone ensure an approach to intellectual salvation.

Much of this may sound forbidding; and certainly the volume is not to be taken up idly at the close of an empty day. But there are abundant variations of tempo and theme to give spice and sustain interest. Indeed it would be a pleasant task to compile a Dewey "Calendar of Philosophy" from this volume alone, selecting a helpful epigram, an inspirational sentence, an illuminating summary or illustration for every day of the thinking year, not by way of consolatory maxims but as provocative stimulants to reflection.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

Convent Education

THE LIFE OF MÈRE MARIE EUGÉNIE MILLERET DE BROU by Alice Lady Lovat, (Sands and Company, London, $5.44), Foundress of the Order of the Assumption, unfolds one more chapter in the long history of convent education, a history which belongs to Latin rather than to Saxon civilization, and which has been made familiar to us by countless memoirs

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and biographies. Over and over again we glimpse in these records the training which for centuries fitted French women for their varying vocations; for the gaieties of the court, the dignified and responsible life of the châtelaine, and the sturdy activities of trade.

It is curious to note the respect and affection with which school life in the convent has been portrayed. There are notable exceptions, but this is the rule. For years English writers made merry over girls' schools. Not so the writers of France. Compare even Thackeray's treatment of Miss Pinkerton's academy, which sheltered Amelia Sedley and the immortal Becky Sharp, with the same writer's grace and tenderness when Lady Gaunt's convent is in question. Who can forget the passage in *Vanity Fair* which describes Becky singing Mozart, and Lady Gaunt listening, while memories of her French school crowd thick and fast upon her? "She was a child again, and had wandered back through a forty years' wilderness to her Convent garden. The chapel organ had pealed the same tones, the organist, the sister whom she loved best of the community, had taught them to her in those early days. She was a girl once more, and the brief period of her happiness bloomed again for an hour."

What lends an especial interest to the life of Mère Marie Eugénie is its frank and amazing account of how the new order came to be established. One always thinks of such an event as shaping itself in the mind of the foundress, and gaining clearness of outline with every day's meditation. In this case it shaped itself in the mind of a determined old cleric, the Abbé Combalot, who refused to be gainsaid. He does not appear to have had any special scheme of education, — indeed there is very little said about teaching in this otherwise comprehensive biography, — but he was resolved that there should be an order of nuns dedicated to the Assumption, who should instruct little girls in all that it behooved them to know.

Although more zealous than wise, the Abbé possessed one element of greatness. He knew how to choose his followers. Had he been the President of the French Republic, he would have been impulsive, erratic, and wayward; but he would have had the strongest cabinet that the brains of France could give him. He recognized in Mademoiselle Milleret the qualities needed for a pioneer. Her calm and somewhat suppressed childhood in the lovely château of Preisch, her careful schooling, the responsibilities which had matured her character, the bias toward a religious life that had been given her by the preaching of Lacordaire, the dignity which sobered her lively intelligence, the distinction of her mind and manners, — all these things combined to make her the ideal mother superior of a convent. She would have been content to enter an order already established, but this the impetuous Abbé would not consider. His mind was made up, and he was not to be denied.

The first companions of Mère Marie Eugénie were selected with the same unerring judgment. They were women of intelligence and resolution, well-fitted to share her labors and responsibilities. Not even in his wildest dreams could the Abbé Combalot have foreseen the success of the order he helped to found. The one little house in the rue Vaugirard, with its three little pupils, eight, ten, and twelve years of age, has expanded into flourishing schools in France, England, Italy, Spain, Manila, and the United States. Which goes to show that there is always room in a crowded world for well-considered work. There are always little girls to be taught, and there are always things they need to know besides arithmetic and basket ball.

AGNES REPPLIER.

A Revolution in Psychology

In the last decade our ideas have been profoundly influenced by Psychology; but there has been an equally startling revolution in Psychology itself. Some writers associate the change with Psycho-analysis; but THE MEANING OF PSYCHOLOGY by C. K. Ogden (Harpers, $3.00) gives the first untechnical survey of all the recent developments in this fascinating science. In PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00) another FORUM writer, I. A. Richards, shows how profoundly this science affects the study of Literature.

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Some Outstanding Novels

MR. I. A. RICHARDS, English critic and lecturer at Cambridge University, author of PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM, *here gives his opinion of twenty-five recent novels submitted to him by the editors. The list may serve as a guide to summer reading. A group of next season's novels will be appraised in a similar manner by Mr. Richards six months hence, thus establishing a regular* FORUM *feature.*

THUNDER ON THE LEFT by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page, $2.00) takes an idea,—the interloper in time,—always amusing, which is half a good light novel already, and plays with it prettily. A child passes, unchanged except in stature and appearance, into the grown-up world, where he meets his later self. But to get him into this world is much easier than to get him out of it again. Mr. Morley fakes his conclusion like the consummate craftsman that he is, but the reader who notices things will poke about to see where the putty begins and the other stuff leaves off. This research is as enjoyable an occupation as a less sophisticated reading. Compare *The Sense of the Past*, the most amusing of all Henry James's experiments.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY by John Erskine (Bobbs Merrill, $2.50) is more an essayist's work than a novelist's, for all the characters talk alike. But so do those of Voltaire, Peacock, and Landor, and why should they not? The author has done well to break away from the recent tradition of verisimilitude in a novel which is polished conversation throughout. A witty and engaging thing done in a pleasantly urbane 18th Century convention.

THE SILVER STALLION by James Branch Cabell (McBride, $2.50) is also written in a convention adopted for a purpose. But those passages (e. g. Morven Heath and Jurgen's Grandfather's Hell) which gave *Jurgen* moments of amusing freshness are missing in this companion work. Fresh is, in fact, the last word one could use here. Those who like hunting for obviously dragged in innuendoes, through dusty thickets of *Ersatz* erudition and swamps of imitation sentiment, will find a certain amount of sport provided for them. But even to those in whom the school girl and school boy most unwarrantably survives, the stock gestures may come to seem tiresome, and the whimsicality and elusiveness so mechanical as to be insulting.

THE PLUMED SERPENT by D. H. Lawrence (Knopf, $3.00). In part a fantasy,—the spiritual revival of the Aztec Gods,—this part decorated with some of the worst poems that a good poet has ever written. In part a picture of contemporary Mexico, the land and the people, so vivid, so clear, and so actual that most readers would perhaps be well advised to let the book take the place of a visit. In part a further exploration of those jungles of emotion in which only Lawrence seems able to find his way. Here still more we may be glad to gain our experience at second hand. A book as full of his peculiar literary vices,—insistence, repetition, intolerable harping on single words which have lost all their effectiveness,—as of his extraordinary virtues, which are nowadays much more matters of perception and sensibility than, as used to be, of rhythm and the outflowing impulses of his mind. The poise and flow of *The White Peacock* or *Twilight in Italy* have disappeared, giving place to a narrative style that might almost be a translation, jerky and undistinguished, if we consider it sentence by sentence, but mysteriously effective page by page.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE by Willa Cather (Knopf, $2.00). Really two novels, both good, one set inside the other. The inset novel,—a young cowboy-archaeologist's adventure on a mesa which holds the ruins of a vanished civilization,—is an admirable piece of quiet, strong narrative. Miss Cather seems to lack invention, but to lack little else. Her young hero later becomes a physicist and a discoverer, is killed in the War and haunts the rest of the book as a memory and an inspiration. His great discovery,—a "bulk-headed vacuum" which revolutionizes aviation and appears to be

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also a gas, — seems oddly enough to come from Kipling's "With the Night Mail". This is of course a trivial detail of no importance, unless it helps to indicate why Miss Cather is not yet the great novelist she should be. She has very little sense of action, and action and invention go together. Such observation, perspective, and balance as hers are rare, but all her work is strangely static. Her principal study here, the Professor, is an appealing and impressive figure, but more a statue than a man.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR, by Anne Parrish (Harpers, $2.00). The dominating figure is really Time, wearing away, breaking down and shifting from the scene a puppet family typical of the culture which is vanishing. A rich, detailed, highly colored presentation of manners, modes, conventions, feelings, passions, attitudes, — a whole way of life which soon will have only an historical interest. The pageant passes gaily by to the gloomiest of ends, but it is shown without either forced satire or nostalgia. It is all curiously neutral beneath an appearance of indulgence. An enjoyable addition to the sociological survey which has become a main task of fiction.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER by John Dos Passos (Harpers, $2.00). The best attempt yet made (for *The Great Gatsby* really balanced by the problem) towards the most interesting task of the future American novel, a rendering of New York. But in spite of its good observation the vitality of the book seems low; perhaps the very difficulty of the subject depressed the author. But only with the difficulty clearly in view can we fairly estimate the extraordinary success of this impressive work.

PORGY by Du Bose Heyward (Doran, $2.00). Negro life in Charleston. Oppression, conversions, revulsions, salvations, murders, calamities, and betrayals. The moral kaleidoscope. A vigorous description of a hurricane included. All a little external, as is perhaps inevitable. One feels about the characters rather than with them. The very violence of the incidents described makes them lose power, for their presentation is the reverse of effortless.

DARK LAUGHTER by Sherwood Anderson (Boni & Liveright, $2.50). The disintegration of feeling and thought which is so much part of contemporary consciousness is reflected on every page of this book. Verbless sentences drift by, pile themselves in heaps and then slip down so that it is impossible to decide what exactly has been effected. Sometimes a mass of feeling has been generated, but often the feeling is incomplete and blind. This method of the direct transcription of consciousness, sensations, reflections, questionings, memories, wishes streaming by half formulated, — the chaff with the grain as it seems, human misunderstanding more than understanding, bafflement and confusion rather than clarity and performance, — leaves the reader profoundly uneasy. Perhaps out of the very uneasiness there may come a heightened sense of life. But there is more than the natural raggedness and tension of existence behind this disquiet. There is the absence of what, for lack of better terms, may be called a philosophy, a mental structure which will order the chaos. I do not mean a system of beliefs; perhaps no legacy from the past can handle modern consciousness without suppressing it. I mean that Anderson's work at present is a record of disorder, not a new ordering of our responses. It is not for this less interesting to us, but to a better ordered generation it would be. And further there is a discomfort due to technical causes. Reading Anderson is like listening to what seems to be something important through a bad telephone. The immense discomfort of defective communication pervades the whole experience.

LOLLY WILLOWES *or* THE LOVING HUNTSMAN by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking Press, $2.00). The Loving Huntsman is no less a personage than Satan, approached with a delicate and refreshing sympathy and a complete freedom from all melodramatic trappings. Lolly herself is a Witch. Add to this that Miss Warner's sentences are completely responsive to her hand. She knows exactly what she is doing with them and hardly one of them can be missed without loss. Temptations to quote are innumerable. "He lived in a small surprised cottage near the church." "Dusk and clammy chill seemed to creep out from among the darkening trees that waited there so stilly." "The wind and the moon and the ranging cloud were not the only hunters abroad that night:

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something else was hunting among the hills, hunting slowly, deliberately, sure of its quarry." But this is not in the least the usual bogeyman story. It is the English countryside and the Country Family given in miniature, with intimacy and delicious humor, as well as a perfectly presented human character. A greater contrast with *Dark Laughter* could not be imagined. The author is doing something which is well within her reach. She has time for wit and amusement and for irony as unobtrusive and incidental as the smallest facial expression. The quality of her writing is the quality of good traditional manners. It is so equable that its fineness is only shown in a second reading. But if the story has all the advantages of looking to the past, it has the disadvantage that it does not touch, except indirectly, any living, forward-looking pulse of life. It is all irrelevant, and the only weak paragraphs in it are those of Lolly's feminist speech towards the end where Miss Warner seems to be trying to escape this limitation. In the strict sense of the word it is an exquisite thing, if a trifle cool, remote or frail for current demands.

The following novels may also please. [Readers however who missed ARROWSMITH by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00) or CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER by H. G. Wells (Macmillan, $3.00) would do well not to overlook them for more recent but less interesting works.] THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE by Leonard Woolf (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), an admirable dramatic story of the peasantry of Ceylon, devil-haunted, feud-ridden, and threatened ceaselessly by the encroaching jungle. In TURBOT WOLFE by William Plomer (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00) the Negro in Africa and the White Trades and Missionary are seen through the eyes of an Englishman sympathetic at first to miscegenation: an interesting study of the local problems. In THE LOVE NEST AND OTHER STORIES by Ring W. Lardner (Scribner's, $1.75) we have satire whose bitterness is sometimes as surprising as the humor which cloaks it. AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY by Theodore Dreiser (Boni & Liveright, 2 vols., $5.00) is the story of a boy who murders his girl without meaning to do so, what led up to it and what followed in the greatest detail. Unfortunately both the boy and girl and the other figures remain dummies, and what one is told about them is just what one expected. Few authors who have written so much can have written so clumsily.

HARE AND TORTOISE by Pierre Coalfleet (Duffield, $2.00) handles the matrimonial situation (Anglo-Canadian characters of interest and distinction) skilfully and with insight. THE HOUNDS OF SPRING by Sylvia Thompson (Little, Brown, $2.00), is a very enterprising and unexpectedly successful attempt by a post-war author (born 1902) to deal with the war years in civilian England. SIMONETTA PERKINS by L. P. Hartley (Putnam's, $2.00) is really a short story expanded. A not too subtle piece of mixed satire and psychology, Venice, a repressed Bostonian maiden, a Gondolier. ODTAA by John Masefield (Macmillan, $2.50). Exciting South American adventures, some vivid description, a naif young hero trying to carry a message through the forest and failing. Reads like a written up scenario for a film. GLORIOUS APOLLO by E. Barrington (Dodd, Mead, $2.00). The life of Byron made into fiction. Other things being equal, the reader's exasperation will be in proportion to his knowledge about Byron. WILD GEESE by Martha Ostenso (Dodd, Mead, $2.00). Farm life in Northern Canada. Good observation. Less satisfactory as a story than as a study of frontier conditions. THREE KINGDOMS by Storm Jameson (Knopf, $2.50). The heroine's name is also Storm. So also was named the wearer of the Green Hat! Miss Jameson however got in first in an earlier novel. None the less her book must be entered for the stakes that *The Green Hat* won. Equally in the McKenna-Arlen genre is JERICHO SANDS by Mary Borden (Knopf, $2.50).

I. A. RICHARDS.

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From an oil portrait by Jessie Willcox Smith

ELIZABETH STANLEY TROTTER

Who gently defends the younger generation against its many detractors

See page 371
Illustrated Section XXIX

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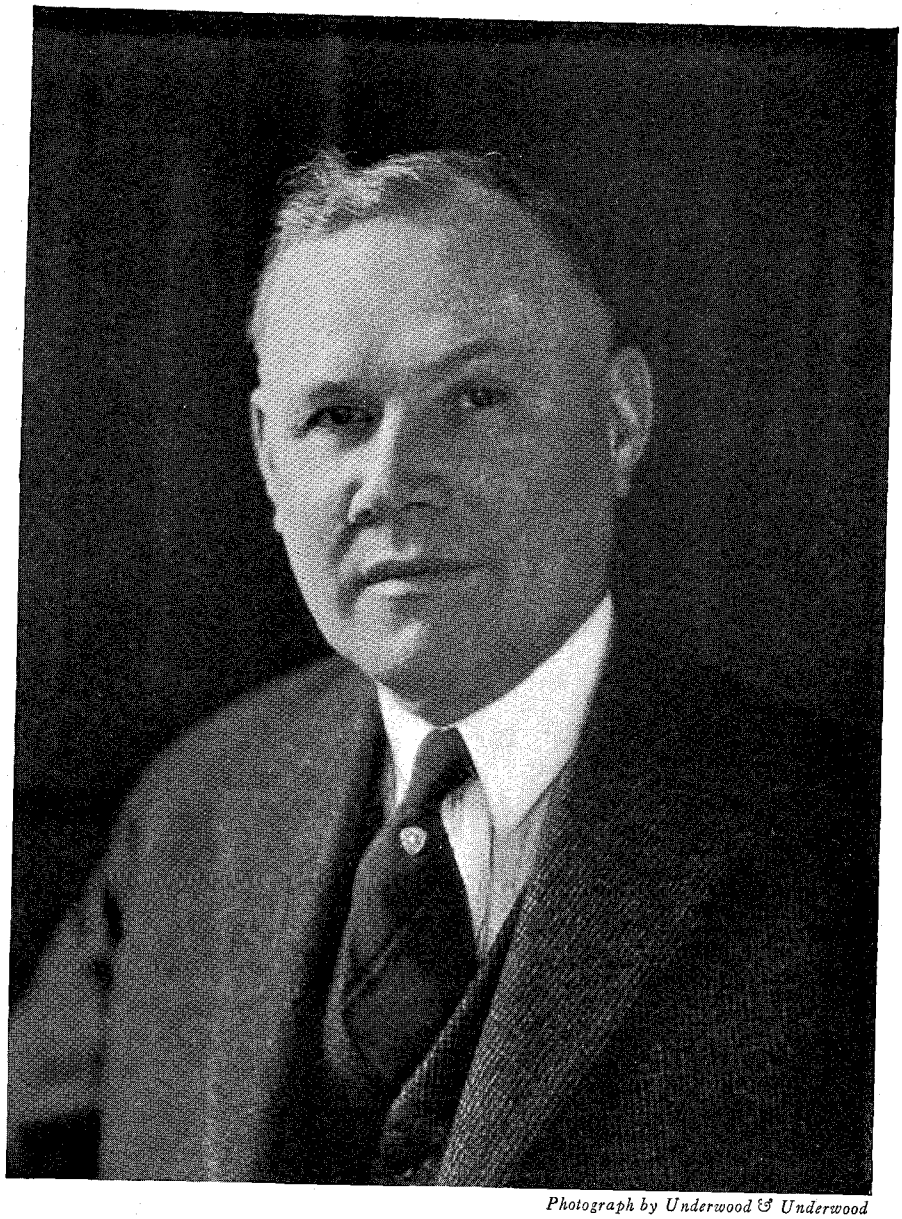

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

WILLIAM GREEN

The President of the most powerful Labor Organization in the world, explains why we should not expect a General Strike in America

See page 352

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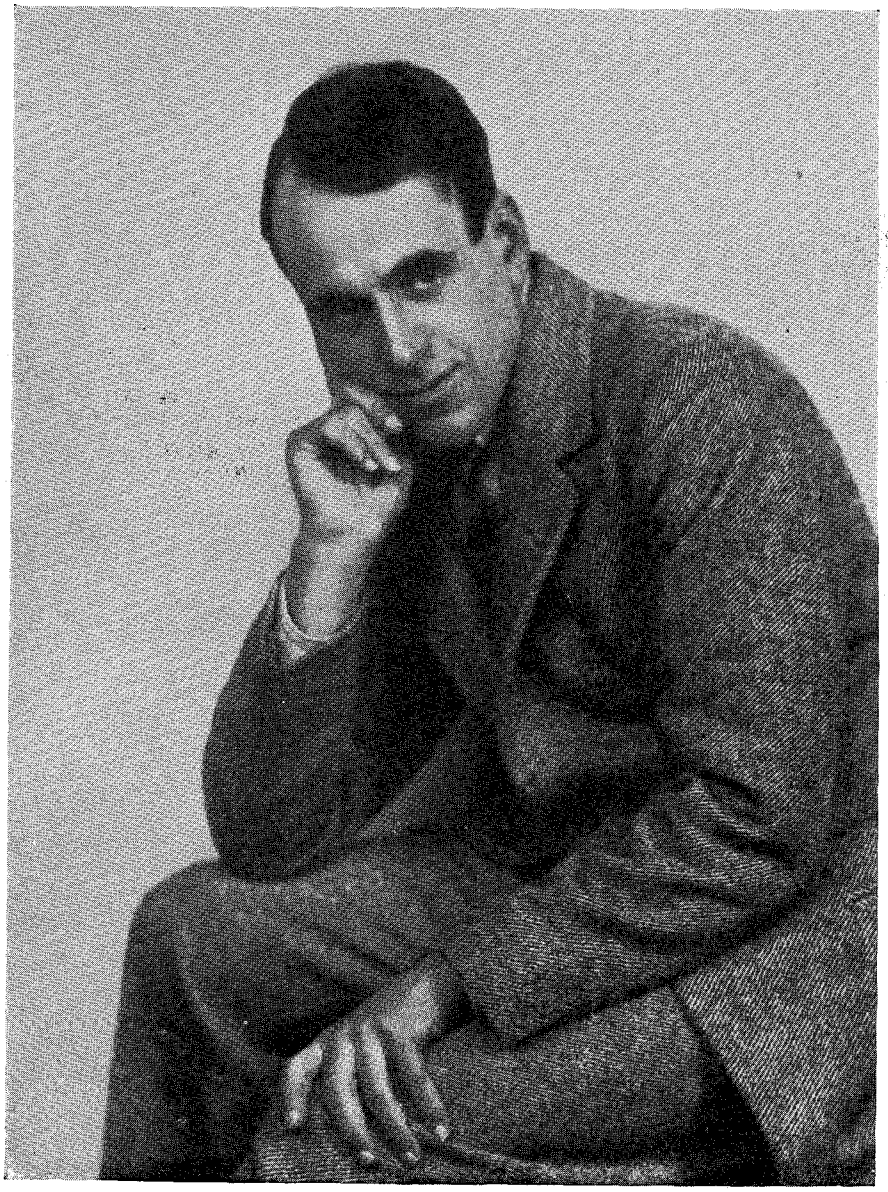

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding

JAMES WOOD

An artist and author, who has called his delicate analysis of the American invasion of Europe "New World Vistas", gives us his impressions of Jackie Coogan in London

See page 392
Illustrated Section XXXI

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JACKIE COOGAN IN LONDON

See page 392

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